

BILL THOSE HOURS

(to the tune of "Jingle Bells")

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Dashing off a brief  
In the law firm library  
Getting lots of grief  
"Clean your carrel," the staff pleads  
The partner's on the phone  
He wants it yesterday  
You have to do a recruit interview  
And it's only Saturday -- Oh.

Bill Those Hours, Bill Those Hours,  
Ten or twelve a day  
Oh, what fun it is to work  
And give landlords all your pay -- Oh,  
Bill Those Hours, Bill Those Hours  
Morning, noon, and night  
Say "Au revoir" to your corneas  
And "Hello" to moonlight.

All your memos are returned  
Drowned in a sea of red  
You ask to go on trips  
They take a Summer Clerk instead  
You need a VCR  
To watch the evening news  
"Holiday" means you come to work  
But you don't have to wear a suit -- Oh.

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Oh, what fun it is to work  
And give landlords all your pay -- Oh,  
Bill Those Hours, Bill Those Hours  
Morning, noon, and night  
Say "Au revoir" to your corneas  
And "Hello" to moonlight.

You have no social life  
Your only date's a day in court  
No husband and no wife  
No children do you support  
Your friends no longer call  
'Cause they know you won't show up  
The world goes by as you Shepardize  
And watch your billables grow up.

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