

Not Another Day

Atmosphere

Caught the bus at 5:06
That's in the AM for all you little trust fund kids
And it's a forty-five minute trip
If she ain't in by six, she'll catch another pink slip
And that's three and that means fired
The coffee thermos in the purse to help her keep wired
The day-care where she drops the baby off
Thank god it's on the same block as the bus stop
By 5:30, she's halfway there
And her back already hurts from the bus' plastic chair
Live to work to live to work to live
Gotta feed the kid and give it all she's got to give
Plus she tryna catch a little overtime
If she stays till four she could be home by five
Shuts her eyes for the rest of the route
And keeps her headphones loud to drown everything out
But the same old song...

"Whoa... whoa, not another day!"
Not another day of the same old song
"Whoa... whoa, not another day!"
Not another day of the same old song

Seemed like nobody even knew his name, huh
If he disappeared would they even see the blank spot?
The only kids who might notice are the ones who
Push him up and down the hallways and in the lunchrooms
Sometimes he looks at his bruises and wants to come to school with
A gun like them kids on the news did
But nah man they don't deserve to die
He's the type that couldn't even murder a fly
I guess you get used to the life
Maybe that's why he refuses to cry
Takes it on the chin, takes it in stride
What doesn't break you just makes you stronger right?
So he sits by himself on the school bus
Hoping that today he wouldn't have to put his dupes up
But just like any other, here they come
To fuck with his comfort, can't wait for summer
It's the same old song...

C'mon, woke up at the taste of dawn
When the city's bloodline starts to push it along
The generators on those public buses
Is enough to bust you out of any dream that you stuck in
I guess that's the chance you taking
When you camp out in front of that transfer station
And this town got no answers to chase
That's why he always sleeps near the transportation
Panhandle it, transient freedom
Transplant, he ain't from this region
And when the wind starts to whisper its lips
He knows enough to pack it up and dip out before the winter hits
Childhood dreams washed down the gutter

Both parents gone, no sisters, no brothers
Weak memories, strong paranoia
While the same song repeats in his head
Over and over and over and over it goes...