

We get up early, we come home tired
Our lives for hire, we're making money for someone else
Can't breathe like there's hands around my throat
Can't scream this place is filled with ghosts
Everybody's looking for something
Can't leave or we're left with nothing
Clap your hands do the dead man shuffle
Slouch our way into an early grave
Is it disappointment or mild annoyance?
A sense of contentment or fucking resentment?
Move your feet to this dead end beat
Slouch our way into an early grave
Get out of bed, get fucking dressed
And think of better ways to keep busy
Clap your hands do the dead man shuffle
Killing ourselves for a living wage
Get out of bed
Get fucking dressed
And get busy