

Troubles and Pains

Reducers SF

Well If I Lift Another Box, I'll Blow My Head Clean Off,
I Know It's All My Fault For Talking The Talk And Walking The Walk.
Sinister In-Debtors Take The Future Outta My Hands,
My Destiny Evades Me, Going Swinging Once Again.
Gold Plated Dreams And Torn Blue Jeans,
This World Won't Bring Me To My Knees,
There's A Problem More Than This When It Comes Time To Win,
And We All Know It Goes Around.

HEY YOU Whatcha Gonna Do When The Time Runs Out, When The Day Is Through? Go To Work, Go To
Bed, Do It All Again?
It's Another Worthless Buck For Your Troubles And Your Pain.

What Lunatic Ideals I Can Get In My Brain,
Itchy Feet Drive Me Nuts They Come Up Fizzy Once Again.
My Heart Cries Out That Somethings Gotta Change,
My Soul Burns Hot, I Cannot Stand This Fucking Pain.
Gold Plated Dreams And Torn Blue Jeans,
This World Won't Bring Me To My Knees,
There's A Problem More Than This When It Comes Time To Win,
And We All Know It Goes Around.

HEY YOU Whatcha Gonna Do When The Time Runs Out, When The Day Is Through? Go To Work, Go To
Bed, Do It All Again?
It's Another Worthless Buck For Your Troubles And Your Pains.

Well It's A Lot Like Life And It Goes Around,
We're All Players In This Fucked Up Game,
Whether Me or Her or You or Him This Life We Live In Makes Us Kin,
We All Burn Up The Same.

HEY YOU Whatcha Gonna Do When The Time Runs Out, When The Day Is Through? (You Betcha)
HEY HEY HEY Whatcha Gonna Do, Whatcha Do, Whatcha Oh Whatcha Do?
HEY YOU Whatcha Gonna Do When The Time Runs Out, When The Day Is Through? Go To Work, Go To
Bed, Do It All Again?
It's Another Worthless Buck For Your Troubles And Your Pain.

Lyrics submitted by Daniel McIntosh.

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