

Record Store

Buck-O-Nine

Workaholic, what it be?
Heard you're working eleven days a week
I used to know just where you're coming from
I used to know but with that I'm done

I got a job at a record store
Three days a week, no more than four
Sometimes you got to take a look around
Sometimes you got to slow things down

Looking out my bedroom window
You're looking at your office wall
I'm walking around like Marlon Brando
You're sitting down, not walking at all

Don't know what you're thinking
I don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine
Yeah, I'm doing fine

I see you're working on the weekends now
I guess, Mondays aren't such a shock
I spend my time just sitting around
I listen to that old punk rock

I take my time and never hurry
You use your time as best as you can
I'm acting like Billy Murry
You're acting like your dead in the sand

Don't know what you're thinking
I don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine, yeah

Got a job at a record store
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Looking out my bedroom window
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Don't know what you're thinking
Don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine

I said, don't know what you're thinking
I don't work no overtime
Working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine

Don't know what you're thinking

Don't work no overtime
I'm working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine

I said, don't know what you're thinking
Don't work no overtime
I'm working at the record store
Look at me, I'm doing fine

Working at the, I'm working at the
I'm working at the record store, yeah
Working at the, working at the
I'm working at the record store, yeah