

# The Rifles, Toerag

Walk out of the door and make my way up the street  
Cold wind in my eyes runs a tear down my cheek  
Not a soul to be heard so no point to complain  
At least the sound of the birds compensates for the rain  
Hit the queue for the bus and then join the line  
Same faces for the last ten years of my life  
See them more than my friends I couldn't tell you their names  
Shattered glass on the floor the kids have run out of games  
And I don't see that's ever gonna change  
One hour passes till I'm back on my feet  
A stone's throw I will be walking till I'm off the street  
Hang my coat to dry, settle down with the herd  
Some I really don't mind, some just get on my nerves  
Turn my back to the clock cause it slows the time  
Take out a cigarette and hear the match strike  
Turn the radio on to drown the sound of the rain  
Same bands same songs play again and again  
And I don't see that's ever gonna change

Tell me I'm not right say what you like I'm miles away  
And expect nothing changing except for the name of the day.

From my place of work I move away in haste  
Time there moves slow but rushes when I'm away  
Pass a girl from my school the conversation's brief  
Gotta catch that train, get myself some relief  
I meet up with friends and they knock off at six  
I pull at five and walk about for a bit  
Watch the world go by through an empty glass  
And I know that won't be the last 'so'

Tell me I'm not right say what you like I'm miles away  
And expect nothing changing except for the name of the day.

Creep back into bed and I pull up the sheet  
High over my head and undercover my feet  
Till the room goes dark and i'm miles away  
Jump to the alarm and start another day!