

We Don't Mind

Hayden

It was a Tuesday morn in November
I slept at your house the night before
We couldn't wait to get up to go for
A big breakfast in an old fashioned diner A full meal six coffee refills later
We both have to be at work in an hour
Let's call in sick I suggest to her
I'll call your boss and tell her that you're under
The weather, you'll call mine, you will tell her
That I'm very sick and that, you're my mother So we walk down the street
Looking for a phone booth we
Rehearse what we're going to say
So that we can have this day, away We find a phone booth with room for two
I call your boss and I don't speak the truth
They're pretty mad about you but they'll get through
You call my work in my mother's voice, they believe you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>