

Mister Metropolitan

Get up Monday morning bout a quarter to five
Stumble to the shower – I am barely alive
Wash away my freedom from the weekend before
Wolfing down some breakfast and heading for the door.
Jump into my car so I can get on my way
Gotta face the traffic – gotta face the day
I double check the rear-view mirror and what do I see?
Mister Metropolitan is staring at me

*I'm Mister Metropolitan in my three piece suit
Gotta briefcase in my hand and polish on my boot
Working down town with other people like me
Pushing pencils at my desk until half past three
Mister Metropolitan
Mister Metropolitan
I'm Mister Metropolitan five days a week*

Work in a building that is ten stories high
Where life slows down as the minutes drag by
Crunching up the numbers – adding up amounts
Hitting on the ladies that are working in accounts
Hi-paid executives passing down the word
Video conference – meetings with the board
When my day is over I go home and then
Dinner on the table – get to bed by ten

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Rhythm and Lead

Raising two kids, got a stay at home wife
Paying lots of bills to buy a rat race life
Workin for a living, trying to get ahead
Coughing up the money – doling out the bread
Making people happy, spending all my loot
Empty are the pockets of my three piece suite
Get up Tuesday morning to begin again
Call me Mister Metropolitan

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