

Without Work, You Have Nothing

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

Work baby, and it will be all right
Love on your body and you'll be bathed in light
And arms will hold you

Move your hands faster, that's what your man wants
Keep his filthy mind from frequenting his soiled haunts
And arms will hold you

And arms will hold you, eyes will lock your gaze
Bed will be made for you, all of your days

Yeah, work, baby, and all good things will gather
Love to your buckets, and honor on your father
And arms will hold you

(Hand will clasp with hand, and tighten up their grip
Jaw will lock with jaw, and lip will lock with lip.)

Oh, work, baby, and war will be no more
Goddess of the uniform will drop it to the floor
And arms will hold you

Oh, arms will hold you
And you will die with love upon you