

Gods Dirty Work

Nick Hakim

Concrete roads wait for me
They're the veins in this machine we feed
That will never sleep
That will never sleep
Bring her flowers that make her laugh and eyes bleed
Get out and ride around violently
Come rain or shine
Doing God's work

And this kind of work is hard
But somebody's got to do God's work
And this kind of work is sparse
But somebody's got to do her dirty work

Don't ask me
For anything but flowers
'Cause we don't dabble with them other powers
But I know someone who knows someone
And if you want me to say
And help you rearrange your mind
I have something that will help you sleep at night
Oh it'll help you sleep at night

This kind of work is hard
But somebody's got to do God's work
And this kind of work is sparse
But somebody's got to do her dirty work

Oh, oh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Oh, ooh
Got to do her dirty work
Oh, ooh ooh ooh, ooh-ooh
Got to do her dirty work
Ooh ooh ooh

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