

This Job Is Killing Me

The Walkmen

He clears his throat
And hes driving up his crowd
He used to sway
But hes turned it all around Yeah, hes mopping up his brow
Yeah, hes taking his time
Working his crowd Hes lunging two words
Atop a bus
Hes talking all day long
Hes always telling us Its easy to get around
Man, I know my stuff
When I get home
Im alone for just so much
Honey, this job is killing me He lost his voice
When he got back home
Hes at it hard
But now hes turned it all around
Yeah, hes turned it all around Yeah, but now hes at home
And hes counting his cash
Hes popping pills
And hes calling his ex He lost his voice
But hes all right
He says hes happy now
Driving that bus around [Incomprehensible] job
He'll never leave it now
Hes turned it all around
But honey, this job is killing me

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