

This Is Your Last Day

(lyrics by Peter Leidy, based on the Backstreet Boys song *I Want It That Way*)

You are a liar, guess what -- you're fired
Believe when I say, this is your last day
Sayonara, don't come back tomorra
Believe when I say, this is your last day

Tell me why -- insubordination
Tell me why -- constant aggravation
Tell me why -- take a permanent vacation, 'cause this is your last day

It's come to pass that your ass is grass
Believe when I say this is your last day

Tell me why -- this tangled web you're weaving
Tell me why -- we're happy that you're leaving
Tell me why -- nobody is grieving that this is your last day

Now I can tell things were falling apart right from your very first day, yeah
And no matter what happens I want you to know that I hope you go far
away

You are a liar, guess what -- you're fired
Believe when I say your ass is grass today

Tell me why -- no cooperation
Tell me why -- can you say termination?
Tell me why -- you never thought you'd hear me say that this is your last
day

Tell me why -- nothin' but a headache
Tell me why -- nothin' but a big mistake
Tell me why -- you never thought you'd hear me say
This is your last day