

Whole Lotta Quit

Randy Houser

Well I'm a go-to-bed-early, turn-the-alarm-clock-on
I'm a coffee-black-buzzing at the crack of dawn
I'm a walking-out-whistling-my-working-song
I'm a pick-it-up, pack-it-up, back-it-up, gone

Yeah I work a-work a-work like a dog all day
And then I take all I can take to get my take-home pay
I give it all I got until I give it away
But come Friday, high day, kiss-my-ass-goodbye day

I got a whole lotta quit in me
A lotta don't-give-a-shit in me
The clock's about to hit 4:20
And I'll be smoking in a red-hot minute
Forty hours in a jailhouse
I need a cold beer bailout
I ain't got another shift in me
I got a whole lotta quit in me

Well I'm a-calling up my buddies, get the four-one-one
We [?] pool-shooting son-of-a-guns
If there's anything to get we gonna get it, son
We'll be drink it up, drink it up, drink it up, drunk
If we do it like we do it like we usually do
Man, I'll be doin', you'll be doin', we'll be doin' too
Waking up? Hell, we'll be coming to
We'll be walking out talking 'bout "What the hell did we do?"

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Well it's Mississippi hot and I'm Tennessee tired
And I keep lookin' at my watch and I keep countin' down the hours
And I'm thankful for this job and everything that I got
'Bout thirty more minutes, this hammer's gonna drop

I got a whole lotta quit in me
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The clock's about to hit 4:20
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I ain't got another shift in me
I got a whole lotta quit in me

Don't come and get me if you ain't got
I got a whole lotta quit in me
All right, here we go