

Rain, Wednesday (The Eight Hour Song)

First verse, better not curse
Good night, sweet dreams, turn out the light
The eight hour song starts over tonight
Clock strikes twelve and my dreams are in sight
Barkin' like dogs who are eager to bite
Anxiously I drift into sleep
Haunted by treasures I couldn't keep
Gets so I'm too lonely to weep
But somehow it's more shallow than deep
Down I slide into music divine
Soothes my soul as it tortures my mind
Clock wakes me up at an hour to nine
Can I get to fast forward straight from rewind?
Just caught the end of the eight hour song
Don't seem right, but you know it ain't wrong
All about lost dreams and where they belong
But it's really not bad for an eight hour song
Second verse, better yet worse
Give my all for the company man
Help him up and give him a hand
Ain't this aristocracy grand?
Sell my soul for the company plan
Yes indeed, it's a wonderful day
See my future, see it today
Don't smoke dope, nope, keep it away
Take my coffee any old day
Don't look back, keep lookin' ahead
Better listen to that voice in your head
Without this song you'd soon end up dead
'Cause the next one's got so many misled
Oh my God, it's the eight hour song
Don't seem right, but you know it ain't wrong
Keep that rhythm, move it along
Until you hear that final eight hour song
Third verse, life sucks
Flee that jungle, run the f**k home
Don't look back 'til you're safely alone
Play that music, pick up the phone
Now that all your time is your own
I've been walked on, I've been abused
But that was then, now I'm just amused
Don't have time to be singin' the blues
I can do what I like, I can go where I choose
The when is now and the where is right here
No time for doubt, no patience with fear
Sure wish I had more of these years
This song's music to my f**kin' ears
One hour left in the eight hour song
Don't seem right, but you know it ain't wrong
Cheer up, cheer up, pass me the bong
'Cause this is my favorite eight hour song