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 careI 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 careAnd all we do is sit around and talk
And dream about the day we're gonna walk
Smile, you're on the clockHere 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 careAnd all we do is sit around and talk
And dream about the day we're gonna walk
Smile, you're on the clockResent 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 careAnd 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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