

Work Gang

Chris Rea

Well you chop the wood, you bring the hammer down
But when your work is done, well you're
chained and bound
You get up next day, with your aching pain
Well you take the whip
And you start again

Now you're long gone, where you came from
It's the same song from way back home

Days are so long, pray to someone
Maybe white god
Will take us home ...

Now you're long gone ...
You hear the sound in church
Hear the white folks sing
Maybe some sweet day
You hear them church bells ring
And your chains will break
And the pain be gone
See me dancing on a Sunday
To a freedom song

Yeah, you're long gone, where you came from
It's the same song
From way back home

Days are so long
Pray to someone
Maybe white god
Will take us home

Days are so long
Pray to someone
Maybe white god
Will take us home ...

Yeah you're long gone ...