

# A Global Threat, On The Clocks

buzzing blaring through my skull  
the sun is up but i can't tell  
sneak the covers down my nose  
eyes are sore gotta keep 'em closed  
call in, no i've gotta go  
its quarter past the buzz was slow  
on the clock  
down vacant walks i trudge and stumble  
can collector catch me mumble  
this stupid job won't pay it's dues  
gotta cuff their stuff for gain  
cause minimum wage isn't much to lose  
bussing blaring through your skull  
the turnover rat is high in hell  
pass the torch back and forth  
sorry mom, but i quit that job