The Times

The Pinkerton Thugs

These are the times I'm living for
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Everyday is better, than the one before
Turned off my phone so work will leave me alone
Can't stand to have the boss breathing down my neck
I don't need that check more than self respect
So who'd content in your experience
Sometimes what is real just don't make sense
The reflection in the looking glass is looking back

We've all been there
Like birds falling out of the air
The questions are many
The answers are few
But history has taught us
To keep playing through
I ain't got time to wait on a sign
I said I ain't got much to put down this time
I can't get enough to hold down the line
I don't need to read the stars to make them shine

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