Papa

They're waiting just outside my door This is where I make my stand 'Cause I can't stand it anymore

Papa

They have no heart and soul But make no doubt about it They're the ones that's in control

So prepare yourself for a war unlike you've ever seen This is man against machine

(Work, work, work)

Day in, day out
Bust your back and turn it out
Next morning do it all again
Hard job or two
So your children won't have to
That's just the way it's always been

But lately I swear the machines Are living the American dream

Careful calculations
Details drawn down to design
Is it really for the better or a better bottom line?
Don't know me from Adam
Man it's rotten to the core
It's gonna get reminded man has kicked its ass before
John Henry's about to show honesty
In this war of man against the machine

(Work, work, work)

Up early up hills
Spend your youth to pay the bills
Each generation makes a trade
Top Floor brass tax
Holds the hand that holds the ax
Acts like my dues have not been paid

But pay attention now when I say Formation isn't happening today

Careful calculations
Details drawn down to design
Is it really for the better or a better bottom line?
Don't know me from Adam
Man it's rotten to the core
It's gonna get reminded man has kicked its ass before
John Henry's about to blow off some steam
In this war of man against the machine

(Work, work, work)

Papa

The power's out the machines are down In this world of darkness I can still hear a sound

Papa

That sound tells us apart
'Cause I'm a machine myself
But I'm one with a working heart

Careful calculations
Details drawn down to design
Is it really for the better or a better bottom line?
Don't know me from Adam
Man it's rotten to the core
It's gonna get reminded man has kicked its ass before
The gloves are off, no love lost between
In this war of man against the machine
Work
Work
Work