

The Ballad Of The Thoughtful Rover

The Tossers

Well although I've labored most of my days
I truly enjoy the work
But not too much I really must say
On my roving I won't shirk

Well everyone has fear and pain
And a lot of folks fear the dole
Work'll scramble your mind
It'll scramble your brain
But also will the dole

Well everyone has fear and pain
And most folks fear the dole
But I'd rather be lying at home beside
The true love that I know
And the friends I love the most

Oh the memory of the open road
And the first mountain you saw
As your small eyes stood looking down
Did you ever fear the dole?

Oh in agony I'd pray for my workday to end
And I'd find myself relieved each day and month and year
And soon enough I know I'll find myself that day
Incapable and unclear, knowing death is here

Well if we're loved then they'll let us come home
Or in time they may let us go
And we need no extreme paradigm
Contented in our minds
For contentment's just inside

So as we roll on throughout time
I will wonder what's on your mind
For laboring grinds you down and leaves you dry
But so will the dole in time
But so will being broke in time