

Born on Payday
Jefferson Berry

Intro Riff (E G Ab B C Db D Db), E G D
E

Well, I never met expectations
My Mama had me three weeks late
Born into a blizzard, I came on cold
On a Friday night way upstate

A G D
Mama she leaned by the front door

A G D
Waiting for my Dad to arrive.

E
Intermittent breathing and being annoyed
At what was taking him all this time.

B
I was Born on Payday
A new deduction for the team
Born on Payday
Friday the Fifteenth

Riff (E G Ab B C Db D Db), E G D

Daddy stopped on his way home
Cashed his paycheck at the liquor store
Took my mother and a bottle of Dirty Bird
To the hospital maternity ward.

They said, "Right this way, Young Lady.
Mr. B. you'll have to wait here."
So he opened up a fresh pack of Lucky Strikes
And settled in to a waiting room chair.

I was Born on Payday
My Mama's labor was redeemed
Born on Payday
Friday the Fifteenth

"Count down from one-hundred."
The anesthesiologist said.
To my mother laying there in the stirrups
Stoned in her delivery bed.

A knocked-out generation
T'was the way they did it back then
No screaming, no cursing, no muss-no fuss
No Daddies to lend a hand

I was Born on Payday
My Mama couldn't hear me scream
Born on Payday
Friday the Fifteenth

Some might say it's conceited
To sing about one's own birth
It's not like I'm some kind of Jesus
Walking 'round with a big fat purse

But the workers, they get paid on Friday
Or the Fifteenth and the Thirtieth
So as much as I'd like to buy the next round
Until then, you ain't getting shit.

I was Born on Payday
Another boomer baby being
Born on Payday
Friday the Fifteenth