

One Down

Harold Land

I got up and I drove to work
On the wrong side of the road
What the hell would I do
I must admit I didn't know
Andrea came along y'all
To add a couple lines or so
I got one I finished yesterday
And I got three-point-six to go One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm outta here
One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here People tell me
Ben, just make up junk
And turn it in
But I never was alright with turning in
A bunch of shit
Don't like wasting time
On music that won't make you proud
But now I've found a reason
To sit right down and shit some out One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm outta here
One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here Yeah, yeah
I love you more than
Any man has loved before I
Love you more than
All the stars up in the sky
I think that we should
Settle down and
Live happily forever
After What do you think of that?
I'm really not complaining

I realize it's just a job
And I hate hearing belly-aching rockstars
Whine and sob
'Cause I could be bussing tables
I could well be pumpin' gas
Yeah, but I get paid much finer
For playin' piano and kissin' ass And it's one-point-six
Yesterday
And three-point-six
The last One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm outta here
One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here One down
And three-point-six
One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here

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