eleventyseven

Quota

Working this day job, Just to get a paycheck, Rent was due last week, I haven't paid yet. Driving this beat up hand-me-down, That I can't afford to fix if it breaks down. Living off ramen, Girls no comment, If you're feeling me, feel free to chime in, Praying every night that it don't get worse, I walked out of college and into a curse.

This phase won't last forever.

I don't wanna live my life just to meet a Quota, Taking everyone's orders, Marching around like a corporate soldier. I wanna live life like everyday is golden, I'm gonna put my life on a hold up, I'm gonna take it over, take it over, take it over.

Clocking in right at 8 AM, Clocking out when I've lost all will to live. I need to see a shrink but it costs too much, Never thought a tax return would give me such a rush. Sick of eating takeout, Going on blind dates, Wish I had friends instead I've got roommates. Should I take another job to make ends meet, Or should I call my parents and admit defeat.

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