Leisure

John G. Sutton

Leisure
They taught me how to work
But they can't teach me how to shirk correctly
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh
As you see, science once again robs us of our jobs
They've put a microchip in my place
I hide behind a screen of aggression nowadays
It's just a way of saving some face
So now I'm permanently drunk
Like the rest of the race with leisure
If you think I'm clowning
I assure you that I'm drowning here in leisure
They taught me how to work
But they can't teach me how to shirk correctly
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh
I spend all day and all my allowance on TV games
Amusement heaven at the flick of a switch
Instead of a lathe, I busy my fingers nowadays
By scoring goals with the gentlest twitch
I've forgotten how to use my legs
To invade the pitch of leisure
If you think I'm clowning
I assure you that I'm drowning here in leisure
They taught me how to work
But they can't teach me how to shirk correctly
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
They had retired before I left school
(Just saw no point in the standing in line)
So I spend lots of time lounging at home
(Why not come in 'cause the carpet is fine)
What a waste of breath it is
Searching for the jobs that don't exist
So now I'm permanently drunk
Like the rest of the race with leisure
If you think I'm clowning
I assure you that I'm drowning here in leisure
They taught me how to work
But they can't teach me how to shirk correctly

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh
La, la, la, la, leisure, la, la, la, la, leisure
Lazybones, looking through The Sun
How'd you ever find your day's work?
(Work)
Oh, leisure
(Ooh leisure, leisure)
Lazybones, looking through The Sun
How'd you ever find your day's work?
(Work)
Oh, leisure

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