

This Job Is Killing Me

The Walkmen

He clears his throat
And he's driving up his crowd
He used to sway
But he's turned it all around

Yeah, he's mopping up his brow
Yeah, he's taking his time
Working his crowd

He's lunging two words
Atop a bus
He's talking all day long
He's always telling us

"It's easy to get around
Man, I know my stuff
When I get home
I'm alone for just so much
Honey, this job is killing me."

He lost his voice
When he got back home
He's at it hard
But now he's turned it all around

Yeah, he's turned it all around
Yeah, but now he's at home
And he's counting his cash
He's popping pills and he's calling his ex

He lost his voice
But he's all right
He says he's happy now
Driving that bus around

and that's a job
He'll never leave it now
He's turned it all around
But honey, this job is killing me