

We've Got The Best Job Ever

The Ordinary Boys

I cross my fingers on a Monday morning
I keep on smiling and I keep on singing
So sure that I don't deserve it
My throat aches and my ears are ringing

Believing in coincidence
In running risks not common sense
In the wrong place at the right time
I'll take the blame 'cause it's all mine

We've got the best job ever
It will be over sooner or never
At the risk of sounding clever
I want the best job ever forever

We've got the best job ever, oh oh
We've got the best job ever, oh oh

I try to stop myself from being boring
And try to remind myself who is laughing
I try to act like it's not so exciting
Desperate that my 15 seconds is passing

Though what it's luck we rely on
A force so weak it seems so strong
In the right place at the wrong time
I'll take the chance the choice is mine

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