

A Job of Work

Tom Paxton

I hate unemployment and I'll tell you why
I wanna keep working 'til the day I die
I like to work, I do it well and when I can't feed my family
Lord I feel like hell
Lord, give me a job of work to do
Lord, give me a job of work to do
That's all I want, that's all I ask of you
The man from the government says it's fine
To walk on over to the free food line
Nice of the government to be so fair
But I don't want my friends to see me there
Lord, give me a job of work to do
Lord, give me a job of work to do
That's all I want, that's all I ask of you
I was born and raised in these old hills
I never left 'em and I never will
I'm able-bodied, my friends are, too
And all that we want is a job to do
Lord, give me a job of work to do
Lord, give me a job of work to do
That's all I want, that's all I ask of you
Well, these are the worst times I have seen
I don't want to seem ungrateful or mean
But a man's got to raise his family
And I can't stand to raise 'em on charity
Lord, give me a job of work to do
Lord, give me a job of work to do
That's all I want, that's all I ask of you