Record Store

Buck-O-Nine

Workaholic, what it be?
Heard you're working eleven days a week
I used to know just where you're coming from
I used to know but with that I'm doneI got a job at a record store
Three days a week, no more than four
Sometimes you got to take a look around
Sometimes you got to slow things downLooking out my bedroom window
You're looking at your office wall
I'm walking around like Marlon Brando
You're sitting down, not walking at allDon't know what you're thinking
I don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine
Yeah, I'm doing fineI see you're working on the weekends now
I guess, Mondays aren't such a shock
I spend my time just sitting around
I listen to that old punk rockI take my time and never hurry
You use your time as best as you can
I'm acting like Billy Murry
You're acting like your dead in the sandDon't know what you're thinking
I don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine, yeahGot a job at a record store
Three days a week, no more than four
Sometimes you got to take a look around
Sometimes you got to slow things downLooking out my bedroom window
You're looking at your office wall
I'm walking around like Marlon Brando
You're sitting down, not walking at allDon't know what you're thinking
Don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fineI said, don't know what you're thinking
I don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fineDon't know what you're thinking
Don't work no overtime
I'm working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fineI said, don't know what you're thinking
Don't work no overtime

I'm working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fineWorking at the, I'm working at the
I'm working at the record store, yeah
Working at the, working at the
I'm working at the record store, yeah

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