I got lost downtown

I got a job making money for the man
Throwing chicken in the bucket
With the soda pop can
Puke green uniform on my back
I had to set it on fire
In a vat of chicken fat
I leaped on the counter
Like a bird with no hair
Running through the mini mall in my underwear

Couldn't find a ride home Sun went down I got frozen to the bone 'Til a hooker let me share Her fake fur coat As I took a little nap The cops picked up us both I tried to explain I was only trying to get warm I knew I never ever Should have burnt my uniform He said: 'Too bad, better bite the bullet hard son' I didn't have no teeth so I stole his gun And I crawled out the window With my shadow on a spoon Dancing on the roof Shooting holes in the moon

Get busy, get busy, you know it

I ain't gonna work for no soul sucking jerk I'm gonna take it all back
And I ain't saying jack
I ain't gonna work for no soul sucking jerk
I'm gonna take it all back
And I ain't saying jack

Standing right here with a beer in my hand And my mouth is full of sand And I don't understand Fourteen days I been sleeping in a barn Better get a paycheck tattooed on my arm Whistling Dixie with the Dixie cup filled With the barbecue sauce And the dental floss chill Big fat fingers pointing into my face Telling me to get busy Cleaning up this place I got bent like a wet cigarette And she's coming after me With a butterfly net Riding on a bloodhound ringing the bell Black cat wrapped in the road map to hell

Pencil on my leg and I'm trying not to beg Taking turns baking worms

With the bacon and eggs
Well they got me in a birdcage
Flapping my jaw like a pretzel
In the stars just waiting to fall
So give me what I got to get so I can go
Cause I ain't washing dishes
In the ditch no more

And I ain't gonna work
For no soul sucking jerk
I'm gonna take it all back
And I ain't saying jack
And I ain't gonna work
For no soul sucking jerk
I'm gonna take it all back
And I ain't saying jack