

The Working Man

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Well, I was born on a Sunday; on Thursday I had me a job.
I was born on a Sunday; by Thursday I was workin' out on the job.
I ain't never had no day off since I learned right from wrong. Mama said I was bad, I did something to her head.
Mama said I was bad, I did something to her head.
And poppa threw me out, ooh, said, "I gotta earn my own way." [Chorus:]
I ain't never been in trouble;
I ain't got the time. I don't mess around with magic, child.
What I got is mine. Whatever you say, Lord, well, that's what I'm gonna do.
Whatever you say, well, that's what I'm gonna do.
'Cause I'm the working man, Lord, and I do the job for you. [Chorus] Every Friday, well, that's when I get paid.
Don't take me on Friday, Lord, 'cause that's when I get paid.
Let me die on Saturday night, ooh, before Sunday gets my head.

Songwriters

J. FOGERTY Published by

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