

Right About Now

Bowling For Soup

Dedication, my occupation
What the fucking fuck am I thinking
Everyone's drinking and I'm sinking
Counting 182 lights are blinking on the screen

No shit as a matter of fact
I wish I would've dropped out, wish I hadn't slacked
But I stayed in school with mediocre grades
While everybody else was out getting laid

Still at work on a Friday night
All my friends are getting fucked up right about now
Slamming beers down and starting fights
Everyone I know is getting fucked up right about now
Right about now
Right about now

Adulteration, it's an infliction
That's what's at the bar, it's what I'm missing
A new concoction won't get me hopping
But I'm here working so I can buy a new jet ski

No shit as a matter of fact
I wish I would've dropped out, wish I hadn't slacked
But I stayed in school, got married way too young
And when you get your jet ski can I come along?

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