

# Expiration Day

Widespread Panic

I'm a machinist at the Springfield Armory  
Just slightly ahead of my time  
But I don't make much money  
So I sell eggs and chickens on the side

I'm good at what I do  
And I take great pride  
But I don't make much money  
So I sell eggs and chickens on the side

And my wife does love me  
But she can't realize  
Why I won't go back down south  
And leave the armory behind

But I love my job  
I'll shave metal until I die  
And until I do, I'll take on  
Any extra thing it takes to provide

And I know it'll kill me  
Breathing all those fumes  
But I'd sooner sniff solution  
Than a baker's dozen hothouse blooms

And my wife does love me  
But she can't realize  
Why I won't go back down south  
And leave the armory behind

But I feel it is important  
What I do upon my lathe  
I pledge to do the detail work  
Until my expiration day

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