

Everybody's Working For The Weak

Hey Mercedes

Strapped into the dent of a desk
Sick of all the pressure invested in pretense
I shuffle out to the deck
Where all the smokers sound off
One witness sighs in distress
Her sour face reflected in metal
Pulling from a pocket
I up and ask
And as she passes that flask
A sour face for all the
Sorrow replaced with alcohol
Everybody's working for the weak
And only when I sleep
Can I feel stronger
I don't care what you think
Cause I won't wait here to much longer
The two of us at two fifteen
The two of us in love
With whiskey
Then in that moment we realize
Shivering in the cold
We've sold our souls
And don't even smoke
Everybodys working for the weak
And only when I dream can I feel stronger
I don't care what you think
Cause I won't wait here
Too much longer
Stop what you're doing now
What are you doing now
While everybody's working for the weak
You'll still be asleep
Knowing you got out
And don't care what they think
About those dreams you carry around
Everybody's working for the weak
I don't care what you think
Cause I won't wait here
Too much longer
Longer
Longer
Longer....