

Working For The Man By Day, Sticking It To The Man By Night

Lower Than Atlantis

I'm working this day job all week long,
With the nine to fivers where I don't belong.
It's a means to an end and it's not permanent,
When the night comes I start my shift in entertainment.

The clock strikes five and there's no doubt,
That the working day is over and I want out.
Minimum wage is a maximum pain,
But it often typically comes with the trade.

Labouring is a drag but gives me the skills,
To tour in the van but to still pay my bills.
If you graft through the valley of the shadow of shit,
You'll be amazed what you can get if you work hard for it.

I've been working this day job,
With the nine to fivers where I don't belong.
One thing I know is that the bottom of the ocean ain't too low,
To start a punk rock revolution in this disco.

And I'll say, hey hey,
Weekday, you're in my way, move.

If my story sounds similar to yours in any way,
Working for the man as a slave to low pay.
Just know you're not alone in the way that you feel,
And your expression is yours and that no-one can steal.

If you're struggling to get by, to make ends meet.
Feeling unimportant or obsolete,
Just remember the message in the words in this song,
Hum the melody in your head or sing along.

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