

# Locomotive

## Sick of It All

Trapped in a rut and i can't get out  
don't see a way to be free  
working at it everyday nothing that i do  
or say can break my poverty  
my desperate eyes will close tonight  
and i hope i won't feel a thing  
cause i know tomorrow i'll continue  
with my sorrow  
and my desperate eyes will sting I don't understand, is it some kind of plan  
to keep us in our places  
no matter how we try, no matter how we strive  
we just can't seem to get ahead Same old stuff all over again  
but necessity keeps me here  
every week that passes  
i'm gettin' weaker, faster  
i'm living in constant fear  
suffering is at an all time high  
and they tell me i'm a lucky man  
if lucky is to suffer, then i wish it on another  
and i really don't give a damn Day in day out, feeling the grind  
someday, somehow, gonna leave it behind day in day out, feeling the grind  
someday, somehow, gonna leave it behind  
day in day out, feeling the grind  
someday, somehow, gonna leave it behind

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