

# Machiavel, A Life

Forty five years old  
And so many questions  
Twenty three years  
Ive been doin the same stupid thing  
Forty five years old  
And so many questions  
Twenty three years  
Ive been doin the same stupid thing

And I wonder why Im livin here  
I wonder what Im doin here?

How could I find a way  
To be happy?  
I hate that machine  
I hate that work  
How could I find a way  
To be happy?  
I hate the forman  
And his stupid factory

And I wonder why Im livin here  
I wonder what Im doin here?

Five oclock: the end of the day  
The end of the nightmare  
All day long  
Im doin the same stupid thing  
Forty five years old  
And so many questions  
Twenty three years  
Ive been doin the same stupid thing

And I wonder why Im livin here  
I wonder what Im doin here?