

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