

Mad Happy **"Meaningless, Not Hard"**

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Waitin' for the bus to come and take me
To clean the smokestacks at the factory
Where in fact I'm currently employed.

Fantasizing a fantasy
And devising the latest scheme
To get out this working class void.

I can't stand it.
Meaningless, not hard.

Mr. Stiffneck, what a creep.
Makin' the secretary weep.
He's on the job 9 days a week
And he doesn't know the meaning of rest or sleep.

His pitiful wife stops by in the afternoon
To chew out the unfortunate soul who
Manages to incite her rage at the fact that
She never gets laid.

I can't stand it...

How's about I win the prize
A hundred thousand should suffice
I'll walk out the door and not think twice
'Cause I can't figure the difference from death or life.

This two bit town is hardly worth
It's weight in the landfill we call earth
Behind the time beyond belief
Before I go, let me say good grief

I can't stand it...

Like Noah's ark in the trailer park,
I'm gonna get me a double wide
Fit it with a floatation device
That's over priced and over sized

At the next big heavy rain
Jump around, jump around go insane.

I'm gonna dance up a hurricane
And laugh while the city goes down the drain...

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