

I Hate My Frickin' I.S.P.

Todd Rundgren

The reason that I signed up, is the reason that I hate it
I know she's made her mind up, I just don't know how she's made it
And my dial up screen has locked me into a
touch tone tune monotony

Because some snot nosed pube has blocked me out
And I wait, and I wait
And I hate my frickin I.S.P., he ain't got no bandwidth left for me
And I'll never get back, never get back the time that I waste
That's what I hate
My job's so hard to swallow but it's got me by the collar
In some Motel 6 squalor, where every local call's a dollar
I got no time left to jack off, I got a deadline that
won't back off

I'm about to chew my own leg off 'cause
It's so late, and I'm late
And I hate my frickin I.S.P., I get bumped for inactivity
And I'll never get back, never get back the time that I waste
That's what I hate
It rained CD Rom's that gave me twenty hours free
I let my service provider make a junky outta me
And then he cut me off from my online community
And now I hate, I hate it, I hate, I hate, I hate, I hate
I hate my frickin I.S.P., his domain name lookup takes
eternity

And I'll never get back, never get back the time that I waste
That's what I hate
And I hate my frickin I.S.P., he ain't got no bandwidth left for me
And I'll never get back, never get back the time that I waste
That's what I hate
Na na na

Na na na

Na na na

...

Songwriters

RUNDGREN, TODD
Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>