

# A Routine Day

Klaatu

It started off a routine day  
I got through the morning in the usual way  
I caught the bus on time  
Good morning, Mr. Driver, drive  
As I sat inside my overcoat I clutched my cane  
And pressed my nose against the foggy window pane  
Ho hum  
The life I lead would even make a dead man yawn  
Midday comes  
I break for lunch  
With my sandwich and a beer I go on a hunch  
To the park where I hope to find  
A little bit of peace of mind As I sat there on a bench amidst the rodent race  
I felt a strange sensation that without a trace appeared  
But then as quickly disappeared again So tell me what's the bloody point of playing the game  
With so much to lose yet so little to gain  
You sell your life away  
Can't you see you're just a cog working like a dog  
You trade your future for a dead-end job  
That's full of routine days  
Routine days I race the clock to the end of my day  
The paycheck in my pocket makes me feel okay  
But was it worth the grind  
Just to keep from falling behind  
I stand here in the queue behind a foul cigar  
My face discreetly buried in a book on Mars  
Humdrum  
And I'm waiting on the pier 'til Charon comes

Songwriters

WOLOSCHUK, JOHN Published by

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