

Sunny Sweeney

"Kiss My Ass"

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Something's wrong man when the boss man makes you
beg
for your own paycheck,
With his sweaty chest and his cigarette breath,
breathing right down your neck.
Another fat face in the rat race, keeps feeding me do's
and don't's,
Well it's the weekend so take your clock, stick it in and
break it off,
I got plans of my own.

Tonight there's beer that needs drinking, Merle
Haggard that needs singing
A couple of boys that need to go ahead and fight,
that's right!
Beer cans that need stacking, pool balls that need
racking,
That's the only quota I'm meeting tonight.
So, if you're with me raise your glass, here's to the
working class
Everybody else can just kiss my ass.

Uncle Sam says pay your taxes, neighbors say mow
your grass,
Signs here and there, tell me when and where I can
smoke my damn cigarettes.
So, if you think you need another piece of me,
well hunker down and pucker up,
Put your rosy red lips on the lower hips, go on and get
you some.

Tonight's there's beer that needs drinking,
Merle Haggard that needs singing
A couple of boys that need to go ahead and fight,
that's right!
Beer cans that need stacking, pool balls that need
racking,
That's the only quota I'm meeting tonight.
So, if you're with me raise your glass, here's to the
working class
And everybody else can just kiss my ass.

So, if you're with me raise your glass, here's to the
working class
Everybody else can just kiss my ass.

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