

# Work

Ron Pope

Carhart jacket on 5: 30 AM  
Feelin' like the ace of spades  
Fifteen years old, work till the sun comes  
Then I'm off to school again  
Workin' my back as a young man  
Taught me I'd rather work my mind  
So we'd cop a little smoke  
And crack a couple jokes  
Just tryin' to learn to survive

I wanted to work to live  
No not just live to work  
I had a pain deep in my bones beneath my T-shirt  
Was a young man singin' an old man's song  
Payin' with my last dimes  
But workin' to live beats livin' to work  
Anytime

I had a teacher  
She told my mother that she better find me a trade  
Because boys like me well we all grow up  
To be long term guests of the state  
Now I worked hard because I had to  
I never found much luck  
Till' I built my world  
Round' a Georgia girl  
Who told me that I was enough

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Sometimes at night I wake with a shiver  
Sweat soakin' clean through my sheets  
Then I remember I am who I am  
Not who they said I would be  
And I wasn't born with nothin'  
Cept' a voice and common sense  
Maybe that's why I took off runnin'  
The first chance that I had

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