

Dover Drive, Never Ending Hoilday

Seem's theres always something to be done
But at the same time, there's nothing to do
Bored out of my mind and yet procrastinating like I have no life
Maybe I don't

Why

Do I do those things
There's just no point,
But that's beside the point that i'm just lazy

Why

Don't I do those things
That seems to have a point,
That are pointless to avoid
Slacker is my true name when it comes to getting my work done
But i'm not done having my fun
People on my case day and night, but it's my fault, and that's not right
That's not right...why fight?

Always on a never-ending hoilday

My life is a never-ending hoilday

I don't work and I just play

But now I found, to my dismay,
There's nothing as a never-ending hoilday