

Get Workin'

Jeff Beck

Get get get workin'
Work

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Got up early cannot be late
When the cock crowed I was wide awake
My mother stopped by just to say
All the children they are grown now I'm all alone
Mother I'd love to sit I'd like to talk with you
Till hell freezes over but my boss is on us
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The foreman tells what to do
He really hates me says I've ruined his mood
I put a thumb tack in his shoe
Watched him hop around for a week
Like a bullfrog on a beach
I didn't antisapate he'd investagate
All the evidence points to me
Now that's the end of our being mates
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