

# 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  
And I feel a death coming on

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

And I feel a death coming on  
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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 here 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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