

M.O.D. "Get A Real Job"

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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 hotdog cart
Now it's too late for you
To get a real job

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