

# The Pits

## Sammy Hagar

Now, listen...

My paycheck after taxes barely pays the rent  
I do the town on Friday, by Tuesday, it's all spent.  
Two bucks an hour, this job ain't too hip.  
My lovelife's turning sour working the night-shift.  
It's the pits! It's a one way trip on a sinking ship  
Ain't it the pits, but you just can't quit  
When the scale won't tip or the key don't fit.  
Two \$6.50 tickets to hassle with the crowd  
I got hit with a Frizbee, the band played too loud.  
I got all their records, man, and loved all their hits,  
But this is the worst! It's the pits!  
Oh, you can't keep it lit then it sticks to your lip.  
Oh, ain't it the pits when the record skips and the TV quits.  
You're in deeper and deeper, you dig into the pit.  
The climb is always steep - you can't get a lift.  
Ain't it the pits!  
It's the bottom of the list  
It's all wing tips and double-knits.  
It's the pits.  
Slip out onto the freeway, down all the gears-  
Things were just gettin' heavy when the red light appears.  
He said, "Get outta the car, boy."  
He put the 'cuffs on my wrist, read me my rights, oh things got intense.  
I got 90 days in jail, no one would go my bail, so there I sit.  
It's the pits!  
When the waist-line slips, 39 inch hips and your pants don't fit.  
You're in deeper, you dig into the pit.  
The climb is always steeper, they won't let you quit.  
Ain't it the pits?! P-I-T-S - it's the pits!  
When the the faucet drips, it won't never quit  
Oh, like a ten-cent tip.

Songwriters

HAGAR, SAMMY/CARTER, JOHN S. JR. Published by

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