Clocked In, Punched Out

Cursed

"Who killed the time?
What's left that's mine"?
Face down in a nation of thieves,
What do you do when you're not on your knees
Drawing out nine to five disease?
(You kill the time, get back in line)
Last of the great team players.
Just payments away from freedom.
Swinging from his neck in a two car garage (oh no, years to go).
Signed out like a company car.
He leaves behind a trail of scars
And a morbid fear of closed-in spaces,
Collared shirts and dying alone.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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