

## Work Song

Fallulah

You can play the lottery  
I can use my hands for praying  
I'm not sure what I believe  
But we've got a lot of paying to do  
Working in this tired row  
Only thing we've got in common  
Buy me out so I can go  
I believe I'm made for something

Every day's a battle to get up  
every day I put on a smile  
And every day it wears off  
Every day I feel like telling the same people to shut up  
Oh, it's so tough to love  
with no love

I feel so misunderstood  
I guess that it's my curse in life  
Hope that I can do some good  
With all the tears I've never cried  
Could you hold my heavy heart  
Could you make it better soon?  
Promise not to let it drop  
I don't think I'll get a new

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