

Ryan Montbleau, Shuffling Paper

Darkness

Radio Blaring

BEEP BEEP

Find the strength to get up and feel around.

Slippers in the same place, cold tiles staring.

Water hits the face and I can see now.

Grey coat, blue tie,

Staring at the back of a van.

Same road, same ride,

With the traffic backed up again.

Ain't no site of the sunshine yet,

Only looking forward to later.

Maybe I can dream in the afternoon,

But as for right now it's time

For shuffling paper.

Paper-clip yuk-yuk, cheap conversation.

None of these people I wouldn't call my peers.

Staring at the coffee pot

Staring at the digital clock,

Seven more hours of this.

Cubicle next to me says 'Hi,'

Every now and again.

Can't think of nothing more exciting than a closet full of pencils and pens

Can't think of nothing more stimulating than a neon light and a stapler

I swear if I didn't have to pay my bills,

I wouldn't have to be here

Cold shuffling paper.

Shuffling paper.

You can kiss my assets goodbye.

You're a liability to my way of life.

I'm insured but I have no assurance

That what I do here makes any bit of difference'.

Besides shuffling paper.

Shuffling paper.