

Roger Miret And The Disasters, Punch the Clock

City streets full of anger
Broken bottles and gentrification
You don't know were you fit any longer

Opportunities have faded away
Making needs to stay alive
A vague memory of right and wrong

Time bomb! Life's been a hopeless riddle
Time bomb! Here's the joke the last laugh's on me
9 seconds remaining, tick-tock, tick-tock
987654321... fuck you!

Getting tired of punching the clock
What's the point for what career?
Still in a daze and confused

Must've gone over my head
Never saw it coming
A thought of going postal on you