

## Six Feet

### Strung Out

A family man in the midst of  
A total breakdown  
Seeks refuge inebriated state  
As he thinks to himself how did  
Life pass me by - somewhere down  
The line I forgot how to live  
Now every day is just another chore,  
Another day, another week, another year.  
The world slowly turns, but this  
Rut never ends - one blink of an  
Eye then it's gone.

So he puts his faith in the Almighty  
Lord up above, he's told for all good  
Men Heaven awaits

"Well I can't wait any longer when's  
It my turn to see the light that'll  
Come and take my troubles away?"  
Now he spends his days preaching  
What he does not believe, to a world  
That's forgotten how to live  
And he can't understand the empty  
Feelin' inside that seems to grow  
Every hour, every day.  
"What's it take to be a man, when  
Everything I'm taught I can't believe  
And everything is thrown right in my face?  
I wake up everyday, I live here among  
The dead and I am one of them. Is  
This how it's gotta be? For you and me  
Open your eyes take a look  
Around think nice thoughts then  
It's off to work I go!"  
Now it's back to the hustle and it's  
Back to the beat  
It's back to another forty hour  
Week.  
"Soon that weekend will come  
I'll get to have a little fun then  
it's back to my forty hour grave"