

God, Steve McQueen "The Work Song"

Guttermouth

Well, I swing this hammer from 9 to 5
Been workin' for the man just to stay alive
W-O-R-K is how I spell work

Feel depressed, I miss my family
Maybe if I work long then I'll feel just fine
Haven't smoked in a week
My back is kinda tweaked
Give me work, give me pride, give me loads of overtime

Work, work, work, work, work, work, work

Well, I work all day and drink all night
We fight all morning 'til we get it right
Then, we go to school to be a journeyman

My mother works, my father works
My brother works and now I work
That's all I do is work, work, work, work, work

Lots of pride I get from work
Dad says real men have to work
A union man gets lots of pride from work

In the bailing fields or on the farm
I've only got a tan on half of my arm
I work real quick when you hit me with a whip
Give me work, give me pride, give me loads of overtime

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My brother works and now I work
I love to work, work, work, work, work, work

America
A country carried on the back of the working man
A man with fire in his eyes and steel in his belly
A man who could build anything
Like a chair or a table, or he can fix a car, or he can fix a radiator
Without him you wouldn't be able to drive to work
And then you wouldn't be able to work
And no one would go to work 'cause

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