

Work More

[Hayley Reardon](#)

Grown men used to lay a humble ear
Flat on the dirt
For a free consultation
With a wise old earthBut now its just the ground
And everybody's trying to break it
Gotta work our way up, up, up
And away until we've made itSo busy trying to go big
We forget the way home
So busy trying to produce
We forget what we owe
What we used to know
A world where we dance like Steinbeck writes
Where the dust lines the floor like lights
Where the songs don't say get rich or die trying
'Cause you build the paper life and the paper still goes flyingCan't you hear 'em
Work more, what are you working for
When the sweat don't taste the same?
Big souls with little hands
Trying to hold more than we can
Before the world gets in the way
Can't get the world out of our wayChorusGrown men used to lay a humble ear
Flat on the dirt
For a free consultation
With a wise old earth
But now its just the ground
And everybody's trying to break it
Gotta work our way up, up, up
And away until we've made it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>