

Laika, Window's Weed

waitin' 'til my dyin' day
that's when I pack these tired blues away
that's when I go to lay down in my grave
that'll be my dyin' day

wonderin' what I'm workin' for
ain't gonna be your lowdown dog no more
ain't gonna bleach an' scrub your kitchen floor
I wonder what I'm workin' for

making tiny feet for shoes
didn't have the right to pick 'n choose
didn't know the freedom I would lose
in making tiny feet for shoes

workin' dozen to the nine
feels like I'm just servin' time
waitin' in this goddamn line
hell or heaven I'll be fine

cookin' nothin' in the pan
that's the way life dealt my hand
that'll be my livin' last demand
to get somethin' from this land

playin' 'round the toes of time
waitin' for the spark that'll free my mind
that'll put unhappiness behind
jus' lookin' for an exit sign