

Mc 900 Foot Jesus "Adventures In Failure"

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(No one can do it better)

Damn I hate this job
to work in this dump you gotta be a snob
everybody gets on my nerves in this place
I think I'll take the afternoon off from the rat race
an exciting career
don't amount to much but a pain in the rear
I bust my ass all day for a dollar
and then I go home and listen to the kids holler
devoted spouse waitin' in the den
wants to hit me upside the head with a rolling pin
does that ring a bell?
a daily routine we all know well
I'm makin' more but enjoyin' it less
the good life's mainly causin' me stress
making a change is difficult but
I gotta try to get out of this rut
but fear seems to be holdin' me back
courage is the principle trait I lack
I gotta calm my nerves so I can think
I pour myself a nice stiff drink
and another this is my usual mode
one for the money and ten for the road
ah, now everything is clear
I gotta get the hell out of here
Yes now my mission is plain
a Big Mac is calling my name
I gotta sample some of Ronald's cooking
so I raid my wifes purse when she's not looking
pondering the wonderful thing called marriage
I accidentally back the car into a baby carriage
'scuse me ma'am I'd love to stay and chat
but watch where you're going next time you old bat
I hit the gas and zoom down the block
leave 'er in the dust yellin' for the cops
swervin' round a corner tryin' to steer
I get so excited I almost spill my beer
a neighbourhood dog is yappin' at my bumper
so I slam on the brakes and I hear a big thump
I jump the curb and land up on a lawn
then I finish my beer and turn the radio on

some idiot's goin' on about rehab
I grab a brew and yank on the pull tab
here comes a little old lady with a shot gun
I put the pedal to the metal and she runs
digging on my off-road driving power
I do a donut in a bed of flowers
then I jerk the wheel a little to hard
the car rolls over and over on out of the yard

(Causin' much destruction)
(Act the fool)

I come to rest in the middle of the street
a bunch of empty beer cans rattlin' at my feet
starin' in the window is a nosy little brat
I look him in the eyes and say "I meant to do that"
then I notice my watch says I'm overdue
for my big appointment at the local drive through
I do a number on the accelerator
and I'm cuttin' in line about thirty seconds later
whaddya think this is?
some kinda joke?
gimme 10 Big Macs and a small diet coke
I pull up to the window with my radio playin'
I grab the bag and leave without payin'
I weave down the road for a block
jugglin' a beer and a a styrofoam box
pull into a parking lot and kill the motor
presently I notice a peculiar odour
a little black smoke is risin' from the hood
somethings gonna happen and it's probably not good
I open the door grab my stuff and go
just in time to watch the whole thing blow
the car explodes with a bang and a hiss
Oh boy, my wife is gonna really like this
I can't believe this is happenin' to me
this piece of junk's goin' back to the factory
this was a blatant attempt on my life
everyone will fall for that
except my wife
but wait a plan begins to emerge
I suddenly have an overwhelming urge
to spend the night in the great outdoors
my suburban lifestyle has become a bore
I'll build me a fire
and finish my burgers
what my wife don't know
won't hurt her
I leave the scene of the unhappy event
resolved to make the most of my predicament
a few yards away I feel better

I know! I'll write 'er a letter
or better yet a ransom demand
got your husband send the money understand?
or else we'll send his head home in a jar
P.S.
sorry 'bout the car
Yeah, now that ought to really do the trick
I'll be gettin' off the hook and she'll be worried sick
but really, I'm gonna make it up to you honey
I'll buy you a new car with your own damned money
I walk a while into the sunset
a man, at peace with the world, you bet
nothing can diminish my total enjoyment
except when I pass my place of employment
Damn I hate this job
to work in this dump you gotta be a snob
everybody gets on my nerves in this place
I think I'll take the afternoon off
from the rat race

(Hard like a criminal)

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