

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Jump Through The Hoops"

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Wake up and shake myself out of bed again
Shaking the day down in my head again
It's up and out, rise and shine, on the double
No time to slack, attack and tackle the trouble

Shake myself out of bed again
No time to stop and assess, can't let it grind to a halt
Can't stop and look at the mess and then find out it's
my fault
I can't stop for a single minute
I know hell, well, I'm living in it
No time to stop at all, I've got to jump through the
hoops

My job, well it's a nine to five nightmare
I'm serving whiskey, stale wit and beer
Come on in , how've you been? Have I met you?
What'll it be now, what can I get you?

My job, well it's a nightmare
And every day from nine to five I'm there
No time to stop and assess, can't let it grind to a halt
Can't stop and look at the mess and then find out it's
my fault
I can't stop for a single minute
I know hell, well, I'm living in it
No time to stop at all, I've got to jump through the
hoops

Roll over, sit up and beg
Well, I'd much rather lie down and play dead
Here comes another hoop

Holidays have got to be the worst
I've seen so many I've got it well rehearsed
Joy to the world, hark the hey, let me hear it
Deck the halls, trim the tree, that's the spirit
Holidays are not for me, chop down the tree
They've got to be the worst

I'm old and set in my ways, no stopping now, it's a

shame
But in my much younger days I'd stop and I'd take the
blame
I'm alright if I don't know and can't see
I'll live in hell till the day that they plant me
No time to stop at all, I've got to jump through the
hoops

Roll over, sti up and beg
Well I'd much rather...lie down and play dead
All over, so long my friend
So long, all over, the end
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