When I was a young man as all good tales begin I was taught to hold out my hand And for my pay I worked, an honest day And took what pittance I could win

Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe And I'm doing what I know For God and the economy Big brother watches over me

And the state protects and feeds me And my conscience never leaves me And I'm loyal to the unions Who protect me at all levels

Now, as I grew, the winds of fortune blew And the bank smiled down upon me And mortgaged to the hilt I threw The breeze of caution's behind me

Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe And I'm good at what I know And God and the economy Have blessed me with equality

Now I'm equal to the best of you And better than the rest of you Who would criticize my success In times of national unrest

Now I own my horseless carriage In its central heated garage And I commute eighty miles a day Up at seven to make it pay

I direct ten limited companies With seeming consummate expertise Two ulcers and a heart disease A trembling feeling in both knees

And I'm a working John, I'm a working Joe And I'm doing what I know But God and the economy Big brother watches over me

And the state protects and feeds me And my conscience never leaves me And I'm loyal to the unions Who protect me at all levels

I'm a working John, yes, I'm a working Joe And I'm a working John, yes, I'm a working Joe