

Dog Fashion Disco, 9 To 5 At The Morgue

Within the pale white walls,
From 9 to 5
Day after day
I feel no more alive,
Than the stiff that lies the table before me.

Wake up too early to twist the key.
Stumble on over to the Mr. Coffee.
Pour myself a warm black existence.

We're 9 to 5.
Within the pale white walls,
From 9 to 5
Day after day
I feel so cold inside.
Like the stiff that lies the table before me.

Wake up too early to twist the key.
Stumble on over to the Mr. Coffee.
Pour myself a warm black existence.

9 to 5 at the morgue,
Overtime for the corpse.
Hypnotised by the hum of the freezer.
Hypnotised by the look in your eyes.
Hypnotised by the pallid cadaver.
Hypnotised by the look in your eyes.

9 to 5.

The truth is harsher than you think.
It's the hair that fills the sink.
Or the wrinkles around your eyes,
Until you're old and hypnotised.
9 to 5.

Die and die.
Die and draw flies.
Die and die.
Die and draw flies.

This day is never going to end for me.

The end is closer than you think.
So pour yourself another drink.
And don't let it get to you,
'Cos that's exactly what it will do.
9 to 5.

Die and die.
Die and draw flies.
Die and die.
Die and draw flies.

Wake up too early to twist the key.
Stumble on over to the Mr. Coffee.
Pour myself a warm black existence.

9 to 5 at the morgue,
Overtime for the corpse.
Hypnotised by the hum of the freezer.
Hypnotised by the look in your eyes.
Hypnotised by the pallid cadaver.
Hypnotised by the look in your eyes.

Stitch his lips and shut his eyes.
9 to 5 at the morgue.