

Workin'

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Seven years of hard luck, comin' down on me
From the Florida border, yes up to Nashville, Tennessee
I worked in every joint you can name, mister, every honky tonk
Along come Mr. Yankee slicker, sayin' maybe you're what I want
Want you to sign your contract
Want you to sign today
Gonna give you lots of money
Workin' for MCA
Oh nine thousand dollars, that's all we could win
But we smiled at the Yankee slicker with a big ol' Southern grin
They're gonna take me out to California, gonna make me a superstar
Just pay me all of my money, mister, maybe you won't get a scar
Want you to sign your contract
Want you to sign today
Gonna give you lots of money
Workin' for MCA
Suckers took my money since I was seventeen
If it ain't no pencil pusher, it got to be a honky tonk queen
But I'll sign my contract baby and I want you people to know
That every penny that I make, I'm gonna see where my money goes
Want you to sign your contract
Want you to sign today
Gonna give you lots of money
Workin' for MCA

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