

Cheeseburger

Gang of Four

(I need a cheeseburger to go) I move from one place to the next
I hope they keep down the price of gas
I shoot fast while you're talking dollars
see how I will run the table
I won't see my dollar go where they rig it
high numbers, low numbers, 8 ball break the last cent is coming out of his head
to be honest or a son like his own
and all this changed, we're sure of the rides
the old country's in the back of his mind
I hope his home is somewhere you go to sleep
high numbers, low numbers, 8 ball break
no classes in the u s of a
improve yourself the choice is yours
work at your job, you can make it pay
make friends quick, buy them beer
you never know when you're gonna lose them
high numbers, low numbers, 8 ball break
I'm at the wheel of the company truck
on the road and all alone
sometimes I think "money is my only goal"
it makes me sad
work on up another four miles
coffee, fries and a cheeseburger

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>