

Working Full-Time

The Constantines

The sun was coming up
Soldiers of light storming my brain
Day, have I the guts to greet you?
Alarm clock tomorrow, cradle to the grave
Working full-time
Vigilant people in the cult of enterprise, lean into the day with all your heart and mind
We were not made to fear the morning
Put down, put under, and put on
We are not what we once were
We will be all undone
Working full-time
We won't be undersold
I'll find my wealth all about me
Shake the hand that rakes the common temper
It's your kindness that gives life to my mind
I want to wake up every morning full of wonder
Working full-time