

I dedicate this song to the workin' man
For ever' man that puts in a hard
Eight or ten hours a day of work and toil and sweat
Always got somebody lookin' down his neck
Tryin' to get more out of 'im
Than he really ought to have to put in.

After twenty-nine long years of workin'
In this shop with Oney standin' over me ...
Today when that old whistle blows
I'll check in all my gear and I'll retire ...

The superintendent just dropped by and said
They'd planned my little get together ...
Then he said I'd never a made it
If old Oney hadn't held me to the fire.

I've seen him in my dreams at night
And woke up in the mornin' feelin' tired ...
And old Oney don't remember, when I came here
How he tried to get me fired ...
With his folded hands behind him
Every mornin' Oney waited at the gate ...
Where he'd rant and rave like I committed murder
Clockin' in five minutes late.

But today they'll gather 'round me
Like I've seen 'em do when any man retires
Then old Oney's gonna tell me
From now on I'm free to do what I desire ...

He'll present me with that little old gold watch
They give a man at times like this ...
But there's one thing he's not countin' on
Today's the day I give old Oney his.

I've been workin', buildin' muscles
Oney's just been standin' 'round a gettin' soft
And today about four-thirty
I'll make up for every good night's sleep I've lost ...
When I'm gone I'll be remembered
As the workin' man who put his point across
With a right hand full of knuckles
'Cause today I show old Oney who's the boss.

Hmmmm! What time is it? Four thirty!
Hey, Oney!
Oney! Ha ha ha ha!