

The Working Man

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Well, I was born on a Sunday; On Thursday I had me a job
I was born on a Sunday; By Thursday I was workin' out on the job
I ain't never had no day off since I learned right from wrong
Mama said I was bad, I did something to her head
Mama said I was bad, I did something to her head
And poppa threw me out, ooh, said, "I gotta earn my own way."

[Chorus:]

I ain't never been in trouble
I ain't got the time
I don't mess around with magic, child
What I got is mine

Whatever you say, Lord, well, that's what I'm gonna do
Whatever you say, well, that's what I'm gonna do
'Cause I'm the Working Man, Lord, and I do the job for you

[Chorus]

Every Friday, well, that's when I get paid
Don't take me on Friday, Lord, 'cause that's when I get paid
Let me die on Saturday night, ooh, before Sunday gets my head