

Life of Work

Iggy Pop

Riding in the saddle, henchmen at your side
Holy macaroni, hose you on your back
And the bystanders just stand there like [unverified] on a shelf
In the world of work your rivals, that you have yet to meet
And quite a bunch they are in the morning sun
With blinking eyes the worthless stands
In readiness for transport to the battleground
There's dirty work ahead of them and quite a bunch they are
What do you do with a life of work?
What do you do with a life of work?
What do you do with a life of work?
Face it in the morning, face it in the morning
And the parting of the ways and the interrupted mirth
And the shock that has to come because of what you want
Compared to what you've got

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>