

# Everybody's Working for the Weak

## Hey Mercedes

Strapped into the dent of a desk  
Sick of all the pressure invested in pretense  
I shuffle out to the deck  
Where all the smokers sound off  
One witness sighs in distress  
Her sour face reflected in metal  
Pulling from a pocket  
I up and ask  
And as she passes that flask  
A sour face for all the  
Sorrow replaced with alcohol  
Everybody's working for the weak  
And only when I sleep  
Can I feel stronger  
I don't care what you think  
Cause I won't wait here to much longer  
The two of us at two fifteen  
The two of us in love  
With whiskey  
Then in that moment we realize  
Shivering in the cold  
We've sold our souls  
And don't even smoke  
Everybodys working for the weak  
And only when I dream can I feel stronger  
I don't care what you think  
Cause I won't wait here  
Too much longer  
Stop what you're doing now  
What are you doing now  
While everybody's working for the weak  
You'll still be asleep  
Knowing you got out  
And don't care what they think  
About those dreams you carry around  
Everybody's working for the weak  
I don't care what you think  
Cause I won't wait here  
Too much longer

longer  
longer  
longer....

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