

Too Much Time On My Hands

Styx

I'm sitting on this barstool talking like a damn fool
Got the twelve o'clock news blues
And I've given up hope on the afternoon soaps
And a bottle of cold brew
Is it any wonder I'm not crazy?
Is it any wonder I'm sane at all Well I'm so tired of losing I got nothing to do
And all day to do it
I go out cruisin' but I've no place to go
And all night to get there
Is it any wonder I'm not a criminal?
Is it any wonder I'm not in jail? Is it any wonder I've got too much time on my hands
It's ticking away with my sanity
I've got too much time on my hands
It's hard to believe such a calamity
I've got too much time on my hands
And it's ticking away, ticking away from me
Too much time on my hands, too much time on my hands
Too much time on my hands Too much time on my hands, too much time on my hands
Too much time on my hands Now, I'm a jet fuel genius I can solve the world's problems
Without even trying
I have dozens of friends and the fun never ends
That is, as long as I'm buying
Is it any wonder I'm not the president
Is it any wonder I'm null and void? Is it any wonder I've got too much time on my hands
It's ticking away with my sanity
I've got too much time on my hands
It's hard to believe such a calamity
I've got too much time on my hands
And it's ticking away, ticking away from me
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