

# 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