

I climb the wooden stairs to my apartment in the city
With dark brown molding and white walls.
I search my bank account for traces of the forty-hour weeks
I've been working since last fall.

Give me a list of alarms to set,
I'll tuck myself into bed
And hope that I can sleep in on the weekends.
Another slave to a paycheck,
A silent servant to my monthly rent,
What's keeping me from sinking in the deep end?

Now there's something to be said for a firm lack of common sense,
'Cause god knows getting in the van isn't paying rent.
And now my older friends are all getting married with kids,
And I'm just stoked to play a basement.

Give me a list of alarms to set,
I'll tuck myself into bed
And hope that I can sleep in on the weekends.
Another slave to a paycheck,
A silent servant to my monthly rent,
What's keeping me from sinking in the deep end?

And all I can do is stall
While the plans we make
Become grit in the storm drain's teeth,
And the rain is getting harder every week.
Now the plans we make
Become grit in the storm drain's teeth,
And the puddles are growing deeper at my feet.

Give me a list of alarms to set,
I'll tuck myself into bed
And hope that I can sleep in on the weekends.
Another slave to a paycheck,
A silent servant to my monthly rent,
I'm sinking, I'm sinking
I'm sinking, I'm sinking, I'm saying I'm sinking again