

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