

# GET A JOB!

Jack Kays

Hey, hey, hey

My brain is dead from all the alcohol  
Fill it with lead, or maybe I should call  
Suicide hotline, tell 'em about all my problems  
See if they know how to solve 'em (hey, hey, hey)

Wake up, get drunk, put on the same old jeans  
That I've worn for two weeks, holes in both of the knees  
Get high, lay low and wonder why I'm in poverty  
Why can't I win the lottery? (Hey, hey, hey)

You say, I need to get a job  
Well I hate working for a guy named Bob  
Who can't get laid so he takes it out on me (hey, hey, hey)  
Get paid, but lose my will to live  
Clean shit, mop floors till I'm fifty-six  
Die quick in a highway accident (hey, hey, hey)

Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey

Cut off my hair, I hate the way I look  
Tattoo my skin, I wrote the goddamn book  
On what not to do if you're looking for employment  
How to be a disappointment (hey, hey, hey)

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