

Workers

Hop Along

Here we go

The workers all agree the kids are getting weak
So they bring cracks and all the ceilings are filling rooftops
with
South American rainwater so those who cannot swim will have the
ir backs broken
In by the straining eyes of those who work until they'll die

Do ya', do ya have any work for me?
I need something to take my mind off of these eyes
I need a job, oh I, I'm feeling robbed

Oh I see the sun, I see the sun soak on my shoulders

The mothers all agree, making babies ain't what it used to be
Now they, they have decided to stop giving birth, it ain't wort
h it, the world's overpopulated anyway
So no more birthdays

Don't you wonder why she doesn't look you in the eye
Do ya, do ya have a family for me?
I need something to help with what's been anglin' at me[?]
I need a wife, oh I, I need another life

Do ya, do ya have a house for me?
I need something big, I can hide from myself in
I need a wall so I can't see anything at all

Oh I see the sun, I see the sun soak in my shoulders
I see the sun, I see the sun a sober shoulder
I see the sun, I see the sun over my shoulders
Now I have to run later on when its colder
I see the sun, I see the sun over my shoulder
I see the sun, I see the sun over my shoulder
When she run's, she has to run. I could hardly hold her
See the sun, I see the sun, it's over my shoulder
I see the sun

Oh but you gotta give it up, you gotta give it up
Give it up. Give it up. Give it up. Give it up
But you gotta give it up, you gotta give it up
Give it up. Give it up. Give it up. Give it up. Give it up
But you gotta give it up
Give it up. Give it up. Give it up. Give it up
But you gotta give it up...