

Gin Blossoms, Day Job

Well we've been here once before
And we've stuck it out for more
When we come around we'll settle down
The cracks below the floor
Has it been eleven years
Since I've stood here with my peers
And we started out to conquer doubt and Frisbee
I should've been a whole lot farther
I'm never going back to college
For just one good day job
You're not missing much for sure
Only everything that's yours
And at times it fails and we're full sail in the gutter
Is this home 'cause I forgot
If it is then thanks a lot
'Cause I can't pretend to know one end from the other
I should've been a whole lot farther
I'm never going back to college
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