

Pumpin' 4 the Man

Ween

It's a nine mile walk from the office to the pumps
Sometimes you think you're gonna drop
In the end you're filthy, dirty, horny and pissed off
And before you can leave you gotta sweep the fuckin' shop
It's a real real bitch to be workin' for the man
But shit, I do it well, so what the fuck
I could probably wash dishes at some other fuckin' dump
But it's all the same to me, bustin' ass to make a buck
So read 'em up and stick 'em, pump that fucker good
Some woman down on Main Street needs a jump
Get your fingers outta your ass and pump some faggot's gas
And think about how bad New Hope sucks
And it's a piss poor life when the ladies fire you up
And then you check their oil and know you're fucked
'Cause no one wants a loser who works for five an hour
Smells like gas, looks like shit, works in the rain and rude as hell
Now, I can fix a tire like Hurricane Melinda
I know, that I'm the best for what it's worth
So if I choose to help you don't look like you expect it
'Cause it's a gift that God gave me at birth
So read 'em up and stick 'em, pump that fucker good
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And think about how bad New Hope sucks, woah
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