

Bomb The Music Industry! "Jobs Schmobs"

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At a desk in a room that's always too hot or cold,
At a computer where you're starting to lose you soul
With a wage that they pay to keep you from ten to six.
At 7:30, man, you're starting to lose your shit.
You're stuck all night with a boss who's in love with
nobody but herself.
An army of washed up musicians sit on her shelf.
Patronizing, taking her problems out on you
While you do the work that she's too lazy to do.

"Do you like it now?"

When the world gets half away from you, you can go
half a world away.
All ya need is two weeks.

You can't leave or go to lunch. You have no health
insurance.
Two weeks vacation and you haven't been let off once.
Suffer through insufferably boring days.
You show up early and your boss always shows up late.

"Later, suckers," you'll say.

And your friends with their brains say that you cannot
go back.
If you move on your music business degree is trashed.
Soon we'll be on the road though, and soon we'll be
driving fast
So when your boss starts to cry do your best not to
laugh.

When the world gets half away from you, you can go
half a world away.
When your world and your friends and your job and
your ends
And your whole damn life starts to get away from you,
you can go half a world away.

All ya need is two weeks.

