

Circle Jerks, Letter Bomb

tired of being bossed around
getting the run around

sweep your floors
empty your trash
you're the one who makes the cash

tired of being a pissant
9 to 5
open my letter
you won't be alive

here's a present just for you
when you'll open it
you'll be through

sit behind your desk
act like a king
treat me like a human beeing

give me the worst jobs
i'm getting mad
when you're dead
i'll be glad

here's a present just for you
when you'll open it
you'll be through

plastic explosive
on your letter
you'd be better off dead
hope the building crumbles,
on your head
DIE!DIE!