

Joe Walsh, Waffle Stomp

The terminally bored
Sit around with nothin' to do
They say work is hell,
Heaven knows it just ain't true

Well you can punch out your boss
Get fired from your job
Collect unemployment
For your own enjoyment
Take out the trash
Come down with a rash
Pick up disease

Have doughnuts and coffee
With Colonel Khadafi
Write a new novel
That's perfectly awful
Buy some new work boots
Stomp on a waffle or two

Take a long overdue vacation
Book yourself on a flight to the moon
Volunteer for a brain operation
Don't let nobody tell you that there's nothin' to do

Well you can jump off a roof
Pretend you can fly
Maybe you'll bounce
Maybe you'll die
Maybe you'll splat
And flap until that

Well, you can practice your bongo
Go to the Congo
Get lost on safari
Ask "Where the hell are we?"
Speak in Swahili
They tell me that a lot of them do

Talk on the phone
Call up the coast
Call up collect
Dial direct
Reverse the charges
If they accept, they're home

Or, you can go overseas
Speak Japanese
Buy a new Sony
They make great TV's
Do the Watusi
Watch "I Love Lucy" too

But don't let nobody tell you that there's nothin' to do
Well, well, well, well, well, well
Don't let nobody tell you that there's nothin' to do