

Routines

Mélée

Get up you lazy slob the day is almost gone
You've lost another one the hours ramble on
And this song won't write itself
Don't imagine that it will
What you have to offer is standing still
And he's wasting all of his life
On routines that lead to nowhere
Get up you lazy slob the sun is almost gone
As your shadows cast you down
You wished that I was wrong
There will be another chance
Don't let this slide on by
You can't prove them wrong unless you try
I don't want to waste my life