

Easy Day

Bananafishbones

every day I get up, put my black, plastic securitysuit on, my gas mask leave the cellar and go to work.
afraid to be poisoned or trampled by this huge machinery and I think to myself:

what fuck above do I have to thank
that I'm here to live in this shit I don't
wanna complain about the acid rain
'cause its nice compared to this poison air.
and I wish I could just once see the moon
oh one gorgeous show
so I take it off, yeah that's feeling good
though I'm deeply sick right away.....

it's like dancing in the sun
having trouble, having fun
having anything you wish to come
then it suddenly smiles your way
and you have an easy day.

what the hell, this must be an antique supermarket
what am I doing here, god these people drinking milk!!!
but the clothes they wear look rather cool to me.
I wear the same, what am I doing here?

excuse me sir, can you help me out?
I wanna bake a cake but I don't know how.
no I don't, but I'm sure I will
so what do we need for your bakery?

it's like.....(refrain)

every working morning tired, yawn too often I got fired
wondered if there is a god searching for a fishingrod
with hooks that sting right through our hearts, forcing us onto
new starts
love and knowledge are the way, try to have an easy day.