

The Working Dead

Kate Micucci

Tired from work
Hate my job
I really ought-a be in mourning
But I got another shift this morning
Everyday feels like it's never ending
What's the point of all the time I'm spending
Here, at this, dead end job

Oh, we are the working dead
And we lurch for minimum wage
But I'd really rather be
Eating your brains

Look at you, you seem so bright and healthy
And your minds are full of joy and wonder
Stay a thousand miles from the condition
That I've got from all the stress I'm under
Don't come near me or you might encourage
All these terrifying sudden urges
Seeing you makes skipping work so tempting
Don't you know that in the night I'm temping?
Here, at this, dead end job

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But I'd really rather be
Eating your brains