

# Eugene McGuinness, Nightshift

You're working the nightshift  
A big metal machine  
Until you're long dead and green  
And a ghost in the steam

You're working the nightshift  
Your left eye is black  
And I hate him for that  
I hate him for that

You could spend your whole life  
Wrapped around a finger  
And some may say it's pretty rich  
Coming from me  
But it seems this time  
Cloud nine of divine silver  
Has a grey lining

You're working the nightshift  
And I suck a bottle of Becks  
Watching a car chase a T-Rex  
Waiting for your text

You're working the nightshift  
In a conveyor belt maze  
Will my words be erased  
When you're working the days?

You could spend your whole life  
Wrapped around a finger  
And some may say it's fucking rich  
Coming from me  
But it seems this time  
Cloud nine of divine silver  
Has a grey lining