

# I Don't Wanna Work That Hard

Blaine Larsen

You've got an eye for diamonds and things that shine  
You want a slick black Jag and a cellar of wine  
I'd have to hold two jobs to keep you in my arms  
And I don't wanna work that hard I met your mama and she turned up her nose  
At my dirty work boots and my co-op clothes  
Ain't gonna kiss her butt just to win her heart  
No, I don't wanna work that hard I don't wanna work for something  
That's only gonna add up to nothing  
Girl, I gonna miss your loving  
Knowing how sweet your kisses are But you're always asking me to watch your dog  
Bathe 'em and to feed him, take him out for a walk  
Well, he's a hundred and eighty pound Saint Bernard  
Hell, I don't wanna work that hard And your old boyfriend is still hanging on  
He's an ex-black belt with a jealous bone  
Don't wanna have to whop him out behind some bar  
No, I don't wanna work that hard I don't wanna work for something  
That's only gonna add up to nothing  
Girl, I gonna miss your loving  
Knowing how sweet your kisses are I don't wanna work for something  
That's only gonna add up to nothing  
Girl, I'm gonna miss your loving  
Knowing how sweet your kisses are I'd have to hold two jobs to keep you in my arms  
Kiss your mama's butt and your Saint Bernard's  
Whop your ex-boyfriend at some bar  
And I don't wanna work that hard, baby, I ain't gonna work that hard

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