

# Klaatu, A Routine Day

Verse #1:

It started off a routine day  
I got through the morning in the usual way  
I caught the bus on time  
Good morning, Mr. Driver, drive  
As I sat inside my overcoat I clutched my cane  
And pressed my nose against the foggy window pane  
Ho hum  
The life I lead would even make a dead man yawn

Verse #2:

Midday comes  
I break for lunch  
With my sandwich and a beer I go on a hunch  
To the park where I hope to find  
A little bit of peace of mind  
As I sat there on a bench amidst the rodent race  
I felt a strange sensation that without a trace appeared  
But then as quickly disappeared again

Bridge:

So tell me what's the bloody point of playing the game  
With so much to lose yet so little to gain  
You sell your life away  
Can't you see you're just a cog working like a dog  
You trade your future for a dead-end job  
That's full of routine days  
Routine days

Verse #3:

I race the clock to the end of my day  
The paycheck in my pocket makes me feel okay  
But was it worth the grind  
Just to keep from falling behind  
I stand here in the queue behind a foul cigar  
My face discreetly buried in a book on Mars  
Humdrum  
And I'm waiting on the pier 'til Charon comes