

Expiration Day

Widespread Panic

I'm a machinist at the Springfield Armory
Just slightly ahead of my time
But I don't make much money
So I sell eggs and chickens on the side I'm good at what I do
And I take great pride
But I don't make much money
So I sell eggs and chickens on the side And my wife does love me
But she can't realize
Why I won't go back down south
And leave the armory behind But I love my job
I'll shave metal until I die
And until I do, I'll take on
Any extra thing it takes to provide And I know it'll kill me
Breathing all those fumes
But I'd sooner sniff solution
Than a baker's dozen hothouse blooms And my wife does love me
But she can't realize
Why I won't go back down south
And leave the armory behind But I feel it is important
What I do upon my lathe
I pledge to do the detail work
Until my expiration day Until my expiration day
Until my expiration day
Until my expiration day

Songwriters

VIC CHESNUTT Published by

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