

Do You Want My Job

John Hiatt

Cool breezes from the mountains blow
As I wake up and dress to go
On the island, dawn is breaking
In the harbor, tanker's waiting

From the land of the rising sun
They bring their old plutonium
And we unload it in the bay
For two dollars forty cents a day

Do you want my
Do you want my
Do you want my
Do you want my job

I hump the stuff, I take the cash
So my kids can wear Adidas
And if you live here, home, you know
We ain't got no place else to go

I remember when the air was sweet
And I brought home the fish to eat
Now we buy Spam from the grocery store
'Cause you can't eat the fish no more