

Atmosphere, Cashier In A Convenience Store (Slug

(slug arguing with himself)

Get up man, wake up

What time is it man?

Yo, its late

What time is it?

don't worry about it, it's late

Fuck man, this dirty motherfuckers gonna yell at at me again?

Just go, just go

Im sick of this job man

don't forget your keys

I should call in sick, no no, I should call in dead

Dude you need this job

Never have to see this place again

What are you talking about?

Slug cant come in hes dead

Dude you need this job, dude

late for work (fuck)

wearing a wrinkled shirt (fuck)

id love to set this place on fire

let the sprinkles work

then thatd be me getting fired

instead ill get stoned

arrive late

and pretend that im tired

do you need a book of matches with those?

would you like a bag?

thank you, have a nice day, i hope you fuckers gag

i pity the fool that pays twice the price for our shit

they could save cash and take their lazy ass to the super market

theres that chick from last month

remember the one that couldnt figure out

which side to pump her gas from

shes coming in, ive got a grin

cause tonights the night

yo toots, my nametag might be crooked

but your looking alright

we all pulling a hard days labor

gas, milk, soda, bread, porno mags, and newspapers

back here got the condoms

over the counter drugs

listerine for the drunks, robotusin for the gutter punks

and everyday i look into that mirror

im trying to see myself a little bit clearer

i never notice any progress

although ill be here again to look tomorrow

im just a cashier in a convenience store

selling cigarettes and beer between cleaning floors

ive seen it all without leaving this counter place

people, freaks, demons and creatures from outer space

and everyday i show up and sell you your soul

we both inch a little closer to where we're trying to go

you only land for a moment then resume the race

people, freaks, demons and creatures from outer space

and ive got your pass to paradise

you can escape all these other parasites

with just one buck, a little luck, you might, yah right

i suggest you go home and check your ferinhiet

you aint gonna get rich

your stuck here just like me

the only difference is your drug is the lottery

the lotto got your mind sometimes your ass down

use your fingernails to scratch off 3 of a kind
and ive got your pass to paradise
and id love to ask you babe wheres your life
wonder how you can be so high and still be scared of heights
but i stop cause the customers always right (ya right)
must take a lunch break before i snap on the next cat
that doesnt know what they need
gimmie a cigarette, a poison apple, i dont care
id be happy to just go outside and choke on the seeds

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ive seen it all without leaving this counter place
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seems like everything happens on the retail night shift
been robbed, had fights, caught fools trying to shop lift
one time some kid got shot in the parking lot
and the cops only come to surround the coffee pot
after bars close, freaks come out the wood work
all drunk and dumb, trying to play their game
takes patience to deal with iniebriated jerks
but i smile cause theyre the easiest ones to short change
the runners trade me dime bags for squares
the crack heads offer blow jobs for beers
i watch the clock in my head tick tock so slow
and wait for the time to get the fuck out of here
white collar, blue collar, dont care, gimmie a dollar
either way its all the same for only seven something an hour
your all a bunch of monsters, you live in hell
just waiting for these products to go on sale
the best customers are the ones thats just passing through
asking for directions, gassing up with fuel
i swear to god some day im gonna live that way
with no one to answer to and no more dues to pay

i hate you but i love you
dont know what i think of you
i cant seem to shake you from my life
just pay me and save me
before you drive me crazy
dont know if i can take another night