

# Do You Want My Job

John Hiatt

Cool breezes from the mountains blow  
As I wake up and dress to go  
On the island, dawn is breaking  
In the harbor, tanker's waiting

From the land of the rising sun  
They bring their old plutonium  
And we unload it in the bay  
For two dollars forty cents a day

Do you want my  
Do you want my  
Do you want my  
Do you want my job

I hump the stuff, I take the cash  
So my kids can wear Adidas  
And if you live here, home, you know  
We ain't got no place else to go

I remember when the air was sweet  
And I brought home the fish to eat  
Now we buy Spam from the grocery store  
'Cause you can't eat the fish no more