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. FOGERTYPublished by
Lyrics Â© CONCORD MUSIC GROUP, INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/