

# Dropping Plates

Kublai Khan

I dread  
Waking up in the morning  
No time to breathe  
This is my life  
Nine through noon  
Noon to night

I clock in  
Seen as a servant  
Every hour another nerve is hit  
My rage boils deep behind my eyes  
I smile while 'Please sir I apologize'  
Somebody please get me  
The fuck out of this place

Now think back to what you're working towards  
Fuck this shit  
Keep it together  
Keep moving forward

So I keep my composure  
Don't hesitate  
I play the game though I feel  
Like dropping plates  
Fuck

I tell myself that it's for the best  
Collect tips & cash empty pay checks  
From fucks who can't even remember  
My name  
One simple thing  
I'm dropping plates