

When you open your eyes
To a brand new morning
And the sun shines
Above you
You pull on your breeches and say
Oh well,
It's the start of a brand new day

For birds of prey
You live and learn your life away
But there below, your body must go
Against the grain
Like an old mule train
Keeps pulling hard against the
Here boy, there boy
The boss got you running everywhere boy
'Ya got no money and ya got less sense
And you ain't going nowhere'
But there below your body must go

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At the end of the day
When you look around you
And the sun sets
Deep inside you
Dust off your breeches and say
'Oh well'
Say goodnight to the man in the moon
The sandman's on his way