

# Work

## Junior Boys

Holes barely spent  
Crossed T's never read  
Etching away  
'til the end of the day  
Save up for the rest  
And you'll hope for the next Hot spill  
Cheap thrill  
You're the last of the line  
And wasted your time  
You're too eager to stall  
A bit too sure of it all  
But left with your empty fate  
You pick up a paperweight  
So work it, baby, work it  
Work it, baby, work it  
Mix and blend  
Words are written again and again  
Oh, cycle the air  
You swallow and stare  
Alone at the setting sun  
Well there goes another one  
Counting down  
For a night on the town  
Now work it, baby, work it  
Work it, baby, work it  
Yeah, work it, baby, work it  
Work it, baby

Lyrics provided by  
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