

Claymore

"Souped-up Vinyl"

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I clock about twelve hours a day at this damn place.
Drag myself in, it's a quarter to eight.
God, sweep it up, set it up, open the place up.
Deal with idiots to make a lousy forty bucks.
I walk my miles home in Boston's damn ass cold.
And when I think nothing's for nothing,
When I think this is all I got,
I try to remember, try, try to remember, yeah.

I know, I know, I'm steady, yeah.
Just keep looking past it, well...
We'll be alright, yeah,
We're lucky 'cause everyone is off tonight.
Push up, push up, it's alright now.
My time's now mine
And I'll spend it, yeah.
See, when I get home,
I'll be fine because...
Our time's now ours, yeah, and we spend it with the...

(Souped-up, souped-up, souped-up, souped-up,
souped-up)
Souped-up vinyl spinning round and round.
(Souped-up, souped-up, souped-up, souped-up,
souped-up)
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souped-up)
Souped-up vinyl spinning round and round.
(Souped-up, souped-up, souped-up, souped-up,
souped-up)
Souped-up vinyl spinning...

The thing that bugs me is I'm running this God damned
ship.
My boss is clueless and the manager's a piece of shit.
Come in when they say, but then I stay longer than they
said.
If I work one more day, end of the week, then I'll be
dead.
Monday the twenty-third, man you saw me write it

down.

You don't give me the day off, then I swear I'm fucking out.

You believe they'd even pull this as long as I've been here?

Yeah, sorry Todd. I've been drinking, you're right. I'll end it there.

I know, I know, I'm steady, yeah.

Just keep looking past it, well...

We'll be alright, see,

We're lucky 'cause everyone is off tonight.

Push up, push up, it's alright now.

My time's now mine,

And I'll spend it, yeah.

See, when I get home,

I'll be fine because...

Our time's now ours, yeah, and we spend it with the...

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(Souped-up, souped-up, souped-up, souped-up,
souped-up)

Souped-up vinyl spinning round and round.

Spin her around, ooooooooooh. (It's the rough sound.)

Spin her around, ooooooooooh. (Watch out now.)

Spin her around, ooooooooooh. (It's the rough sound.)

Spin her around.

Yeah, tell my friends they can't ever grab a mic again.

Explain that, nope, sorry, never plug in again.

Tell me we're the only ones

And I'll show you all the people, yeah,

I'll take you where they are.

A rag tag of a couple who still get loose.

A couple angels...

A couple rude ones, too.

Oh no! There's no need to worry, see.

They never ever find us 'cause they don't know where we are.

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souped-up)

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Souped-up vinyl spinning round and round.

It's the rough sound!

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