

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 day Now 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 Sunday 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 day Hey, 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 eight 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 day
Yeah, the only way that you're gonna get paid
It's what we call the working day
The working day

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