

# Whatcha' Gonna Do for Me

## Average White Band

All night and all day, just chippin' away  
It's all in a day's work;  
Tryin' hard to defend  
the time that I spend alone  
The ground that you lose exploiting  
the blues  
Won't get the job done;  
Still, as deep as it bites,  
I'm keepin' my sights on you Whatcha gonna do for me  
What are you gonna do for me  
Whatcha gonna do for me, when  
the chips are down In the cool of the night, when  
nothing seems right  
The feeling can take you;  
Strange as it seems,  
you make your own dreams  
come true  
If you try to conceal the way  
that you feel  
You're askin' for trouble;  
Just as sure as you'll cry,  
I'm keepin' my eye on you You don't have to tell me I'm  
to blame for this  
The thing you hold against me,  
Is the thing that I miss

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