

Get a Real Job

M.O.D.

Standing on a corner
Frozen to the bone
You have to make a living
But you'd rather be at home
Your eyes start getting heavy
Still you forge on
Wake up and face the world

And get a real job
Get a real job

You get a little older
Your bones are brittle and weak
Dizzy in the morning
Your pulse is sounding weak
You hate to go to work
Just living for a job
Wake up and smell the coffee
And get a real job

Get a real job
Get a real job
Get a real job
Get a real job

Soon you will retire
Or maybe have a stroke
You cannot feel your finger tips
Because some veins have closed
But still you drive a hack
Or push a hot dog cart
Now it's too late for you
To get a real job