

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
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"
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, I do the job for you
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
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

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