Waiting for the Day

Sick Of It All

Every dog has his day they say, well, I'm still waiting for mine
You work and slave, you break your back and you're still at the end of the line
You give and you give till there's nothing left, but that's just what it takes
So you pick yourself up, push on ahead and hope you catch a breakWAITING FOR THE DAY
WAITING, WAITING FOR THE DAY TO COMEWaiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day, our day to come
Waiting for our time
Waiting for our time
Waiting for our time, our time in the sun
A dollar and a dream, seems more like a scheme!
Won't put food on the table
It's another device to keep their grip tight and keep you in their sights
You scrape and scrounge what you can and still they bleed you dry
When you feel like giving in, you've hit the end of the line
You got to shut your eyes and dig in deep, it's the only way to surviveWAITING FOR THE DAY
WAITING, WAITING FOR THE DAY TO COMEWaiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day, our day to come
Waiting for our time
Waiting for our time
Waiting for our time, our time in the sunAnd when the well runs dry
You gotta reach down and dig a little deeper
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day, our day to come
Waiting for our time
Waiting for our time
Waiting for our time, our time in the ...Waiting for the day
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