

Two Thirty Eight, Rhythm And Blues

I can't pretend that this is working well.
If you couldn't really tell,
this has become my perfect hell -
at least from where I'm seeing things.
At least from where I'm seeing things,
the heartache that my toil brings
is not worth what I'm getting paid to make
someone above me rich.

I can't pretend that this is working right.
If you're all alone tonight,
I sure could use another fight,
at least from where I'm seeing things.

Oh, sad oh sad and holy glow,
to know the desperate seeds you've sown again.