

Day Job

Dance Hall Crashers

Four days left in the week
And already I looked ahead
I'm tired, so anxious
Dazed, confused and seeing red Sometimes the day seem so long
I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong
Sometimes the days seem long
So long I stare at the clock
It doesn't move, no, not all
The work day is so long
Like a night of insomnia Sometimes the day seem so long
I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong
Sometimes the days seem long
So long So I shut my eyes and fantasize
About anything that'll come to mind
To more perverse the better I shut my eyes and fantasize
About all the really horrendous things
I could be doing I shut my eyes and fantasize
There are better be more than this
Is this a really bad joke? I could be out right now doing
All the really horrendous things
I've been imagining
It couldn't possibly be so boring
So boring, so boring Friday, only one more day
To endure this tediousness
The clock won't move at all
So I wait and I wait Sometimes the days seem so long
I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong
Sometimes the days seem long
So long So I shut my eyes and fantasize
About anything that'll come to mind
The more perverse the better I shut my eyes and fantasize
About all the really horrendous things
I could be doing
It couldn't possibly be so boring

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