

# Dance Hall Crashers, Day Job

Four days left in the week  
And already I looked ahead  
I'm tired, so anxious  
Dazed, confused, and seeing red

Sometimes the day seem so long  
I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong  
Sometimes the days seem long.. so long

I stare at the clock  
It doesn't move, no not all  
The work day is so long  
Like a night of insomnia

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I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong  
Sometimes the days seem long.. so long

So I shut my eyes and fantasize  
about anything that 'll come to mind  
To more perverse the better  
I shut my eyes and fantasize about all the  
really horrendous things I could be doing  
I shut my eyes and fantasize -  
there better be more than this  
is this a really bad joke  
I could be out right now doing all the really  
horrendous things I've been imagining  
It couldn't possibly be so boring

Friday, only one more day  
To endure this tediousness  
The clock won't move at all  
So I wait and I wait

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I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong  
Sometimes the days seem long.. so long

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anything that 'll come to mind  
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about all the horrendous things I could be doing  
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