

Going Gets Tuff

The Growlers

Have work in the morning
And up at the crack of dawn
All my money worries
Wherever I go come along

Worry's a bully
That just won't let me be
Trying to keep me busy
Tussling and struggling

No home since the fire
Me and the ash can't settle down
Unsure of where I'm bound
So I sink another round

Placebo for pain
And there's no one for to blame
I refuse to accept
That my work is all in vain

Worry's a bully
That just won't let me be
Trying to keep me busy
Tussling and struggling

Still always remembering
When the going gets tuff
That the labor of our love
Will reward us soon enough

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Man's never alone
If he can offer help
Always thinking of
Everyone else before himself

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