

# Bananafishbones, Easy Day

every day I get up, put my black, plastic securitysuit on, my gasmask leave the cellar and go to work.

afraid to be poisoned or trampled by this huge machinery and I think to myself:

what fuck above do I have to thank  
that I'm here to live in this shit I don't  
wanna complain about the acid rain  
'cause its nice compared to this poison air.  
and I wish I could just once see the moon  
oh one gorgeous show  
so I take it off, yeah that's feeling good  
though I'm deeply sick right away.....

it's like dancing in the sun  
having trouble, having fun  
having anything you wish to come  
then it suddenly smiles your way  
and you have an easy day.

what the hell, this must be an antique supermarket  
what am I doing here, god these people drinking milk!!!  
but the clothes they wear look rather cool to me.  
I wear the same, what am I doing here?

excuse me sir, can you help me out?  
I wanna bake a cake but I don't know how.  
no I don't, but I'm sure I will  
so what do we need for your bakery?

it's like.....(refrain)

every working morning tired, yawn too often I got fired  
wondered if there is a god searching for a fishingrod  
with hooks that sting right through our hearts, forcing us onto new starts  
love and knowledge are the way, try to have an easy day.