

Work So Hard

Flying Blind

Words they bother me to no end
To no end
Always
Bad news, bad luck, bad weather
Bad weather yea...
And I wish you wouldn't talk so much
Talk so much
Than maybe things would get better
Things would be better yea yea..
Oooh.....
Songs filling up the room
Still you don't hear,
Can't hear,
Won't listen
If you could only understand
Only understand
That I'm
Sure that things will get better
Yea...
Get better yea yea...

Why do I work so hard
Why do I work so
Hard
Why do I work
So hard.....

All alone
Conversations are driving me insane
With quiet complications
Desperately in vain
I listen
I scream
I laugh out loud at myself
Watching myself
Playing with myself
As everyone can see
The scarecrow is me

Money I will never let you go
Except as trade
To buy things
Get things
Go places
Its you
My intuition
Yea my intuition yea...
There is no possible way
That things could be better
No things won't be better woah...

Why do I work so hard
Why do I work so
Hard
Why do I works so hard
Why do I work
So hard...

Yea yea...