

I'm A Telling You

The Impressions

I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin' you
I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin' you

Well, I got up, hmm
I go to work
I try real hard to do my job
But before the day is gone
I find out I done something wrong, yeah

I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin'
I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin' you
Days are gettin' longer, rounda my
Nights are getting shorter, rounda my
Way gets darker, rounda my
Work gets harder now

When I get home the wife is mad
Lil' girl, she's feelin' bad
Lil' junior, he's got the blues
He needs a pair of baseball shoes

And I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin'
I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin' you
Days are gettin' longer, rounda my
Nights are getting shorter, rounda my
Way gets darker, rounda my
Work gets harder now

In everything that I try to do
I'm tryin' to make this one dream come true
And maybe Lord some day I'll find
Satisfaction and peace of mind, yeah-eh

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I'm a tellin' you whoa, I'm a tellin' you
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Work gets harder now...