

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 a-blinking on the screen
No shit as a matter of fact
I wish I would've dropped out, wish I had a-slacked
But I stayed in school with mediocre grades
While everybody else was out getting laid
Still at work on the Friday nights
All my friends are getting fucked up right about now
Seven beers down and starting fights
Everyone I know is getting fucked up right about now
Right about now
Right about now
It's some infliction
That's what's at the bar, it's what I'm missing
A new concoction would 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 had a-slacked
But I stayed in school, got married way too young
And when you get your jet ski can I come alone?
Still at work on the Friday nights
All my friends are getting fucked up right about now
Seven beers down and starting fights
Everyone I know is getting fucked up right about now
Right about now
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