Toe Rag

The Rifles

Walk out of the door and make my way up the street,
Cold wind in my eyes runs a tear down my cheek,
Not a soul to be heard so no point to complain,
At least the sound of the birds compensates for the rain,
Hit the queue for the bus and then join the line,
Same faces for the last ten years of my life,
See them more than my friends I couldn't tell you their names,
Shattered glass on the floor the kids have run out of games,
And I don't see that's ever gonna change,
One hour passes till I'm back on my feet,
A stone's throw I will be walking till I'm off the street,
Hang my coat to dry, settle down with the herd,
Some I really don't mind, some just get on my nerves,
Turn my back to the clock cause it slows the time,
Take out a cigarette and hear the match strike,
Turn the radio on to drown the sound of the rain,
Same bands same songs play again and again.

And I don't see that's ever gonna change
Tell me I'm not right say what you like I'm miles away
And expect nothing changing except for the name of the day.

From my place of work I move away in haste
Time there moves slow but rushes when I'm away
Pass a girl from my school the conversation's brief
Gotta catch that train, get myself some relief
I meet up with friends and they knock off at six
I pull at five and walk about for a bit
Watch the world go by through an empty glass
And I know that won't be the last 'so'

Tell me I'm not right say what you like I'm miles away
And expect nothing changing except for the name of the day.

Creep back into bed and I pull up the sheet
High over my head and undercover my feet
Till the room goes dark and i'm miles away
Jump to the alarm and start another day!

Lyrics submitted by James.

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