

Sick Of It All, Locomotive

Trapped in a rut and i can't get out
don't see a way to be free
working at it everyday nothing that i do
or say can break my poverty
my desperate eyes will close tonight
and i hope i won't feel a thing
cause i know tomorrow i'll continue
with my sorrow
and my desperate eyes will sting

I don't understand, is it some kind of plan
to keep us in our places
no matter how we try, no matter how we strive
we just can't seem to get ahead

Same old stuff all over again
but necessity keeps me here
every week that passes
i'm gettin' weaker, faster
i'm living in constant fear
suffering is at an all time high
and they tell me i'm a lucky man
if lucky is to suffer, then i wish it on another
and i really don't give a damn

Day in day out, feeling the grind
someway, somehow, gonna leave it behind day in day out, feeling the grind
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