

Disgruntled

Anvil

Working your ass off every single day
Waiting for a pay cheque just to pay your way
A selfish boss with no money to spare
Watches you live in poverty you know he doesn't care

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Rain or snow, wind or hail the postman's decree
Another day another dollar living ain't for free
Revenge and anger is your driving force
A gun in hand seems the only recourse

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Rat race to nowhere, just to make a buck
Garbage can dinner on the street and out of luck
Broken dreams, broken home all because of money
Land of opportunity is not all milk and honey
When revenge and anger is your driving force
Then a gun to your head is the only recourse

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