

# Bare Jr., Why Do I Need A Job

Why do I need a job, why do I need a job  
I feel so free, I got nowhere to be  
So why so I need a job  
I once worked for an old bastard  
Who always pushed me to work faster  
He made fun of me  
Cause my hair was green  
He tried to stick his hands into my jeans  
My girlfriend is a stripper in Abilene  
She likes me to stay home and watch TV.  
She pays for my food,  
She likes to be rude  
She undresses her friends for me  
I don't have a clue  
What I wanna do  
Maybe I could invent  
Something cool  
Or I could do time  
For committing a crime  
Then sue for a million  
Or two  
I traded my car for a van  
Filled it with gas, guitars and this band  
They pay us with beer,  
We stole all this gear  
So why don't ya'll  
Give us a hand