

Papas Fritas "Holiday"

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Nine to five and I'm going out of my mind
You know what I mean
Staring down the streetlights
Watching all the uptights
Reading magazines
I'm God's gift to myself
Guess I need some help
Nine to five and I'm going out of my mind
Take one of these -- on your holiday
I still can't breathe, but I feel okay
I don't want to do the things that you do
I don't want to hang around with you
Take one of these -- on your holiday
I still can't breathe, but I feel okay
Don't move a muscle, just let it burn
Don't move a muscle, there's one thing you should
learn
That money's something I could never earn

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