

Six Feet

Strung Out

A family man in the midst of
A total breakdown
Seeks refuge inebriated state
As he thinks to himself how did
Life pass me by - somewhere down
The line I forgot how to live
Now every day is just another chore,
Another day, another week, another year.
The world slowly turns, but this
Rut never ends - one blink of an
Eye then it's gone.

So he puts his faith in the Almighty
Lord up above, he's told for all good
Men Heaven awaits

"Well I can't wait any longer when's
It my turn to see the light that'll
Come and take my troubles away?"
Now he spends his days preaching
What he does not believe, to a world
That's forgotten how to live
And he can't understand the empty
Feelin' inside that seems to grow
Every hour, every day.
"What's it take to be a man, when
Everything I'm taught I can't believe
And everything is thrown right in my face?
I wake up everyday, I live here among
The dead and I am one of them. Is
This how it's gotta be? For you and me
Open your eyes take a look
Around think nice thoughts then
It's off to work I go!"
Now it's back to the hustle and it's
Back to the beat
It's back to another forty hour
Week.
"Soon that weekend will come
I'll get to have a little fun then
it's back to my forty hour grave"