

Work

John Cale

Andy was a Catholic, the ethic ran through his bones
He lived alone with his mother, collecting gossip and toys
Every Sunday when he went to Church
He'd kneel in his pew and say, "It's just work, all that matters is work"

He was a lot of things, what I remember most
He'd say, "I've got to bring home the bacon, someone's got to bring home the roast"
He'd get to the factory early
If you'd ask him he'd tell you straight out
It's just work, the most important thing is work
No matter what I did it never seemed enough
He said I was lazy, I said I was young
He said, "How many songs did you write?"
I'd written zero, I'd lied and said, "Ten"
"You won't be young forever
You should have written fifteen"
It's work, the most important thing is work
It's work, the most important thing is work

"You ought to make things big
People like it that way
And the songs with the dirty words - record them that way"
Andy liked to stir up trouble, he was funny that way
He said, "It's just work, all that matters is work"
Andy sat down to talk one day
He said decide what you want
Do you want to expand your parameters
Or play museums like some dilettante
I fired him on the spot, he got red and called me a rat
It was the worst word that he could think of
And I've never seen him like that
It's just work, I thought he said it's just work
Work, he said it's just work

Andy said a lot of things, I stored them all away in my head
Sometimes when I can't decide what I should do
I think what would Andy have said
He'd probably say you think too much
That's 'cause there's work that you don't want to do
It's work, the most important thing is work
Work, the most important thing is work