

35 Hours

Take your guitar to the office –
well, you won't last long
So I had to take a week off work
to write this song
Fifty quid a verse it cost me,
all of it well spent
But how do you do an album
when you've gotta pay the rent?

Maybe the zombie
in the grey suit always wins
(what you gonna do?)
but still, you've gotta have a go

Six o'clock on Monday morning,
sky still black as sin
Heavily hung over,
you just can't face going in
You had to drink to forget the work,
you had to work to earn your drink
You either get too knackered
or too smashed to even think

And once you used to
really care about the world
(what you gonna do?)
but now you just don't have the time
and once they've snatched away
every second of your time,
the swine will only pay you for
35 hours

don't forget the rising
don't forget the shining
don't forget the eating
don't forget the drinking
don't forget the playing
don't forget the breathing
don't forget the sleeping
don't forget the dreaming