

## Retail Hell

Like Pacific

It pays the lowest wage  
It's considered a job  
10x10 foot cage  
They say it's better than the rest  
I'm a part time slave at best  
Over worked and under-paid

No matter what you say  
I always end up wrong  
Broke, no chance of gold  
So let's play the same old game  
Of who's going home alone  
It's your soul you've sold

This rent, this place  
The pressure sinks in for days  
And I'm lost again with no fucking answers  
Somehow you make more than me  
I travel for minimal shifts  
And work my goddamn ass off  
While you get to go on "sick leave"

At 9am this gate  
Opens for the world  
For the most part I still hate  
And your turnover rate  
We all know is a joke  
So I'm spitting on its grave

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If ranting on this stage  
Means I'm doing something wrong  
It's never felt so right  
I'm just acting, acting my age  
Crying in every song  
My life's the saddest sight