That's Why

Syl Johnson

My alarm goes off early,
Can't afford to be late.
If I don't get a move on then I won't get paid.
So I throw back those covers and get my butt out of bed.
Its still dark when im leavin' so I let my lady sleep.
I know her and them babies are countin on me
To put food on the table and keep this roof over our head.

Yeah, that's why I get crakin' in the mornin' fight all that traffic on I-40 punch a clock at a job for a boss that I don't like yeah that's why I keep swingin' that hammer fight for each step I take on that ladder break my back for a slice of that American pie that's why.

Well, I wear a hard hat, steel-toed boots, and and leather gloves and my office is the front seat of a four-door truck decorated with crayon drawn pictures all taped to the dash and our junior pro football starts here in July there'll be shoulder pads, jerseys, and new cleats to buy and my wifes had her eye on some earrings I'd sure like her to have yeah I would..

But, that's why I get crakin' in the mornin' fight all that traffic on I-40 punch a clock at a job for a boss that I don't like yeah that's why I keep swingin' that hammer fight for each step I take on that ladder break my back for a slice of that American pie that's why.

They want cell phones, laptops, ballet shoes, and dresses Xbox, Ipods and rock'n'roll drum lessons

But, that's why I get crakin' in the mornin' fight all that traffic on I-40 punch a clock at a job for a boss that I don't like yeah that's why I keep swingin' that hammer fight for each step I take on that ladder break my back for a slice of that American pie that's why.

Yeah that's why

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/