

Puffball, Killing Time

My ass in the sofa in front of the screen,
I need air but I'm not very keen.
I'd rather stay, check out the soaps,
This is my future, I ain't got high hopes.
Call it a sickness, call me a joke,
But at least I go out to buy new smokes.
The joboffice is far, it's raining and cold
And it feels pretty good not to do as I'm told.

I'm just killing time, killing time. Cuz my couch tells me to stay.
They say I'm good for nothing, on the verge of crime and that I've still got the devil to pay.
I'm just killing time, killing time, I just can't get things done.
I want the days to pass, I am in my prime but I hardly see the sun.

Once you get burned you're out of the game,
And start going crazy from shame.
In people's eyes you're a no-good punk
With the only ambition to stay drunk.
So you live on welfare, have got branded for life
And hate to be with your cheating wife.
Killing time's all you can do
While waiting for lady luck to find you.

I'm just killing time, killing time

To get through the days is what it's all about
Before you're fully down and out.
Out of the ratrace, being called a creep
Because depression's got you sinking deep.
But I've got the freedom to do the things I choose.
The social life is all I lose.

Once you get burned you're out of the game

I'm just killing time, killing time