

## J.O.B.

Kevin Fowler

Eight Monday mornin? and I ?m in my bed as leep  
Well now, no be ll ring-a-linging tellin? me i t?s time  
to hit the st reet  
Oh, no, don?t you kn ock on my door, ?cause I ain?t  
coming  
Tell the bo ss-man I?ve quit or I?ve di ed or something  
I?m do ing all those things I?ve always said I wanted  
to d o

(chorus)

I don't want no J.O.B.  
Bringin' me

Down like a damn dog to my knees  
All w ork and no play a in?t no way for me to live  
My day's too short, I ain?t g ot no time  
G ot one life, it?s gonna be mine  
Livin? w ild and free, don?t w ant no J.O. B.

Well now, the la ndlord?s knocking, o h, I?m in one hell  
of a me ss  
And I j ust got a letter from the fo lks at the I.R. S.  
The bi lls are piled high and the gr ass needs mowin?  
Think I?ll ju mp in my truck and just ke ep on goin?  
F ind me a place where the drinks are free  
And the pr etty girls all love me

(chorus)

Seems a ll I ever do is work these fin gers to the bone  
If th is is all that life can offer, I?d ra ther be dead  
and gone.

(chorus)

Y ea now, I?m livin? wild and free  
Don?t w ant no J.O. B.