

# Record Store

## Buck-O-Nine

Workaholic, what it be?  
Heard you're working eleven days a week  
I used to know just where you're coming from  
I used to know but with that I'm done I got a job at a record store  
Three days a week, no more than four  
Sometimes you got to take a look around  
Sometimes you got to slow things down Looking out my bedroom window  
You're looking at your office wall  
I'm walking around like Marlon Brando  
You're sitting down, not walking at all  
Don't know what you're thinking  
I don't work no overtime  
Working at the record store  
Look at me, I'm doing fine  
Yeah, I'm doing fine I see you're working on the weekends now  
I guess, Mondays aren't such a shock  
I spend my time just sitting around  
I listen to that old punk rock I take my time and never hurry  
You use your time as best as you can  
I'm acting like Billy Murry  
You're acting like your dead in the sand Don't know what you're thinking  
I don't work no overtime  
Working at the record store  
Look at me, I'm doing fine, yeah  
Got a job at a record store  
Three days a week, no more than four  
Sometimes you got to take a look around  
Sometimes you got to slow things down Looking out my bedroom window  
You're looking at your office wall  
I'm walking around like Marlon Brando  
You're sitting down, not walking at all Don't know what you're thinking  
Don't work no overtime  
Working at the record store  
Look at me, I'm doing fine I said, don't know what you're thinking  
I don't work no overtime  
Working at the record store  
Look at me, I'm doing fine Don't know what you're thinking  
Don't work no overtime  
I'm working at the record store  
Look at me, I'm doing fine I said, don't know what you're thinking  
Don't work no overtime  
I'm working at the record store

Look at me, I'm doing fine  
Working at the, I'm working at the  
I'm working at the record store, yeah  
Working at the, working at the  
I'm working at the record store, yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>