

Piebald, Still We Let It Choke Us

It's not what you want
But you'll take what you get
Why waste your time?
Looking sharp boy
Hair is just right
Tie is on tight for eight hours every day now
You cannot breathe
No time for yourself
What if your paperwork caught on fire?
Wasting away, blink of an age
Tie is on tight, oh so tight, and it chokes you
Days turn to weeks
Weeks turn to months
Months turn to years and
You'll die so unhappy
Well, life is a bitch
And life is a beach
You've got the sun and the sand your suit all within your reach
Take off the tie
What a sick day
We've gone to build castles in sand and go swimming,
It's time for our play
To the barricades
We'll take them by storm
Days fade to weeks, fade to months, fade to years
And there is not that much more.