

Summer Job

Art Brut

(Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!)

Double shifts and early starts
I spent the morning hiding in the carpark
Oh yeah, I'm so laissez-faire
Sometimes I'm not even there
If you want me sober and straight
I'm afraid I'm gonna be a little bit late
Get another job
Get another job
Just a summer job
Get another job
Get another job
Just a summer job
Fire me, give me the sack
Bare feet on warm tarmac
Fire me, give me the sack
Warm feet on bare tarmac
Every night and all weekend
Can't remember the last time I saw my friends
Don't think I can take much more of this
In the stockroom, I feel like an anthropologist
I know exactly what to do
There's just one cure for the summertime blues;
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Bare feet on warm tarmac
Fire me, give me the sack
Warm feet on bare tarmac
(Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!)

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Fire me, give me the sack
Bare feet on warm tarmac
Fire me, give me the sack
Bare feet on warm tarmac
I'm just beginning to come alive
So hand me my P45