

Work Song

[Nellie McKay](#)

Deliver the paper deliver the porn
Deliver the baker deliver the morn
A quiverin' jibberin' shiverin' massOf sunshine and good times that I have to pass
On the way to my job on the way to my work
On the way to that slobberin' hoverin' jerkWho's my boss today? Who's my boss to stay?
Who's my supervisor when I'm in my grave?
A slave on the run still under the gun
Of Attila the Hun with a cinnamon bunI don't know son, was there somethin' I missed
I don't think Fritz Lang was a fantasist
Metropolis exists is this
If you listen close you can hear the pissEvery day's another loss need the pay so please the boss
Through the sludge they mingle by the mile
Every worker looks ahead ah the kiddies must be fed
So they trudge along in single fileJoo ming boo haa oooAnd you turn and you toil and you burn and you boil
In the tourniquet coil of the white folks' soil
Spoilin' with a malaise worse than disses or dope
Wakin' up in a haze with your wishes and hopes
And your poor little dreams all wrapped up in burlapThat you carry around for a sniff or a snack
Or a taste in your haste to get right back on track
Outta whack with the pack but acquiring the knack
Of ignoring the rustle that quietly seethes
The hustle, the buy-it the air that you breatheEvery day's another loss need the pay so please the boss
Through the sludge they mingle by the mile
Every worker looks ahead ah the kiddies must be fed
So they trudge along in single fileJoo ming boo haa ooo

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