Countdown

Mimes On Rollercoasters

Ten-Nine-Eight-Seven-Six-Five-Four-Three-Two-One

The countdown is on.

Itâ€™s almost eight, Iâ€™m running late,
I grab my coat, I grab my bag,
Slip on my shoes and hurry through the door.

Forgot my keys, go back inside,
Look everywhere, I must be blind.
Donâ€™t think that I can take it anymore.

Itâ€™s twelve fifteen, Iâ€™m feeling lean,
I feed my face, and back to work,
The boss wonâ€™t let me have a minute more.

Got kids at school, yeah Iâ€™m no fool,
I do my job, play by the rules.
Donâ€™t think that I can take it anymore.

The whistle blows, itâ€™s time to go,
I grab my things, run for the door,
Another day, another dollar earned.

I pay my dues, I bide my time,
Retirement is on my mind.
I canâ€™t help feeling like Iâ€™m getting burned.

Lyrics Submitted by Mimes On Rollercoasters

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