

JUST IN TIME

I need to escape I been up all night again tinkering with goddamn machines pushing buttons adjusting screws twisting nuts listening to bitch and whine and I told him I said go fuck yourself right youre always right and some asshole wants me to vote right which is whatever the union rep says and give him a buck to shut fuck up then break out for lunch one lousy half hour of fresh air beer and blunt before I have to hump the grunt again and not enough time to chill before some bitch hits me with what her lousy ex did this time and the straw boss wants something impossible he is sick and craven like a junky got to get the monkey off his back I'm packin tonight I swear to jesus tonight I'm packin I'm gonna blow shit up yeah yeah sweet jesus it's the steam and stink and naggin gripin fussin I cant wind down no more the fix dont fix the shot dont shoot I'm up like crank all day and everything is broke and Huffy is rappin a plan he says no risk man but I can't do another stretch but he wont never let up never he says you're the man I'M THE MAN? my knuckles are cracked my brain's dead my ears ring I'm gonna kill some motherfucker last week I was bumped ended back up on the centerless grinder humpin for Pitface again 88,000 piece rate 11,000 per hour what does that mean? parts spinning down a y-track clickety-clack clickety-clack I jack it up to beat the

rate and get some ass time 180 parts per minute 3 parts per second one
can full every 90 seconds I offload a can I reload a can nonstop dont
even want to turn it off for a piss stop cause it takes too much time to set it
up again I just want to get done beat the rate man I cant drink enough
anymore cant remember the last time a pint of Beam did the trick man I
know that pink fucking coolant is cancer fuck that health and safety bitch
he is one lazy suck ass shit just wants to sleep in his office chair and go
down on that mousey security gaurd with no ass anywhere thats why I
took the jobsetter job even for a week while Murphys gone yeah I'll fill in
just to get off the grinder but damn the bitchin like I'm supposed to make
everything run right for everybody and whats home but tired wife peeling
paint leaky faucets flat tires oil changes and kids who think TV is real
man I need to get away I just need to drive if I could drive say 2000
miles drive till the wheels cried rest rest rest some where in the
southwest a desert silent empty dry vacant clean still mystic no
where no voice no pain no claim on time muscle brain no nothin
no where I need to breathe need to feel my hearts my own my heads
my own my hands are my own goddamn hands 2 hours to go and
Pitface wants overtime I cant say no cause I got bills man who else is
gonna pay? I wanna a machine gun I wanna cancel my debt like a third
world nation I want the world bank on its mothering fucking knees NO I

dont have a minute NO I wont say please IF SOMEONE COULD TURN
DOWN THE NOISE if Marks holdin I can do this next half hands down
and cop on the way home catch some zzs shit I'll miss the kids soccer if
I sleep oh well like the kid would register my presence I cant remember
my shop rat dad either hey mom whos the fat jerk in the garage?

thats your father son

youre shittin me I'm not gonna look like him some day am I?

I was playin ball all day all summer long like a long fly ball that never
comes down I could run throw field hit I was a pro I could feel it in my
bones I knew I was destined I was golden I'd play ball all my life and
then came Nam and jobs and dope and jobs and booze and jobs and
babes and jobs and jobs and jobs and somewhere I lost the choice the
chance maybe I never had one shit here comes J D

hey

yeah

smoke?

shit

I'm broke

broke my ass youre a wreck

who?

gimme some crosses man I got six more to go

stoke the pipe

is what is

lookit

what?

Cherry

yeah?

you know

yeah?

I'm not a believer

I know youre not

but every night I pray

I believe you pray?

every night I pray

I believe you pray?

just once before I die lord let me lie between her thighs

I know thats right

rings true

I believe you

me too

air tight

stay cool

6 more hours means 66,000 parts I can beat it if it dont jam if the dress holds shit that coolant stinks got to be a dead rat in the tank I know this shit is makin me sick if not crazy damn I gotta piss but I dont want to shut it down shit I'll pretend I'm checking the coolant flow and piss in the tank quality conscious dude that I am yeah quick yeah oh oh oh that feels good so good is any body lookin? no cool shit oh shit the cans full tracks backin up gotta hustle slam bam thank you mam shit yes I'm fast still got it clickety-clack clickety-clack train kept a rollin all night long and holdin size I'll hit the comp switch one time two times for good measure yeah cause I know that grindin wheel is breakin down another can is full release-bend-twist-lift-drop-switch-load-snap-snap yeah like Tinkers to Evers to Chance I'm bad the white crosses are kickin in I feel good SMOKE STACK LIGHTNING oh Cherry dont you walk and sway I got blood in my eyes for you girl and the train kept a rollin all night long