

The Rifles, Fat Cat

the alarm rings and i wake up at 8
just in time to have a fat cat down on my back
he's smiling, though my life aint that great
its surprising the things you do for money
one day ill be the boss of my own,
in a skyscraper, a tall blond secretary
till then, ill have to suffer alone with you good, good people,
aint life rosey

Don't walk around like that

its alarming how you spend every day
Be a target to a boss thats down on your back
he's barking all these orders my way
its surprising that they never seem to worry
all day, im just surrounded alone, with a, pin stripped, and a pink ties necessary
im looking at the clock as it rocks and again, till the morning, aint life rosey

Don't walk around like that
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take 2 steps back

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