Work, Work, Work (Pub, Club, Sleep)

The Rakes

Maybe lack of sleep, or last nights drinks
Now my eyes twitching, if that prick coughs again
In the back of my head
I'll smash your fucking face in

Okay, that's it, take a deep breath
I've got to get out of here
I've got to clear my head
I've got to clear my head

It's all these words, ideas and different arguments
Someone's always talking when I try to make some sense
From all this stress that is constantly going on
I just drift along with no focus or meaning
Lean back, stare up at the ceiling
I just drift along with no focus or meaning

I've got the same shirt on for two days in a row
With a soya sauce stain so everyone knows
Can shower and scrub
Still smell like the smoking bit in a Weather spoons pub

I'll have my lunch early, get some sugar in my blood
My clothes still smell of last night
I've got to clear my head

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Someone's always talking when I try to make some sense
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Why do these tourists walk so slow?
Especially now I've got somewhere to go?
And a posh sounding girl, going on and on
About her dog and Mr. Morgan
It sounds so funny when I hear you calling!
Mum be like 'boy what you doing?'
Please shut up and try and sound confident

In a crap job when your mini course is done

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