Gotta Getta Job

Get Set Go

Gotta getta job, I'm gonna get a haircut
Gotta brush my teeth and change my underwear
Gonna make some toast and scan the morning paper
Gonna get up and breathe the morning air

No more slacking off, no more falling down
No more hanging fire cause the boss, he ain't around

And I've gotta getta job working on the weekdays
Gonna read a book and gotta learn to pray
Gotta buy a car and hope it doesn't break down
Cause I gotta lotta things to do today

La la la
So ge tthe hell out of my way cause I'm afraid I cannot stray
Oh baby, don't you say it's strange cause I'm about to make a change

Gotta clean the place and empty all the trash cans
Gotta mop the floor and maybe vacuum too
Vitamins and juice will be my only diet
Gotta clean the fridge and empty all the booze

No more dirty mess, no more pig sty
No more smelling sickly like something was left to die

And I'm gonna buy new shoes, a jacket, and a wallet
Gonna get perfume or should I say cologne?
Gonna learn to speak Espanish and Italian
Gonna buy myself a nifty new phone

Cause I'm here and I'm ready to go
And it's clear that you don't know just why
I gotta try to maybe, baby, maybe let me maybe be your guy

Oh, I gotta know is it true that we are thru?
Which is why I gotta try to maybe, baby, maybe
Let me maybe be your guy

Gonna make a climb up the corporate ladder
Gonna buy and sell on the Nikkei
Gonna engineer a corporate takeover
Gonna buy DuPont and sell it all away

No more being poor or doing without
No more worries, no more woes, and no more nagging doubts

And I'm gonna buy a house somewhere in the Hamptons
Gonna buy a house on the hills of Bel Air
Everyone will burn with terrible envy
Everyone will scream it simply isn't fair

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