

Eugene McGuinness, Nightshift

You're working the nightshift
A big metal machine
Until you're long dead and green
And a ghost in the steam

You're working the nightshift
Your left eye is black
And I hate him for that
I hate him for that

You could spend your whole life
Wrapped around a finger
And some may say it's pretty rich
Coming from me
But it seems this time
Cloud nine of divine silver
Has a grey lining

You're working the nightshift
And I suck a bottle of Becks
Watching a car chase a T-Rex
Waiting for your text

You're working the nightshift
In a conveyor belt maze
Will my words be erased
When you're working the days?

You could spend your whole life
Wrapped around a finger
And some may say it's fucking rich
Coming from me
But it seems this time
Cloud nine of divine silver
Has a grey lining