Hard Luck Story

Men At Work

Don't ask me to love my neighbor
'Cause I don't love the man
Don't ask me for my favors
I won't lend a hand
And if I had real power
Then I could disappear
Wouldn't have to be around you
I'd sink into the atmosphere
Then I wouldn't hear
Your hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
Don't ask me to tip the waiter
For he is underhand
I can tell he is a woman hater
And he is a nasty man
Within reach, lies all desire
For each and every soul
Stripped bare and stretching higher
You fall into the last black hole
To end your hard
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
Don't ask me to pray to Jesus
I've never met the Man
I only meet weekend preachers
Pictures of the promised land
All the new holy saviors
Who pretend to understand
Who do you think will save you?
A modern day beggar man
Such a hard
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
It's such a hard
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck

Hard luck story
(It's such a hard)
Don't ask me to love my neighbor
(Hard luck story)
Don't ask me to tip the waiter
(It's a hard luck)
Don't ask me to pray to Jesus
(Hard luck story)
He picked His time to leave us
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story

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