

Callin In Gone
The Boat Drunks

Songwriter: James A. Hoehn

[G] Dead stuck in traffic, you know I m [C] headed for a job [D] I hate

[G] Ain t nothing movin but the [Em] hands on my watch

[C] full throttle, [D] hurry up and wait

[G] I m sick of the [Em] rat race, [G] I can t take one [Em] more day

[C] My life is too short, [D] to live it this way

Chorus:

I m dialing the [G] office, put the bossman [Em] on

I m not callin in [C] sick, [D] callin in [G] gone

[G] I m callin in gone, full fledge [Em] adios

I m leavin this [C] cubicle, for a spot on the [D] coast

Gonna find me a [G] beach, that s where I [Em] belong

I m not callin in [C] sick, [D] callin in [G] gone

What the hell are you doin, I keep askin myself
Only I know the answer, there s nobody else
Like a rat on a wheel, that s how I compare
I m runnin all day and getting nowhere

So enough is enough, I m sayin so long
I m not callin in sick, callin in gone

No jacket and tie, no morning commute
I m waving goodbye, one finger salute
Goin down to the ocean, gonna lay in the sand
The only boss I ll hear, is singing Born to Run

I ve got plenty of room, why don t you come along
we won t be callin in sick, we re callin in gone

I m callin in gone, full fledge adios
I m leaving this cubicle, for a spot on the coast
Gonna find me a beach, that s where I belong
I m not callin in sick, I m callin in gone

I m not callin in sick, callin in gone!