

Bomb The Music Industry!, Jobs Schmobs

At a desk in a room that's always too hot or cold, at a computer where you're starting to lose you so

"Do you like it now?"

When the world gets half away from you, you can go half a world away. All ya need is two weeks.

You can't leave or go to lunch. You have no health insurance. Two weeks vacation and you haven't

"Later, suckers," you'll say.

And your friends with their brains say that you cannot go back. If you move on your music business

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All ya need is two weeks.