

# Sammy Hagar, The Pits

Listen

My paycheck after taxes barely pays the rent  
I do the town on Friday, by Tuesday, it's all spent  
Two bucks an hour, this job ain't too hip  
My lovelife's turning sour working the night-shift

It's the pits

It's a one way trip on a sinking ship  
Ain't it the pits  
But you just can't quit  
When the scale won't tip or the key don't fit, no

Two \$6.50 tickets to hassle with the crowd  
I got hit with a frisbee, the band played too loud  
I got all their records, man, and loved all their hits  
But this is the worst, ooh

It's the pits

Oh, you can't keep it lit then it sticks to your lip  
Oh, ain't it the pits  
When the record skips and the TV quits

You're in deeper and deeper, you dig into the pit  
The climb is always steeper, you can't get a lift

Ain't it the pits

It's the bottom of the list  
It's all wing tips and double-knits

It's the pits

Slip out onto the freeway, dialed all the gears  
Things were just gettin' heavy when the red light appeared  
He said, "Get outta the car, boy."  
He put the 'cuffs on my wrists  
Read me my rights, oh things got intense

I got 90 days in jail, no one would go my bail, so there I sit  
It's the pits  
When the waist-line slips  
39 inch hips and your pants don't fit

You're in deeper, you dig into the pit  
The climb is always steeper, they won't let you quit  
Ain't it the pits  
P-I-T-S - it's the pits  
When the the faucet drips, it won't never quit, no  
Oh, like a ten-cent tip, huh