Payday

Cotton Mather

Anna likes her Saturdays left alone
Does her wash unplugs the phone
And Daniel's a descendant of a distant king
Would that that mean anything
He's not a man of means
Newspaper that they open wide
Shows them the world tipped on its side

Payday
And your moneys all that matters now
You're complaining that you don't know how
You put up with this job
And you're bound to leave soon
Payday
You're a little bit less than yourself
When you're a payday for somebody else

Anna and Daniel got married of course
Turned to drink and got divorced
And meanwhile the news from the world got worse
All their daydreams in reverse
At least they still had work
And back at work they still love you
So why does this still feel like your interview

Its hard to imagine if someone could freeze you here
today
You'd be remembered this way

They don't have a future but they do have a wage
Cause a jobs not one of those things that gets better
With age

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