

No Good Before Noon

Into It. Over It.

I admit that I have realized
I'm not built for nine to fives
But you know I'm no good before noon
So I ask myself why you decide to waste your time
On a storefront's phone when you could have stayed at home
Sleeping in instead
A choice to never leave the bed again

We change the pace
We count each other's debts
There's forty minutes left in our day
Or should I say days?
You could have told me from the start
I could have kept you safe from harm
I could have left you alone
You could have worked from home
Square one instead
A choice to never leave your bed again