

Amy Studt, All I Wanna Do

All I wanna do is have a little fun before I die.

Says a man next to me, outta nowhere.

This apropos nothing. He says his name is William.

But I'm sure it's Bill, or Billy, or Mac, or Buddy.

And he's plain ugly to me.

And I wonder if he's ever had a day of fun in his whole life.

He's drinking beer at noon on Tuesday

In a bar that faces a giant car wash

The good people of the world are washing their cars

On their lunch break, hosing and scrubbing

As best they can in skirts and suits

They drive their shiny Lexus and Buicks

Back to the phone company and the record store too,

Well, they're nothing like Bill and me, cause

Chorus:

All I wanna do is have some fun

I got a feeling I'm not the only one

All I wanna do is have some fun

I got a feeling I'm not the only one

All I wanna do is have some fun

Until the sun comes up over Santa Monica

Boulevard.

I like my caffiene buzz early in the morning

And Bill likes to peel the labels

From his bottles of Bud

He shreds them on the bar

And he likes every match in an oversized pack

Letting each one burn down to his thick fingers

Before blowing and cursing them out - and he's watching

the bottles of Bud as they spin on the floor

The happy couple enters the bar

Dangerously close to one another

The bartender looks up from his want ads.

But

Chorus:

All I Wanna Do is have some fun

I got a feeling I'm not the only one

All I Wanna Do is have some fun

I got a feeling I'm not the only one

All I Wanna Do is have some fun

Untill the sun comes up over Santa Monica

Boulevard

Otherwise the bar is ours. The day and the night

And the car wash too, the matches and the Buds

And the cleanin' dirty cars, the sun and the moon.

Chorus:

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Untill the sun comes up over Santa Monica

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