Same Old Funk and Jive

You struggle hard through the night

Working your second job taking shit from your privileged boss

Your redneck customers your fellow employees

And the security guard next door

You struggle hard through the night

Finding your way back home after being pulled over by a racist cop

Tossing laundry into the washer microwaving a burrito

Paying utility bills and giving up on sleep

And it’s a wonder that you’re still alive

Must be the same old funk and jive

You struggle hard through the day

Mornings of burnt toast and cold pop tarts packing school lunches

Dropping the little ones off at daycare

All before heading off to a slightly higher paying job

You struggle hard through the day

Taking shit from a slightly higher paid boss higher paid employees

And a higher paid security guard next door

And it’s a wonder that you’re still alive

Must be the same old funk and jive

You struggle hard with your thoughts

Of grade school bullies high school sweethearts college scholarships

Dream jobs wedding rings and a plastic blissful middle class existence

That somehow slipped through your fingers

You struggle hard with your thoughts

Of how hideous this journey how futile this quest how daunting this mountain

How weak your two legs how utterly insane it is to try to figure out everything at once

And it’s a wonder that you’re still alive must be the same old funk and jive

Remember what she said just before she fled

It’s the same old funk and jive

You’ll work until you’re dead and you’ll never get ahead

It’s the same old funk and jive

A country that is free is gonna charge a hefty fee

Yeah that’s the same old funk and jive

You wake up just to find that she’s messing with your mind

It’s the same old funk and jive

And it’s a wonder that you’re still alive

Must be the same old funk and jive

It’s like you’re knocking on the door with your knees upon the floor

It’s the same old funk and jive

Begging for a loan while they repossess your home

It’s the same old funk and jive

Prices on the rise and are just bankers in disguise

It’s the same old funk and jive

Because the faster that you run the bigger someone’s gun

It’s the same old funk and jive

It’s like climbing giant rocks with lead inside your socks

It’s the same old funk and jive

Everyone you meet says you’re sitting in their seat

It’s the same old funk and jive

So you roll the loaded dice win a snake in paradise

It’s the same old funk and jive

It slithers down your throat steals your right to vote

It’s the same old funk and jive

It’s the same old funk and same old funk and same old funk and jive

It’s the same old funk and same old funk and same old funk and jive

It’s the same old funk and same old funk and same old funk and jive