

A Routine Day

Klaatu

It started off a routine day
I got through the morning in the usual way
I caught the bus on time
Good morning, Mr. Driver, drive
As I sat inside my overcoat I clutched my cane
And pressed my nose against the foggy window pane
Ho hum
The life I lead would even make a dead man yawn
Midday comes
I break for lunch
With my sandwich and a beer I go on a hunch
To the park where I hope to find
A little bit of peace of mind
As I sat there on a bench amidst the rodent race
I felt a strange sensation that without a trace appeared
But then as quickly disappeared again

So tell me what's the bloody point of playing the game
With so much to lose yet so little to gain
You sell your life away
Can't you see you're just a cog working like a dog
You trade your future for a dead-end job
That's full of routine days
Routine days

I race the clock to the end of my day
The paycheck in my pocket makes me feel okay
But was it worth the grind
Just to keep from falling behind
I stand here in the queue behind a foul cigar
My face discreetly buried in a book on Mars
Humdrum
And I'm waiting on the pier 'til Charon comes