

Bum Ruckus, Who Wants To Marry A Hundredair

Wake up so hung over as I stumble for my watch
There must be some mistake it says it's only ten o'clock
I've still got two hours before Jerry will come on
And Josh's couch is nice and I'm not ready to get up
Finally I'm up and I turn on the TV
I must have overslept cause final thought is all I see
Everybody hates it when we miss the whole Jerry
So I guess instead I'll just roll up a joint, or two, or three

This was the time that I thought I'd do it right
Not taking things for granted not partying every night
Why is it so easy to make things hard in your life
I know I should be good but being bad puts up a fight

This is the time to drop it
The only time to stop it
To tell myself what I want from me
I just want you to know that it's understood
I've lived this life for too long and it's no good
Time to tell myself what I want to...1-2-3 go

After Jerry and Jenny then I wonder what to do
Know that Josh's pantry just might need some going through
I know you think I'm lazy and I think that's probably true
I wish that I could talk right now but Conan's on at two
Guess I could get up and try to find myself a job
That way I can save up and finally get myself a car
But you know the DMV is busy and so god damn far
You know now that I think of it this just sounds way to hard

This was the time that I thought I'd do it right
But who you are ain't something that just changes overnight
I know that there's a reason that I've been blessed with this life
I know I should be good, but being bad puts up a fight