

Home Brew

"Monday"

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When it all started I was lying in my bed,
counting all the sheep ___ flying through my head,
stoving in my deep sleep, jumping on the stage,
rhyming to this mean beat in the stars,
then the crowd started yellin' beep beep beep!
Then I woke up, huh? Colder than a snowcone,
late for my job, think I'll pull a no show.
Dude on my right shoulder's like "nah, don't go",
nerd on my left's like "gotta get the dough bro".
Chur bro you're right, but I'd rather have a doze
though,
"yeah but what about the bill for the home phone",
"yeah but what about the boss he's a homo, he makes
you
work all day without a fuckin' smoko!"
Ahh fuck, gotta get the dough though,
tryna put my album out and I ain't signed a stone's
throw,
so I guess I gotta work until I got my own show.
Watch the whole day go by

(Hook)

It's that everyday (everyday)
Same old shit (same old shit)
It's that everyday (everyday)
Same old bore (same old shit)
Everyday (everyday)
Same old shit (same old shit)
It's that everyday, shit that happens to me everyday

If you could mate (what?) put these rubbish bags out on
the back dock,
and grab that mop mate you missed this here back
spot.
Top chap Scott (yeah, I'll do your crap boss), what was
that?
Sweet as boss! Aw great mate, anyone want to clean
the _____
Lock the gate mate, here's the code for the padlock.
Padlock? Flat screen plus laptop plus black hoodie
equals kaching jackpot!

All I gotta do is get a car and a ski mask,
I already know where they come with the key cut,
and there's more squid than the safe at the seamart,
so when I'm done I could probably build a theme park.
Then get a jet plane for me and my sweetheart,
plus some _____ that'll be mean ha!
Aw shit I forgot the security guard,
I guess I gotta keep workin' for this retard

(Hook)

Day finished and I race home, quicker than the Red
Cross first day
clothes lookin' dirtier than girls at the Bird Cage,
walk through the door lookin' like I seen a mermaid,
dinner on the table for me like it was my birthday!
"Hey how was work babe?"
"Aw fuckin' awesome!"
"Awesome?"
"Oh na it was awful, I mean the sauces. Nah I was
bored stiff,
had no one to talk with, but I pulled a couple mean
doughies
on the forklift! Hey, how was your day?"
"Aw it was ok, thanks for asking, hey fill me up some
OJ?"
"Aw shucks that was dope ay"
"Hey I'll wash, you dry"
"I want to do the dishes even though you cooked the
food,
just sit down babe, chill, let the time go-"
"But what about the dishes?"
"Yeah yeah yeah they can dry though."
Then we watched some TV, had a cup of milo, and let
the night go,
when I'd be shoutin' like a psycho, and there wasn't
anyone givin' orders
like a manager, no one looking through my texts like,
"who's Pamela?"
I was on top of shit, like Canada.
Turn the lights off cross Monday off the calendar.

(Hook)

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