

Indigo Girls, Cold Beer And Remote Control

All of my days have been misspent
Stuffing out the sofa and the antenna's bent
Inside my heart's bustin' out at the seams
I work for the impossible American dream
I got a job at the grocery store
A few bucks an hour and not much more
The world comes in just to take things away
And eat it all up and then they sleep into day

I try not to care I would lose my mind
Running 'round the same thing time after time
Only two things bound to soothe my soul cold beer and remote control

Once upon a time I was nobody's fool
Two jobs and showing up for school
I guess it comes apart so little by little
You don't know you're there till you're stuck in the middle
So I try not care I would lose my mind
Running 'round the same thing time after time
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Sit down the room is dark the blurry graffiti on the benches across at the public park
The plastic's black and buttoned the haze is blue
And all I want is nothing to do

'Cause it's a long walk to the bus stop
It's a long wait for the turning clock
A two-tired car sitting up on the blocks
And things I put aside like that pile of rocks

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