

## Jump Through the Hoops

### The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Wake up and shake myself out of bed again.  
Shaking the day down in my head again.  
It's up and out, rise and shine, on the double.  
No time to slack, attack, and tackle the trouble.  
Shake myself out of bed again.  
No time to stop and assess, can't let it grind to a halt.  
Can't stop and look at the mess and then find out it's my fault  
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I can't stop for a single minute.  
I know hell, well, I'm living in it.  
No time to stop at all, I've got to jump through the hoops.  
My job, well it's a nine to five nightmare.  
I'm serving whiskey, stale wit and beer.  
Come on in, how've you been? Have I met you?  
What'll it be now, what can I get you?  
My job, well it's a nightmare.  
And every day from nine to five I'm there.  
No time to stop and assess, can't let it grind to a halt.  
Can't stop and look at the mess and then find out it's my fault  
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I can't stop for a single minute.  
I know hell, well, I'm living in it.  
No time to stop at all, I've got to jump through the hoops.  
Roll over, sit up and beg.  
Well, I'd much rather lie down and play dead.  
Here comes another hoop.  
Holidays have got to be the worst.  
I've seen so many I've got it well rehearsed.  
Joy to the world, hark the hey, let me hear it.  
Deck the halls, trim the tree, that's the spirit.  
Holidays are not for me, chop down the tree.  
They've got to be the worst.  
I'm old and set in my ways, no stopping now, it's a shame.  
But in my much younger days I'd stop and I'd take the blame.  
I'm alright if I don't know and can't see.  
I'll live in hell til the day that they plant me.  
No time to stop at all, I've got to jump through the hoops.  
Roll over, sit up and beg.  
Well I'd much rather...lie down and play dead.  
All over, so long my friend.  
So long, all over, the end.