

Burnout

The Real McKenzies

Woke up today and caught in last night's smoke,
I hung my wet and stinky kilt to dry
There's not a lot of room in here my eviction's in the works I
fear
but still I hold my finger in the pie
And so I open wide the door to find the day,
that son of a bitch so bright she made me blind
But slowly I adjust to see a paradise turn grey
full of those that left their dreams behind

The corporate girl, the company guy bent outta shape with strain
300 days a year to earn a dime
They get a heart attack a-walkin' or a stroke on the phone a-
talkin'
Paid in paltry cash a trade for time

I'm just a burnout! I've got no common sense,
I've spent my rent on a binge on Wednesday night
Thursday stayed in bed till 5, then borrowed cash to stay alive
,
Then Friday start the weekend feeling right

I know you all have scrutinized my failing flailing life,
A part of me just wishes I could care
But honestly my own decree is simply to live happily!
And die with all my memories left to share!

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I'm just a burnout, but got not one lament..
Cause I only ever wanted to be content!