

# Not Workin

8 Bit

Sleepin', drinkin', smokin' and token'.  
Lurkin', overtin', not workin'... Grrr!

Gettin' fired from my job  
Seems unavoidable.  
The robot race  
Is unemployable.  
If I'm not late  
You know where I'm at since  
I'm the poster boy  
For sexual harassment.

My only food  
From W.I.C..  
I got two jobs  
And I lost three.  
The job market's hard,  
That's easy to say.  
I can't even spell  
401(k).

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Never came home from my  
Paid vacation to Saturn.  
Past out halfway through  
My interview at the tavern.  
Now I'm back on the streets  
Without a cent to my name.  
All bum fightin' got me  
Was a dent in my brain.  
Spend my life drinkin' alcohol  
And smokin' the dank.  
Took my job placement test  
And it came out blank.  
Had my baby piss  
For my third drug test.  
When it came back positive  
I got depressed.

Now I'm lookin' for a job  
That I think would be easy.  
Thinkin' fast food  
But I'm too damn lazy.  
Construction be cool  
Holdin' that sign,  
Where I find myself  
The unemployment line.  
Food stamps, welfare:  
How I earn my keep.  
Gettin' drunk all day  
And still can eat.  
Y'all's got jobs-  
Your life's destroyed.  
I'll be permanently  
Unemployed.

Sleepin', drinkin', smokin' and tokin'.  
Lurkin', overtin', not workin'... Grrr!