

Simple Livin'

Gym Class Heroes

I'm like 9 minutes away
From finishing my 9 hour shift
And wishing I was gone 9 hours ago
Cause 9 hours wasted tossing back at this chicken
I could have written 9 verses just in time for the show
Slacker mind state living on time that's borrowed
My motto's "I'll stop procrastinating tomorrow"
I said the sorrow from the wind chimes left happiness
Lonesome and strung 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 are next week
I'll be a day late and a buck short
Story of my life
I wish my pay rate was much more
Ducking swords in a rat race I didn't apply for
Running swords
Something that's fake and thinking
Why for?
They're shutting doors right in my face
And sit in high horses
Is car and a dope place
Something to die for this is my war
So 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 the rail
Schemin' on plots
Hey Hey Hey
Simple living is a bitch
Hey Hey Hey
Some are fortunate to make it
Hey Hey Hey
Some locomotives puch through
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 time
That silly 9 to 5
Solidified career option
A hop skip and a leap
Away from a rock star
And not too far away from filling my pops shoes
The idyllic hard working?
With callused hands
Complete with wife, kids, dog, house, and picket fence
That's non sense, 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 that's what 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 fought the papers saying that I made it through
Now I'm working two jobs, three with music
And you don't respect me?
Fuck if I'll retire now
You're 62(chorus)

Songwriters

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