

Working John, Working Joe

Jethro Tull

When I was a young man as all good tales begin
I was taught to hold out my hand
And for my pay I worked, an honest day
And took what pittance I could win

Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe
And I'm doing what I know
For God and the economy
Big brother watches over me

And the state protects and feeds me
And my conscience never leaves me
And I'm loyal to the unions
Who protect me at all levels

Now, as I grew, the winds of fortune blew
And the bank smiled down upon me
And mortgaged to the hilt I threw
The breeze of caution's behind me

Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe
And I'm good at what I know
And God and the economy
Have blessed me with equality

Now I'm equal to the best of you
And better than the rest of you
Who would criticize my success
In times of national unrest

Now I own my horseless carriage
In its central heated garage
And I commute eighty miles a day
Up at seven to make it pay

I direct ten limited companies
With seeming consummate expertise
Two ulcers and a heart disease
A trembling feeling in both knees

And I'm a working John, I'm a working Joe
And I'm doing what I know
But God and the economy
Big brother watches over me

And the state protects and feeds me
And my conscience never leaves me
And I'm loyal to the unions
Who protect me at all levels

I'm a working John, yes, I'm a working Joe
And I'm a working John, yes, I'm a working Joe