

Campfire

Seth Sentry

Hey yo I feel haunted inside, all of the time, it's boredom, I'm bored of this life
I'm sure that it's fine, it's normal but I don't want to turn your water to wine
And I don't wanna form an orderly line, is that normal to me?
What's abnormal is a corporate life, put yourself in a coma from the morning to five
Small fries, small coke, small talk to the wife then put your brain in the box for the night
Wash rinse repeat
We don't sleep cause we're stressed from the little things
So we swallow down a fistful of fickle friends
Scared to leave the small bubble that we're living in
So we funnel the whole world into our living room
Look, innocent folk imprisoned by their picket fence
Your gingerbread home was built to keep the system fed
Good citizens follow their leader to the bitter end
And watch the vicars head the same direction that the sinners went
Con, swindle, cheat, rob, trick, deceive
Swallow the guilt, watch rinse repeat
Look, I'd like to break the cycle just once and leave more than a lump sum for my loved ones

There's a hole in my bucket, my bucket has got a hole
There's a hole in my bucket, my bucket has got a hole
There's a hole in my bucket, my bucket has got a hole
Greedy little ape king tried to fill it with gold
And I got hole in my bucket, my bucket has got a hole
I got hole in my bucket, my bucket has got a hole
I got hole in my bucket, my bucket has got a hole
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That's one strange animal
Look, let's go back to back before money was magnet force that we all attract towards
Strange animal crawling from a shallow pool
Watch the man evolve until the knuckles barely drag the floor
Strange animal, belly full of hunger and a mouth full of daggers drawn
Watch the woolly mammoth fall
Greedy animal, fill the sky with bullets for the planet's gold
Watch the whole world become flammable
Neanderthal with a born trait to have it all
Battles fought over small change and barren soil
Cannonballs and sword blades
That had the lord's name written on them as if it wasn't for more gain
Cro-Magnon holding a chrome magnum
Robbing the folk's gold with opposable thumb magic
Yeah it's like if we don't then we must have it
Sometimes it feels like the globe has been spun backwards
In the wilds of the supermarket aisles, where we hunt bargains like wildebeest
Modern day cave men with his strange quest
Days spent wandering the jungle for a pay cheque
Well amen, more clutter for the cave then
Fill the change tin, poor greedy little ape king
Man it's boring at the top of the food chain
We're trying to fill a bucket that leaks

Wash rinse repeat

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I can't wait til tomorrow when I feel good
I can't wait til tomorrow when I feel good
I can't wait til tomorrow when I feel good
I can't wait

Wash rinse repeat

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