

## Work That We Do

Sublime

We realized so long, long ago and I bet you  
Seen it all, the lies won't get you, I've got 14 miles to go  
I've got rhythm comin' since I've got the flow  
But I won't wanna come around our love  
So why, why, why, why, why?

If you are rich, I'm gonna hang you on the wall  
And I'ma find you  
And I find you, I'm gonna get your lovin' arms today  
So why we fight to get, we fight to get our weary arms to bed

Real love's something that I still hope  
People make their own places to go  
And now in '94 we're gonna lie some more  
In 1994 we're going to die some more

And it ever going to be the last show?  
It's going to be the last drive  
That boss to proud to make the cars that we drive  
Don't worry, don't mind, I've got hours of time?  
And it's all underneath your voodoo