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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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