

Mustard Plug, Average Guy (7-11Man)

I work at the 7-11,
that's how I get all my pay.
Sometimes I work all the night,
sometimes I work all the day.
I sell junk to all of my friends,
I sell almost everything.
Pizza pies and chicken pies,
even eraseable pens.

I'm just an average guy,
every day I risk my life.
Please don't kill me tonight,
there's only a twenty in the register, alright?

Strange things happen to me every day,
my boss says you just learn to say:
all I do is wait and wait and pray:
"will I make it through another hectic day?"
Every hour I super scheme my life,
my parents wondering if I was raised up right.
I got three cameras to film the bloody sight
of people who may just murder me tonight.

My work also has it's benefits,
I get to watch people fit all that they can fit
into their coats and pockets with hand
because no one is afraid of the 7-11 man.
Cokes, jelly beans, and bagels so right,
eating packs of chewing gum all through the night.
Six more hours the sun will rise
and I'm just a working man who wants to survive.