

## Still We Let It Choke Us

Piebald

It's not what you want  
But you'll take what you get  
Why waste your time?  
Looking sharp boy  
Hair is just right  
Tie is on tight for eight hours every day now  
You cannot breathe  
No time for yourself  
What if your paperwork caught on fire?  
Wasting away, blink of an age  
Tie is on tight, oh so tight, and it chokes you  
Days turn to weeks  
Weeks turn to months  
Months turn to years and  
You'll die so unhappy  
Well, life is a bitch  
And life is a beach  
You've got the sun and the sand your suit all within your reach  
Take off the tie  
What a sick day  
We've gone to build castles in sand and go swimming,  
It's time for our play  
To the barricades  
We'll take them by storm  
Days fade to weeks, fade to months, fade to years  
And there is not that much more.