

Turn It Up

[Josh Thompson](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

That son of a boss can't boss us all around no more
We're all clocked out and clocked back into life
Let's take these measly paychecks we've been working for
And turn 'em into beer, yeah it's all downhill from here Turn up the music, turn up the band
Turn up the cold one there in your hand
Turn up the feel good, turn up the crazy
Turn a little lovin' loose on me, baby
Turn up the hell yeah, turn out the lights
Let all your problems go for the night
Turn on the don't give a you know what
And turn it up No time to waste, let's own this place 'til closing time
Have a few too many two-for-one's
Might be headed for a headache, yeah, but we'll be fine
And tomorrow we'll lift the fog with a little hair of the dog Turn up the music, turn up the band
Turn up the cold one there in your hand
Turn up the feel good, turn up the crazy
Turn a little lovin' loose on me, baby
Turn up the hell yeah, turn out the lights
Let all your problems go for the night
Turn on the don't give a you know what
And turn it up Turn up the music, turn up the band
Turn up the cold one there in your hand
Turn up the feel good, turn up the crazy
Turn a little lovin' loose on me, baby
Turn up the hell yeah, turn out the lights
Let all your problems go for the night
Turn on the don't give a you know what
And turn it up Yeah, turn on the don't give a you know what
And turn it up
Yeah, turn it up

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