

Muph + Plutonic**"The Day Off"**

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[Answering Machine]

Hey Muph it's Frank man

Umm I know it's your day off

look James has called in sick and I really need you to
come in man

I know it's your day off bro but your really doing me a
big favour, yeh

Give me a call as soon as you get this message man
I know your there

[Muph]

Ahhhhh fuck

This time was supposed to be mine now I gotta give it
back to them

This time was supposed to be mine now I gotta give it
back to them

This time was supposed to be mine now I gotta give it
back to them

This time was supposed to be mine now I gotta fucking
give it back to them

[Verse 1]

The day off I wait for a breather

Fly over the grind and then seize up

Who cares, alarm clock and freezer

at it's best no stress, put ya feet up

And you can get with me, chuck a sickie

Pull a shifty and hit the high road, dismiss the dizzy
over-exerted busy inner-citty gritty-grind in between
the five toes

The light load lift, daytime TV zone when I don't do shit
but still offload any constipation making me think

We want double sided tapes so either way today we'll
stick or play this

Make this 24 hour shape shift

Holding to the click which sits with the heart beats, get
drugged

They say you only live once so I'm not gonna be tight
with my slight income

The day off - when we finally win some

[Chorus]

So raise your hands if you can be bothered

It's your day off

For the days that we actually did what we wanted

It's your day off

Believe me there's gonna be more I promise

It's your day off

For the days that we actually did what we wanted

It's your day off

[Verse 2]

It's not the day off but the night before

I get blindmind(ed) n find my report(?)

Doesn't matter no wake up call

I find these moments of freedom are yours

and I'ma keep drinkin until it's not fun

I'm not picky, hit me with a shot to get the job done

So the issues will cling to all the other lost ones

Head out to the car quick to call "shotgun!"

Drop punt a bottle, full throttle through the air

Fully loaded Ford escorting us to the bear barron land

to the snare where we salivated

The celebrations we spit on the spaces taken

I'm out late and we've been paying in time for this

No longer waiting stumbled to outside for a spliff

Filled these short term toast to it's top

and make the most of our time like we ain't got jobs

[Chorus] {2X}

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