

Paperboys, One Of Them Days

pip pip pip

(Vinni)

My alarm spoke,/ 12:45 and I awoke/
last night no joke/ yo, we got rowdier than most folks/
I was broke,/but traded smoke/ for some liquor,
got drunk, then my man brought the coke/, get the picture?
Now I'm lying here, mary coming out the pioneer/
I could do with some gir/ I ain't joking man I'm dying here/
Half hour shower, threw up, got dressed/
New shoes for my ass/ Course I got them at Stress,/
I'm looking good, feeling like shit/, I'm just trying to get my pipe in it
Cure the hang over with a nice hit/ feeling quite sick/
Kind of cold, like an Ice pick/ I don't like it/ so I'm calling for a psychic,/
Don't tell me what the weed at/

(JayJay) Du burde ikkje!

(Vinni) Man I don't need that,/ this ain't no time to hit me with the feedback/
called like five guys, still ain't high,
the whole city is dry ' that's fucked up

Refreng:

(JayJay) It's just one of them days

(Vinni) Makes me wonder who the fuck got j's

(JayJay) One of them days

(Vinni) I gonna get me something to blaze

(JayJay) One of them days

(Vinni) When I'm looking for the purple'st haze, I'm stuck in my ways,
just one of them days.

(JayJay) It's just one of them days

(Vinni) Got me digging through the fucking ashtrays

(JayJay) One of them days

(Vinni) and I wonder where my lumber hash lays

(JayJay) One of them days

(Vinni) Plus this liquor got me feeling nasty, ask me?
It's just one of them days'.

(Vinni)

I met up with Moe the maroccan,/ took a minute name-dropping/
Ran some telephone numbers, planned the marihuana-shopping. /
And last night's bottle-popping/ is still stressing me/
On days like this ecspecially/, it's a necesesity/
To have the accessories/ - the chocolate/
High like a rocket ship/, take a break from this apocalypse/
But today's the opposite/ there ain't no weed around/
Calling everyone to get us seated down/ even leaving town/
Now I'm shaking in the passenger's seat/
But we didn't find the street/ or the dude we was supposed to meet/
Close to defeat,/ shit man, pass the telephone/
One more try, hope to find this fellow home/
Hear the tone/ now I'm calling everyone I've ever known/
I don't give a fuck, I'm a get my smoke on'./

Riiing

(Unknown) Hell'?

(Vinni) Yes, this is Vincent calling long-distance from the vacuum cleaner. I was wandered' You ha

opptatt-signal

(Vinni)

Shit I guess it wasn't meant to be/
It's like I've waited for a century/ stressing
Trying to have som trees leant to me/ figured that eventually/
I'd get to roll it up ' no such luck/, I made it home cold as fuck/

Saw my brother hold a cup/, with a smile on his face/
In the air I could taste/ hash stinking up the whole place?/
Shit man/ you got a little something lit man?/
(JayJay) Sit and/ have a hit, man/ get in where you fit, man/
(Vinni) Thanks man, I've been stressing like an asshole
(JayJay) Is that so? I've got a whole casserole!

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