Workin' It

Don Henley

Ah, it's open season here my friend
It always is, it always has been
Welcome, welcome to the U.S.A.
We're partying fools in the autumn of our heyday
And though we're running out of everything
We can't afford to quit, no
Before this binge is over
We've got to squeeze off one more hit
We're workin' it
(Workin', workin)
Workin' it
(Workin')
Soon you will be dancing face to face
With the limits of ambition and the scars of the marketplace
Welcome to the land of flame and fizz
Where you will learn that packaging is all that Heaven is
We got the little black car, the little black dress
We got the guru and the trainer and the full court press
We got the software, hard drive, CD ROM
We got the exploitation.com
We got the pager, cell phone, bootleg methaqualone
The media, the message "You are what you own"
We got the agent, lawyer, lapdog, voyeur
Talk show, book deal, round mouth, square meal
We're so busy covering our asses
We just can't commit
We say, "Oh back off, don't bother me baby"
Can't you see I'm workin' it
(Workin', workin)
Workin' it
(Workin')
It's plain to see Miss Liberty has not yet come of age
But she loves to feed the animals
As long as they're locked up in the cage
Yeah, but everybody knows the girl's got balls of brass
Aw, kiss my ass

We've got a whole new class of opiates
To blunt the stench of discontent

In these corporation nation states
Where the loudest live to trample on the least
They say it's just the predatory nature of the beast
But, the barons in the balcony are laughing
And pointing to the pit, they say, "Aw look
They've grown accustomed to the smell
Now, people love that shit
We're workin' it"
(Workin', workin)
Workin' it
(Workin')
We got the short term gain, the long term mess
We got the suffocating, quarterly consciousness
(Workin')
Yes man, run like a thief
New york to Hollywood, hype and glory
Special effects and no story
(Workin')
Yes man, run like a thief
Workin' it
Workin' it
(Workin')
Well, you don't know who the enemy is
(Workin')
You don't know
You don't know who the enemy is
(Workin')
Company man
(Workin')
Eight for me, one for you
(Workin')
Very fair
Business as usual, business as usual

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