

Atlas Sound

"Cashier In A Convenience Store"

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(slug arguing with himself)
Get up man, wake up
What time is it man?
Yo, its late
What time is it?
don?t worry about it, it?s late
Fuck man, this dirty motherfuckers gonna yell at at me
again?
Just go, just go
Im sick of this job man
don?t forget your keys
I should call in sick, no no, I should call in dead
Dude you need this job
Never have to see this place again
What are you talking about?
Slug cant come in hes dead
Dude you need this job, dude

late for work (fuck)
wearing a wrinkled shirt (fuck)
id love to set this place on fire
let the sprinkles work
then thatd be me getting fired
instead ill get stoned
arrive late
and pretend that im tired
do you need a book of matches with those?
would you like a bag?
thank you, have a nice day, i hope you fuckers gag
i pity the fool that pays twice the price for our shit
they could save cash and take their lazy ass to the
super market
theres that chick from last month
remember the one that couldnt figure out
which side to pump her gas from
shes coming in, ive got a grin
cause tonights the night
yo toots, my nametag might be crooked
but your looking alright
we all pulling a hard days labor
gas, milk, soda, bread, porno mags, and newspapers

back here got the condoms
over the counter drugs
listerine for the drunks, robotusin for the gutter punks
and everyday i look into that mirror
im trying to see myself a little bit clearer
i never notice any progress
although ill be here again to look tomorrow

im just a cashier in a convience store
selling cigarettes and beer between cleaning floors
ive seen it all without leaving this counter place
people, freaks, demons and creatures from outer
space
and everyday i show up and sell you your soul
we both inch a little closer to where we're trying to go
you only land for a moment then resume the race
people, freaks, demons and creatures from outer
space

and ive got your pass to paradise
you can escape all these other parasites
with just one buck, a little luck, you might, yah right
i suggest you go home and check your ferinhiet
you aint gonna get rich
your stuck here just like me
the only difference is your drug is the lottery
the lotto got your mind sometimes your ass down
use your fingernails to scratch off 3 of a kind
and ive got your pass to paradise
and id love to ask you babe wheres your life
wonder how you can be so high and still be scared of
heights
but i stop cause the customers always right (ya right)
must take a lunch break before i snap on the next cat
that doesnt know what they need
gimmie a cigarette, a poison apple, i dont care
id be happy to just go outside and choke on the seeds

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seems like everything happens on the retail night shift
been robbed, had fights, caught fools trying to shop lift

one time some kid got shot in the parking lot
and the cops only come to surround the coffee pot
after bars close, freaks come out the wood work
all drunk and dumb, trying to play their game
takes patience to deal with inebriated jerks
but i smile cause theyre the easiest ones to short
change
the runners trade me dime bags for squares
the crack heads offer blow jobs for beers
i watch the clock in my head tick tock so slow
and wait for the time to get the fuck out of here
white collar, blue collar, dont care, gimmie a dollar
either way its all the same for only seven something an
hour
your all a bunch of monsters, you live in hell
just waiting for these products to go on sale
the best customers are the ones thats just passing
through
asking for directions, gassing up with fuel
i swear to god some day im gonna live that way
with no one to answer to and no more dues to pay

i hate you but i love you
dont know what i think of you
i cant seem to shake you from my life
just pay me and save me
before you drive me crazy
dont know if i can take another night

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