The Working Day

Marcel

Hey Joe, whatcha doin' over there?
You're sittin' on a porch with a broken down stare
You got a flag blowin' in the air
You worked a 12 hour day, now it's time to get away
So you go downtown for a T-Bone steak
And ya sit back and watch the Yankees play
Well, his back's got a kink, so he orders a drink
And he heads off to the bathroom sink
And he washed his hands to the farmer tan
And he looked in the mirror and said,"Man to Man."Chorus:
Hey buddy, you're built like a rock
You work around the clock
That's the American Way
Blue jeans and a blue collar
Chasing the hard dollar
You can't complain
The only way that you're gonna get paid
It's what we call the working dayNow there's no down what Joe's all about
He's a hard-working man who sleeps on a couch
And he ain't afraid to pour his heart out
Well, there's fireflies and pool-hall bars
There's a broken down car in his overgrown front yard
He's about a block of Nolensville Boulevard
He's got bruised up hands and oil on his pants
It's been a while since he's had a romance
It's about time that the man get's a break
'Cause his only time off is church on SundayChorus:
Hey buddy, you're built like a rock
You work around the clock
That's the American Way
Blue jeans and a blue collar
Chasing the hard dollar
You can't complain
The only way that you're gonna get paid
It's what we call the working dayHey, hey, hey, hey another working day
Hey, hey, hey, hey that's the American way
Hey, hey, hey, hey working hard everyday
Nine to five or eight to eightChorus:
Hey buddy, you're built like a rock

You work around the clock
That's the American Way
Blue jeans and a blue collar
Chasing the hard dollar
You can't complain
The only way that you're gonna get paid
It's what we call the working dayYeah, the only way that you're gonna get paid
It's what we call the working day
The working day

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/