

Work Song

Fallulah

You can play the lottery
I can use my hands for praying
I'm not sure what I believe
But we've got a lot of paying to do
Working in this tired row
Only thing we've got in common
Buy me out so I can go
I believe I'm made for something

Every day's a battle to get up
every day I put on a smile
And every day it wears off
Every day I feel like telling the same people to shut up
Oh, it's so tough to love
with no love

I feel so misunderstood
I guess that it's my curse in life
Hope that I can do some good
With all the tears I've never cried
Could you hold my heavy heart
Could you make it better soon?
Promise not to let it drop
I don't think I'll get a new

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