

Toerag

The Rifles

Walk out of the door and make my way up the street
Cold wind in my eyes rolls a tear up my cheek
Not a soul to be heard so no point to complain
Least the sound of the birds compensates for the rain
Hit the queue for the bus and then I join the line
Same faces for the last 10 years of my life
See them more than my friends
I couldn't tell you their names
Shattered glass on the floor
Kids have run out of games And I don't see that's ever gonna change One hour passes til I'm back on my feet
A stones throw I will be walking til I'm off of the street
Hang my coat up to dry and settle down with the herd
Some I really don't mind, some just get on my nerves
Turn my back to the clock because it slows the time
Take out a cigarette and hear the match strike
Turn the radio on to drown the sound of the rain
Same bands, same songs play again and again And I don't see that's ever gonna change Tell me I'm not right
Say what you like I'm miles away
And expect nothing changing
Except for the name of the day And I don't see that's ever gonna change From my place of work I move away in
a haste
Time there moves slow but rushes when I'm away
Pass a girl from my school the conversation's brief
Gotta catch that train get myself some relief
I meet up with friends and they knock off at six
I pull in at five and walk about for a bit
Watch the world go by through an empty glass
And I know that I won't be the last So tell me I'm not right
Say what you like I'm miles away
And expect nothing changing
Except for the name of the day And I don't see that's ever gonna change... Creep back into bed and then I pull up
the sheet
High over my head and uncover my feet
Til the room goes dark and I'm miles away
Jump to the alarm and start another day

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