

I Feel a Death Coming On

Cock Sparrer

I see it in the women, the coldness in their eyes
So shallow in their minds, so predictable in desire
I see it in the bosses whose hands hold people's lives
So stupid in promotion of old boys, sycophants and liars

And I feel a death coming on
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The job I do is boring, they all hate me anyway
The days are long, the nights are just an alcoholic haze
The weekends come and go, nothing different, nothing new
I smoke because I need to and I drink because there's nothing else to do

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Somebody always fucks it up with a knife in the back or a bullet in the guts
One door opens, another one shuts, somebody always f***s it up

People think I'm crazy but I'm gonna make 'em pay
Let 'em laugh for now, the tears will soon be heard to stay
A chance is all I asked but heads stay buried in the sand
Going out in a blaze of glory, that's the only thing they'll understand

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