

## Get a Real Job

M.O.D.

Standing on a corner  
Frozen to the bone  
You have to make a living  
But you'd rather be at home  
Your eyes start getting heavy  
Still you forge on  
Wake up and face the world

And get a real job  
Get a real job

You get a little older  
Your bones are brittle and weak  
Dizzy in the morning  
Your pulse is sounding weak  
You hate to go to work  
Just living for a job  
Wake up and smell the coffee  
And get a real job

Get a real job  
Get a real job  
Get a real job  
Get a real job

Soon you will retire  
Or maybe have a stroke  
You cannot feel your finger tips  
Because some veins have closed  
But still you drive a hack  
Or push a hot dog cart  
Now it's too late for you  
To get a real job