

Pain, In A Band

Growing up I had it rough.
Although I hated work
it taught me just enough.
To know there ain't no application
for the job that I've been chasin'
and I'm looking for a diamond in the rough.
And as it seems to me
that if it was just a phase
it would've passed around eighteen
(but it didn't and I'm in it
past the point of giving in
so make your wagers
place your bets and
shut your mouths about regrets
and how we're screwed).

You climb the rung,
I'll keep my head
and I'll take all the crap
you're giving me instead.
Cause we'll be driving to a show
while you'll be working at the store
and checking out some lady buying wonder bread.
And as it seems to me
that there are lots of cool jobs
but just a few that interest me.
I never wanted to work
inside a shop as a clerk
or build my pension plan
by being a company man.

I want to be in a band.
My parents still don't understand.

Just add it up, you'll see the crux.
From all our arguments we've gathered
just enough to know we're quicker than a hare
and smarter than the average bear
and just because itself is reason just enough.
And as it seems to me
that the sheer volume of pay
is not a gauge of self-esteem.

I never wanted to work
inside a shop as a clerk
or build my pension plan
by being a company man.

I wanted to be in a band.
We've got a penchant for fun,
and groove for everyone.
I want to be in a band.
If you're concerned with the odds
you'd better never begin.

Veterinarian, garbage man
or public speaking from a stand
or pulling teeth or sweeping streets
are all real cool and need to be done
but not by me.

I want to be in a band (black coffee and wrong turns)
I want to make the supply
and then create the demand.

I want to be in a band (banned from all the big clubs)
Supply side economics
fit to make you happy...
be in a band (beer drinking and mayhem)
We've got a penchant for fun
and groove for everyone.
I want to be in a band (bandanas and make-up).
My children still don't understand.