

John Kay, Bad Attitude

Words and music by John Kay and Michael Wilk

Crawlin' out of bed this mornin', feeling null and void
You drag your remains to the sink
Your eye balls are on fire, your head wants to explode
You swear to god you'll never touch another drink
Stumblin' down to your car, you race against the clock
To everyone who's yellin' at you "maniac";
You sway and swerve and flip the bird
Your boss is barking as he comes unglued
"Bad Attitude
You're late again, this time you're screwed
Bad Attitude".

Staring at the coffee mug, your brain feels unemployed
As you slowly emerge from your haze
The bossman over there still looks quite annoyed
Guess this ain't the day to try and talk about a raise
You get up for another cup and stroll on down the aisle
You watch 'em work, these stupid jerks
They just don't appreciate your brilliant mind
They're glaring at you, they think you're rude
Bad Attitude
Now what'd you expect, huh, tell me gratitude?
Bad Attitude

Drivin' home from work this evening, weary to the bone
You drop by the mall for a meal
A slab of mystery meat, a gut bomb on a bun
And a wrestling video, sweet Jesus, what a deal
But what is slidin' on your tray would make a buzzard nervous
Yeah, with your luck, that hockey puck
You're about to gobble down, will put you out of service
Now tell me dude, you call this food?
Bad Attitude
Looks like this thing's been already chewed
Bad Attitude

1996 Rambunctious Music (ASCAP),
Michael John Music (BMI)