

Day to Day for 6 Days a Week

L.A. Salami

Took the bus, took the train
Went to work, ignored the pain
What a rainy day
And the friendly faces got dragged around
All types of places
Closed my eyes, smelled your hair
Looked around but your weren't there
Had some lunch
Jacket potatoes, chicken wings, and fried tomatoes
After that, lit a fag
Said a prayer and took a drag
These days our toasts never do combust so much
I burn for the both of us though
Second day, second job
Passing forth for the world to stop
Shoes are too tight, feet are aching
Cold and sick but I was faking
When I do go, I am late
Always make the same mistake
That mistake being not caring
6 days a week
I'll find my bearings
But to be fair I might have cared
Might have cared if you were there
Might have cared if you were there
Might have cared if you were there
Stressed as hell, fatigued as fuck
Putrid passion, rotten luck
Work to death, jump in at the bit
Crazed as christ and broke as shit
Watched the news, someone died
Saw the mother, teary eyed
Son shot dead on the wall of road
I thank God, no one I know
I went to work for the NHS
Mental health, people depressed
Met Joanne,
Scared of living, afraid of dying, terrified of being
Then met Paul, a schizophrenic

Shaken limbs, paranoid fanatic
Unwashed ten days in a row
So afraid almost paraletic
I tell them that I do the same
In certain moods, on certain days
But despite the same ways I could think
I could not do much to convince them
Back to base, had a meeting
Kids die all week, cause their parents beat them
I wish I could say I was surprised
The news just choose which ones to highlight
Choose which ones to highlight
Took the DLR, took the tube
Read a book, nothing else to do
Read Joe Hick, she survived the bombings
Wrote a book, made a killing
I read somewhere that some lost LX
Umpteen injured, 52 dead
In some places far away, that shit happens everyday
Now scared of buses, scared of trains
But got to get to work some way
So I play with my life you could say
But don't we all?
Don't we all?
Don't we all?
Don't we all?
I got a gig, got myself booked
Just down the road when it got booked
I get to sing my joys and sorrows
Not made it yet, maybe tomorrow
I closed my eyes, saw your face
Looked around, you were no place
I feel so left out when you're not around
I feel so left out when you're not around
But you are time and I am life
And times are tiring and under strife
Strife's the type of life I seem to lead
And time wont you let this wound easily
Take your light, your shadowed passions
I hear you talk, I see your actions
What I don't see are your eyes, those flaming symbols of the night
Was that your skin that I saw, on the road
My ruined war
Were you wearing that Paisley I adore
Were you hatred, were you lust?

You understand this 'cause you must
That men have the consitencies of love and war through history
I must see you, I must know
Did you falter, did you go?
Did you go?
Did you go?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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