

Work

Junior Boys

Holes barely spent
Crossed T's never read
Etching away
'til the end of the day
Save up for the rest
And you'll hope for the next Hot spill
Cheap thrill
You're the last of the line
And wasted your time
You're too eager to stall
A bit too sure of it all
But left with your empty fate
You pick up a paperweight So work it, baby, work it
Work it, baby, work it Mix and blend
Words are written again and again
Oh, cycle the air
You swallow and stare
Alone at the setting sun
Well there goes another one
Counting down
For a night on the town

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