

Got A Backbeat

American Steel

My lady left me, my boss gives me no break
What I take home alone the landlord come and take
Take away the pain, take away the tears
And we've had a past too long to stretch out so few years

These years have not been kind to you
These years have not been kind to me
Why do I work to buy me time to pick up the pieces?

Working woman, I've been led astray
I'm never gonna leave again
Our hearts are one, our heads are two
Your strong arms for me, my strong arms for you

These years have not been kind to you
These years have not been kind to me
Why do I work
She works for me
To pick up the pieces