All that I can say is, "Just find a way to Grasp the rungs and climb on board" The train is pulling out and There is no doubt that Waiting you cannot afford This I know That yesterday the future seemed far away But now it's my face, in the flesh today Take a look around you Don't it astound you? Short term thinking minds galore Sure ya gotta earn it Before you burn it But work a dead end job what for? This I know Cause I was on that treadmill and man it sucks A chase after my tail in the quise of bucks Grind away, every day like a slave Same old same, work your way to the grave It's a miracle that you can even Save it for a bright day They all rain you say Try to objectively The cycle just continues Have, have not issues Fuel negativity This I know A sink or swim solution I call my job It keeps me on my toes, not a worthless slob Grind away, every day like a slave Same old same, work your way to the grave And besides it's so much fun to complain Working straight commission I'm a mission Never any guarantees Scratch out an existence, rugged resistance To mindless mass mentalities This I know