

# Slug, Not Another Day

Not Another Day

Caught the bus at 5:06  
That's in the AM for all you little trust fund kids  
It's a forty-five minute trip  
If she ain't in by 6 she'll catch another pink slip  
And that's three, and that means fired  
Her Coffee thermos in the purse to help her keep wired  
The Day care where she drops the baby off  
Thank God it's on the same block as the bus stop

By 5:30, she's halfway there  
And her back's already hurting from the bus's plastic chair  
Live to work to live to work to live  
She's gotta feed the kid and give it all she's go to give

She's trying to catch a little overtime  
If she stays till four, she could be home by five, right?  
Shuts her eyes for the rest of the route  
And keeps the headphones loud to drown everything out

But the same old song  
Woah, not another day  
Woah, woah not another day

Woke up at the taste of dawn  
When the city's bloodlines

The Generators on those public buses  
Is enough to wake you up out of any

I guess that's the chance you're taking  
When you camp out in front of that transfer station  
And this city got no answers to chase  
That's why he always sleeps near the transportation

Panhandeling transient freedom.  
Transplant, he ain't from this region,  
But when the wind starts to whisper its lips  
He knows enough to pack it up, skip out before the winter hits  
Childhood dreams washed down the gutter,  
Both parents gone, no sisters, no brothers  
Weak memories, strong paranoia,  
While the same song repeats in his head over and over and over and over,  
It goes

Woah, woah, not another day,  
Not another day just the same old song  
Woah, woah, not another day  
Not another day just the same old song

Woah, woah not another day