

# Art Brut, Summer Job

(Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!)  
Double shifts and early starts  
I spent the morning hiding in the carpark  
Oh yeah, I'm so laissez-faire  
Sometimes I'm not even there  
If you want me sober and straight  
I'm afraid I'm gonna be a little bit late  
Get another job  
Get another job  
Just a summer job  
Get another job  
Get another job  
Just a summer job  
Fire me, give me the sack  
Bare feet on warm tarmac  
Fire me, give me the sack  
Warm feet on bare tarmac  
Every night and all weekend  
Can't remember the last time I saw my friends  
Don't think I can take much more of this  
In the stockroom, I feel like an anthropologist  
I know exactly what to do  
There's just one cure for the summertime blues;  
Get another job  
Get another job  
Just a summer job  
Get another job  
Get another job  
Just a summer job  
Fire me, give me the sack  
Bare feet on warm tarmac  
Fire me, give me the sack  
Warm feet on bare tarmac  
(Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!)  
Get another job  
Get another job  
Just a summer job  
Get another job  
Get another job  
Just a summer job  
Fire me, give me the sack  
Bare feet on warm tarmac  
Fire me, give me the sack  
Bare feet on warm tarmac  
I'm just beginning to come alive  
So hand me my P45