

He wakes up in the morning
He pulls his shirt and boots on
He grabs his lunch pale and heads out to the light
And he goes, and he goes and he works all day
For his meager little paycheck
When Monday comes his money is already spent
And when he gets home his dinners cold
His wife is yapping at the kids
And he snaps and decides to runaway

He's Gonna Drop A Bomb On You
He's Gonna Drop A Bomb On You
He's Gonna Drop A Bomb On You
Drop A Bomb, Drop A Bomb

He hopes one day for a better life
As he scratches his lottery ticket
The jackpot never comes, He hangs his head
And he goes, and he goes and he works all day
For his meager little paycheck
When Monday comes it's off to work again

He's Gonna Drop A Bomb On You
He's Gonna Drop A Bomb On You
He's Gonna Drop A Bomb On You
Drop A Bomb, Drop A Bomb

He dropped a bomb on you