

Restless Day

Coil

Each time I wake up
Each time I say
The shifting slow beginning
Another restless day
Down damned indecision
Push me on my way
The shifting slow beginning
Another restless day

Supermarket Sunday
Faces cold and grey
No bread or milk or tea left
No energy to play
Fear is the jailer
That locks my love away
The boy on the checkout
Says "Have a restless day"

Who has the nerve
To dream, create, and kill?
While it seems the whole moves
Every part stands still
So there's nothing, yes, there's nothing
Everything makes me ill
While it seems the whole moves
Every part stands still
Every part stands still
Watching television in the afternoon
Wasting my life away
All they want to show me is
What's under the clock today

But even rats in a cage
Are liable to stray...