

Your Late

Guttermouth

Oh my God, what time is it?
I'm late again, this sucks
Where's my other shoe? FUCK!
I need a drink-god damn! Did I get gas last night?
Oh, well, roll the dice
Ha-ha, I gotta to to Vegas soon
I really miss those wonderful casinos
And friendly people Fuck, I hate those people
In the carpool lane
We carpool, oooo, go fuck yourself
I'm probably fired already, shit
Oh, well
Only nine more hours
Till dollar drafts
And free meatballs
You're late

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