

God, Steve McQueen "The Work Song"

Guttermouth

Well, I swing this hammer from 9 to 5
Been workin' for the man just to stay alive
W-O-R-K is how I spell work Feel depressed, I miss my family
Maybe if I work long then I'll feel just fine
Haven't smoked in a week
My back is kinda tweaked
Give me work, give me pride, give me loads of overtime Work, work, work, work, work, work, work Well, I
work all day and drink all night
We fight all morning 'til we get it right
Then, we go to school to be a journeyman My mother works, my father works
My brother works and now I work
That's all I do is work, work, work, work, work Lots of pride I get from work
Dad says real men have to work
A union man gets lots of pride from work In the bailing fields or on the farm
I've only got a tan on half of my arm
I work real quick when you hit me with a whip
Give me work, give me pride, give me loads of overtime Work, work, work, work, work, work, work Well, I
work all day and drink all night
We fight all morning 'til we get it right
Then, we go to school to be a journeyman My mother works, my father works
My brother works and now I work
I love to work, work, work, work, work, work America
A country carried on the back of the working man
A man with fire in his eyes and steel in his belly
A man who could build anything
Like a chair or a table, or he can fix a car, or he can fix a radiator
Without him you wouldn't be able to drive to work
And then you wouldn't be able to work
And no one would go to work 'cause Work, work, work, work, work, work, work Well, I work all day and drink
all night
We fight all morning 'til we get it right
Then, we go to school to be a journeyman My mother works, my father works
My brother works and now I work
I love to work, work, work, work, work, work

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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