

Maybe I ll spend all day staring at the sun and trying not to squint  
Maybe I ll make a huge color tapestry from my bellybutton lint

When I m sick of takin abuse  
I just make up some lame excuse  
Freedom s just seven digits away. Hey...

(Chorus)

F#

D D

A

B

I m callin in sick today

F#

D D

A

B

Callin in sick today

F#

D D

A

B

Ain t going to work, no way

F#

D D

A

B

A

Callin in sick today

C#

C#

C#

B B B A A G# E F# (hold on F#)

Little Riff they play in the chorus

E

|-----|

B

|-----0-0-----|

G

|---0-2-----2-0---0-----|

D

| -2-----2-----2-2-----|

A

|-----|

E

|-----|