

The Work

Frightened Rabbit

Do the years add up
To the suck and the blow
Of a breath and a beating heart
There must be more

You can wash your face
With a sunset song
The lines will still remain
They'll never be gone

Will you bully [?] your land
With a furrowed brow
But King Harvest leaves
With a thinning crown

You may bow your head
As the hair recedes
But it's filled with years
That no one can steal

When the work stops working
What was light becomes a weight
When the work stops working
Shall we pack it all in
When the work stops working
And the weight becomes an ache
When the work stops working
Shall we pack it all in
Or start again

Ah, the search for answers
Is an idiot's task
I'm not halfway there
But don't want to ask

The search gives a glint
To the older eye
And I'll keep on looking
Till the day I die

Is the work half-worth
When your hands grow raw
When your knees keep creaking
Like an old barn door

The gloves of love
Become an old man's friend
And you'll learn to make a stand
Not to stoop and bend

When the work stops working
What was light becomes a weight
When the work stops working
Shall we pack it all in
When the work stops working
And the weight becomes an ache
When the work stops working

Shall we pack it all in
Or start again

The lines remain
And they will never be gone
All life is filled with years
No one can steal
I'll keep on looking
Till the day I die
I'll learn to make a stand
Not stoop and bend

When the work stops working
What was light becomes a weight
When the work stops working
Shall we pack it all in
When the work stops working
And the weight becomes an ache
When the work stops working
Shall we pack it all in
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