

On the Clock

Sicko

This place is always hiring a brand new bunch of morons
It must be rather tiring, squeezing blood from doorknobs

 This is your life and you're going nowhere

and it's your fault you're here, it's not our place to care I don't get paid enough for this, the stress might break
 my back

 Working with idiots will give you a heart attack

 'cause this is your life and you're going nowhere

they don't pay me enough to pretend that I care And all we do is sit around and talk
 And dream about the day we're gonna walk

Smile, you're on the clock Here comes Jim the supervisor, everyone look busy
 don't forget to smile at him, he thinks it's a conspiracy

 'cause this is his life and he's going nowhere

they don't pay him to think, they don't pay him to care And all we do is sit around and talk
 And dream about the day we're gonna walk

Smile, you're on the clock Resent the upper management, they treat us like children
 If it weren't for the free doughnuts,

 we'd probably have to kill them

 'cause this is our life and we're going nowhere

they don't pay me enough to pretend that I care And all we do is sit around and talk
 And dream about the day we're gonna walk

 And laugh about all the clowns we mock

 Smile, you're on the clock

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