

Dual Core, Dull Boy

On the grind non-stop, both hands on the clock
twenty-four seven cause this life is a job

My singular pennies aren't worth gold to fools
cause he who has the gold in this world makes the rules

Taxes and mortgage they already seek
the 80 in my name goes to hours every week

Two jobs, one life - one day, one night
my cubicle prison hides me from the sunlight

Lost on a cycle, I barely sleep phases
I see no promotion, just CEO raises

My regimen changes as temperament rages
if only my bills had presidents' faces

Stupid solutions, executives got em
cause adding more managers must solve the problem

Staring at these monitors, eyes goin' blind
plus carpal tunnel from codin' overtime

All work and no pay makes a dull boy
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Back to the grind, gotta start it up fast
can't tell this week apart from the last

Sit through meetings, leave without speakin'
stay late on Fridays come in the whole weekend

Idiots, failures, customers, clients
chairmen, executives, VPs, tyrants

Names all the same, there's no denyin' it
learn the terminology, know your environment

Tired of treadmill pace in the rat race
searchin' the maze for the cheese givin' chase

Really quite different, feelin' out of place
watching the bosses stuffin' their fat face

Overworked, underpaid, see my frustration
so much to do can't even use my vacation

Technical lead on a one person team
but this doesn't seem like the American dream