# Six Feet

## Strung Out

A family man in the midst of
a total breakdown
seeks refuge inebriated state
As he thinks to himself how did
life pass me by - somewhere down
The line I forgot how to live
now every day is just another chore,
Another
day, another week, another year.
The world slowly turns, but this
rut never ends - one blink of an
eye then it's gone.
So he puts his faith in the Almighty
Lord up above, he's told for all good
men Heaven awaits
"Well I can't wait
any longer when's
it my turn to see the light that'll
come and take my troubles away?"
Now he spends his days preaching
what he does not believe, to a world
that's forgotten how to live
and he can't understand the empty
Feelin' inside that seems to grow
every hour, every day.
"What's it take to be a man, when
everything I'm taught I can't believe
And everything is thrown right in my
face?
I wake up everyday, I live here among
The dead and I am one of them. Is
this how it's gotta be? For you and me
Open your eyes take a look a
round think nice thoughts then
it's off to work I go!"
Now it's back to the hustle and it's
back to the beat
It's back to another forty hour
week.

"Soon that weekend will come
I'll get to have a little fun then
it's back to my forty hour grave"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/