

The Pits

Sammy Hagar

Now, listen
My paycheck after taxes barely pays the rent
I do the town on Friday, by Tuesday, it's all spent
Two bucks an hour, this job ain't too hip
My love life's turning sour working the night shift
It's the pits, it's a one way trip
On a sinking ship
Ain't it the pits, but you just can't quit
When the scale won't tip or the key don't fit
Two \$6.50 tickets to hassle with the crowd
I got hit with a Frisbee, the band played too loud
I got all their records, man and loved all their hits
But this is the worst, it's the pits
Oh, you can't keep it lit then it sticks to your lip
Oh, ain't it the pits when the record skips and the TV quits
You're in deeper and deeper, you dig into the pit
The climb is always steep, you can't get a lift
Ain't it the pits, it's the bottom of the list
It's all wing tips and double knits, it's the pits
Slip out onto the freeway, down all the gears
Things were just gettin' heavy when the red light appears
He said, "Get outta the car, boy"
He put the 'cuffs on my wrist, read me my rights
Oh, things got intense I got 90 days in jail
No one would go my bail, so there I sit, it's the pits
When the waist line slips, 39 inch hips and your pants don't
fit
You're in deeper, you dig into the pit
The climb is always steeper, they won't let you quit
Ain't it the pits, P I T S, it's the pits
When the the faucet drips, it won't never quit
Oh, like a ten cent tip

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