

# Mc 900 Foot Jesus, Adventures In Failure

(No one can do it better)

Damn I hate this job  
to work in this dump you gotta be a snob  
everybody gets on my nerves in this place  
I think I'll take the afternoon off from the rat race  
an exciting career  
don't amount to much but a pain in the rear  
I bust my ass all day for a dollar  
and then I go home and listen to the kids holler  
devoted spouse waitin' in the den  
wants to hit me upside the head with a rolling pin  
does that ring a bell?  
a daily routine we all know well  
I'm makin' more but enjoyin' it less  
the good life's mainly causin' me stress  
making a change is difficult but  
I gotta try to get out of this rut  
but fear seems to be holdin' me back  
courage is the principle trait I lack  
I gotta calm my nerves so I can think  
I pour myself a nice stiff drink  
and another this is my usual mode  
one for the money and ten for the road  
ah, now everything is clear  
I gotta get the hell out of here  
Yes now my mission is plain  
a Big Mac is calling my name  
I gotta sample some of Ronald's cooking  
so I raid my wifes purse when she's not looking  
pondering the wonderful thing called marriage  
I accidentally back the car into a baby carriage  
'scuse me ma'am I'd love to stay and chat  
but watch where you're going next time you old bat  
I hit the gas and zoom down the block  
leave 'er in the dust yellin' for the cops  
swervin' round a corner tryin' to steer  
I get so excited I almost spill my beer  
a neighbourhood dog is yappin' at my bumper  
so I slam on the brakes and I hear a big thump  
I jump the curb and land up on a lawn  
then I finish my beer and turn the radio on  
some idiot's goin' on about rehab  
I grab a brew and yank on the pull tab  
here comes a little old lady with a shot gun  
I put the pedal to the metal and she runs  
digging on my off-road driving power  
I do a donut in a bed of flowers  
then I jerk the wheel a little to hard  
the car rolls over and over on out of the yard

(Causin' much destruction)

(Act the fool)

I come to rest in the middle of the street  
a bunch of empty beer cans rattlin' at my feet  
starin' in the window is a nosy little brat  
I look him in the eyes and say "I meant to do that"  
then I notice my watch says I'm overdue  
for my big appointment at the local drive through  
I do a number on the accelerator  
and I'm cuttin' in line about thirty seconds later  
whaddya think this is?  
some kinda joke?

gimme 10 Big Macs and a small diet coke  
I pull up to the window with my radio playin'  
I grab the bag and leave without payin'  
I weave down the road for a block  
jugglin' a beer and a styrofoam box  
pull into a parking lot and kill the motor  
presently I notice a peculiar odour  
a little black smoke is risin' from the hood  
somethings gonna happen and it's probably not good  
I open the door grab my stuff and go  
just in time to watch the whole thing blow  
the car explodes with a bang and a hiss  
Oh boy, my wife is gonna really like this  
I can't believe this is happenin' to me  
this piece of junk's goin' back to the factory  
this was a blatant attempt on my life  
everyone will fall for that  
except my wife  
but wait a plan begins to emerge  
I suddenly have an overwhelming urge  
to spend the night in the great outdoors  
my suburban lifestyle has become a bore  
I'll build me a fire  
and finish my burgers  
what my wife don't know  
won't hurt her  
I leave the scene of the unhappy event  
resolved to make the most of my predicament  
a few yards away I feel better  
I know! I'll write 'er a letter  
or better yet a ransom demand  
got your husband send the money understand?  
or else we'll send his head home in a jar  
P.S.  
sorry 'bout the car  
Yeah, now that ought to really do the trick  
I'll be gettin' off the hook and she'll be worried sick  
but really, I'm gonna make it up to you honey  
I'll buy you a new car with your own damned money  
I walk a while into the sunset  
a man, at peace with the world, you bet  
nothing can diminish my total enjoyment  
except when I pass my place of employment  
Damn I hate this job  
to work in this dump you gotta be a snob  
everybody gets on my nerves in this place  
I think I'll take the afternoon off  
from the rat race

(Hard like a criminal)