

Four days left in the week
And already I looked ahead
I'm tired, so anxious
Dazed, confused, and seeing red
Sometimes the day seem so long
I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong
Sometimes the days seem long.. so long

I stare at the clock
It doesn't move, no not all
The work day is so long
Like a night of insomnia

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I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong
Sometimes the days seem long.. so long

So I shut my eyes and fantasize
about anything that 'll come to mind
To more perverse the better
I shut my eyes and fantasize about all the
really horrendous things I could be doing
I shut my eyes and fantasize -
there better be more than this
is this a really bad joke
I could be out right now doing all the really
horrendous things I've been imagining
It couldn't possibly be so boring

Friday, only one more day
To endure this tendiousness
The clock won't move at all
So I wat and I wait

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