

Movement VI - Work

Paul McCartney

Working women at the top,
Will it ever stop?
Papers piling up and up.
Days go by like Monday, Tuesday:
Work until we drop!
All the time looking great,
Running late,
In a state, losing weight,
Running late again
And again.

Let me have the letter that you typed up yesterday.
Did Mr. Fisher send the fax to LA?
Make sure the flowers don't arrive too late
And cancel my appointment at the Squash Club.

What club?

Squash Club.

Working women on the go,
Will they ever know
What it takes to run the show?
Days go by like lightning,
Will it ever slow?
Half the time feeling dead,
Over-fed,
Aching head,
Miss my bed.
Over-fed again And again.

Did they ever pick up the accountant's resume?
Make sure the car arrives in time for the plane.
Get me the details of the takeover bid
And write another letter to the Minister.

Minister?

The Minister of love.

Love.
(La)

Where's the time for standing still?

Holding hands and walking free.

Where's the time for you...

And me?

Did I sign the letter that you typed up yesterday?
Is Mr. Fisher on the flight to LA?
He's got the details of the takeover bid
And I'll be in a meeting with the Minister.

Minister, Minister of love.

Love.

Feeling confusion,
Fear of intrusion,
Frightened of losing my mind.
Dreams of the future,
Thoughts of myself left behind.

Working women at the top.

Will I ever stop?
Orders piling up and up.

Days go by like Thursday, Friday.

Always on the go.
Part of myself lives inside.

When you ask a working man,
'Does he ever stop?'
Will he make it to the top?
Should he take a break on Sunday?
Work until he drop.

My early days in school required
A lot of concentration
I was finding out.

But now in later years I find
My colleagues here are more inclined
To mess about.
My wife at home
Would surely never understand
If I so much as look at someone else

If men had been the faithful sort
It surely would have changed the course of history.

Don't ask me who the first man was
That dared to take a mistress,
It's a mystery.
Your wife at home
Would surely have to understand
If you were ever seen with someone else.

Oh, no she won't!

You wouldn't dare!

Oh, yes I would!

Oh, no you don't!

All things matrimonial
Carry with them certain responsibilities.

(Ah)
Carry with them certain responsibilities.

Let's find ourselves a little hostelry
Where you can sit and have a drink on me.

We'll get a chance
To talk about anyone who bothers us.

There's so much more to life than meets the eye,
It's quite enough to make a throat feel dry.
So let's repair
To where no-one else would dare to bother us.

Let's have a drink
While we think what to do.
And while we think,
I'll accept a little drink from you.

If everybody took a serious view of life,
We all would feel the same as you.
But, as it is,
We don't, so it isn't gonna bother us.

Let's have a drink
While we think what to do.
And while we think,
I'll accept a little drink from you.

Part of myself grows inside.