

Kevin Fowler "J.O.B."

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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.

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