

# Carol Fellington with the Sports

## Rubber Band Gun

Working at night  
Scripting the lines  
Reading the playbooks and covering the fights on the tube  
She sleeps at her desk  
But she's up before noon

Heading advice  
Feeding her vice  
Taking her paychecks and throwing the dice at the tube  
But she tells you  
She tells you who she wants to lose  
Horace knows her accountant  
They know she doesn't tell the truth

But she's got all the kid she wants in her brother  
Drifting to the bottom  
To the bottom review

Baby im begging you please  
It's the time of the year  
we got sweeps this week  
I promise I'll take all of the heat  
From the network comprised of fish out of the water  
News is getting farther  
It's getting farther from you

Carol will you go when they close  
All the stations  
Low budget sitcoms  
Something on the phone about nobodies watching the show after 3pm  
They've gotta be wrong bout the numbers  
The Nielson's slow  
But they love me too  
They've gotta believe that it's something  
They love me, they love me so  
The people that watch my show

Taping tonight  
Drunk on the wine  
She found in the break room she needed the time on her own

Now she's making fun on Horace all alone  
But she don't care when she's lazy so lazy that she didn't read her bookies fee  
She's wasting the time waiting in the middle  
Drifting to the bottom  
To the bottom review

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