

You're on your way to work
The corner store, gas station clerk
5 AM, half-asleep, uniform coated with dirt

Each day is all the same
You don't pray for health, but you pray for change
You don't pray for sun, but you pray for rain
And you ask God, "what is your name?"

You're on your way to shop at the grocery store that's down the block
Through aisles of cans you walk, cause you'd rather spend than grow a crop

Each day is all the same
You don't pray for health, but you pray for change
You don't pray for sun, but you pray for rain
And you ask God, "what is your name?"

You're on your way to church
In your cleanest slacks and wrinkled shirt
This country drive has its perks
It's shorter than a hooker's skirt

Each day is all the same
You don't pray for health, but you pray for change
You don't pray for sun, but you pray for rain
And you ask God, "what is your name?"

And we eat again, and we shower again, and we dress
Again, and we clean again, and we drive again
And we walk again, and computer again, and computer
Again, and we feel again then it's gone again
And we kiss again, and we sleep again, and computer
Again, and computer again
And we fight again then make-up again, and we work
Again, and we make a friend, will we meet again?
And we shop again, and computer again and computer
Again, and we talk again or be mute again
Try too hard again, or not at all again, and we read again
And we sing again
And computer again, and computer again, and we feel
Again then it's gone again