

Too Late

Antidote

Well I didn't go home when I should have
The boys and me had a really good laugh
We drank all night till the sunshine came
I went home pissed was completely lame
Now it's Monday morning, 7 o'clock
Time to go to work but my head feels like a rock
I can already hear my boss shout at me
Why the fuck did I drink that last can of beer

Another boring day at work
Work hard as a slave still they treat me like a jerk
My boss calls me names cause I ran a little late
Wants to give me less money I'm already underpaid
Now here I am, half past two
Feel like a clown I don't know what to do
My head's still spinning I really need a beer
Fuck work fuck my boss I am out of here

Take a breath what a relief I was going nuts
Now I made the decision I finally had the guts
I can do what I want, no longer a fool
Not ever again will they treat me like a tool
I'm a punkrocker and I'm back alive
No-one will ever take control of my life
It feels great to be out of that shithole
I'm gonna start again I'm gonna sign up on the dole