

# High School Was Like Boot Camp for a Desk Job

## Death By Stereo

My life, this time  
I'm gonna choose to fight  
My life, this time  
I'm gonna choose to fight Yeah, routine  
Killing me  
I'm chained to a desk  
Down on my knees 9 to 5, ritual of death  
Sucking life right out of me  
Rolled up in a flag  
Will somebody please burn me? This time  
I'm gonna choose to fight  
My life, this time  
I'm gonna choose to fight There's got to be  
Much more than this  
And if you see this  
Raise your fist and fight Killing myself slowly  
For this my life I give  
I'll die for my country  
Fill my mouth up with your piss All hopes and aspirations  
Keep on falling out of life  
Happiness in America, equals dollar signs  
Tell me why? No, I never wanted any of this  
I reject your lifelessness  
I want to live, I want to fly  
I won't let my dreams just die I'm gonna choose to fight  
My life, this time  
I'm gonna choose to fight There's got to be  
Much more than this  
And if you see this  
Raise your fist and fight

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