

# 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