

Simple Livin'

Gym Class Heroes

I'm like nine hours away from finishing my nine hour shift
And wishing I was gone nine hours ago
'Cause nine hours wasted tossin' back the chicken
I could've written nine verses just in time for the show
Slacker mind state retirin' on time that's borrowed
My motto's I'll stop procrastinatin' tomorrow
I took the sorrow from the windchimes
Left happiness lonesome and strung up
Sarcasm to make the melody wholesome
From my lungs to my feet I'm breathing
Everything I speak but now they're charging for oxygen
And the bills due next week, I'll be a day late and a buck short
Story of my life, I wish my pay rate was much more
Duckin' swords in a rat race
I didn't apply for running towards something that's fake
And thinking, why for, they're shutting doors right in my face
And sitting high horse is a car and a dope place
Something to die for, this is my war
And now I'm schemin' on plots to make my pockets swell
Simple living is a bitch but damn, I do it well
Some are fortunate to make it and some of 'em fail
Some locomotives push through and some of 'em get derailed
Schemin' on plots, hey hey
Simple living is a bitch, hey hey
Some are fortunate to make it, hey hey
Some locomotors push through, hey hey
I lead a crocodile mile lifestyle I run and slide
But when it's time to collide with the bump
I always bail 'cause I'm not ready for that dive
Or that silly 9-5 solidified career option
A hop skip and a leap away from rock star
And not too far away from fillin' pop's shoes
The idyllic hard workin' type of callous feet
Complete with wife, kids, dog, house and picket fence
That's nonsense, I'm convinced I'm built for better things
And won't settle for the empty smile that cheddar
brings
It seems like i'm working hard simply
'Cause it's what they say I have to do
You graduate and then you either get a job or you go to school
12 years wasn't enough, that's more than half of my life spent
Trying to make the world accept me
Plus I've got the papers saying that I made it through
Now I'm working 2 jobs

Three with music and you don't respect me?
Fuck it I'll retire now, you'll work until you're 62 And now I'm schemin' on plots to make my pockets swell
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Some locomotives push through and some of 'em get derailed Schemin' on plots, hey hey
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