

Buck-O-Nine, Record Store

workaholic, what it be?
heard you're workin' eleven days a week
i used to know just where you're coming from
i used to know but with that i'm done

i got a job at a record store
i'm three days a week, no more than four
sometimes you got to take a look around
sometimes you got to slow things down
i'm looking 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 all

don't know what you're thinking
i don't work no overtime
working at the record store
look at me i'm doin' fine

i see you're working on the weekends now
i guess monday's aren't such a shock
i spend my time just sittin' around
i listen to that old punk rock
i take my time and never hurry
you use your time as best as you can
i'm acting like billy murry
your acting like your dead in the sand