

Starbucks

A

She's silver rich, I cannot take no more yeah
Don't want to quit but that's a pretty nice door yeah
I got a bed, it really cost a fortune
I go away and it's too big without you
You got it good; you know how good we got it
You got it bad; you know how bad we got it I wouldn't swap it for a job in Starbucks
Wouldn't swap it for a job in Starbucks Come on, you can have your own way
Come on, you can have your own say
So long, I'll miss him when he's gone
You don't know what it is; you don't know what it is yeah He works an automatic, Mr. Clean but I doubt it
He's got to have his say
Who needs him anyway? Don't get your kind of music
He lets the others choose it
He thinks you kids are freaks
He wants you off the streets Come on, you can have your own way
Come on, you can have your own say
So long, I'll miss him when he's gone
You don't know what it is, you don't know what it is yeah Come on, you can have your own way
Come on, you can have your own say
So long, I'll miss him when he's gone You don't know what it does to me
You don't know what it means to me I take it as far as it goes
I don't want to know what I know
It's too late to talk about it
And I ain't changing any of it
Don't listen to us Don't want your job in Starbucks
Don't want your job in Starbucks
Don't want your job in Starbucks
Don't want your job in Starbucks Come on, you can have your own way
Come on, you can have your own say
So long, you miss it when it's gone
You don't know what it is
You don't know what it is yeah Come on, you can have your own way
Come on, you can have your own say
So long, you'll miss him when he's gone
You don't know what it is
You don't know what it is yeah

Songwriters

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