

Fat Cat

The Rifles

The alarm rings and I wake up at 8
just in time to have a fat cat down on my back
he's smiling, though my life ain't that great
it's surprising the things you do for money
One day I'll be the boss of my own,
in a skyscraper, a tall blond secretary
'till then, I'll have to suffer alone with you good, good people,
ain't life rosy?

Don't walk around like that

It's alarming how you spend every day
Being charming to a boss that's down on your back
he's barking all these orders my way
it's surprising that they never seem to worry
all day, I'm just surrounded alone, with a, pin stripped, and a
pink ties necessary
I'm looking at the clock as it rolls down again, to the morning
, ain't life rosy?

Don't walk around like that
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Take two steps back

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