

Work

Leo Sayer

Five days outa seven
Eight hours of every one
I'm tryin' to buy a piece of heaven
But I'll be gone before that heaven comes
Work, work, work
Who needs it
It's all I ever seem to do
I'm killin' myself for a livin'
Livin' the working man's blues
Minute to minute
Day after day
Wherever I go it's always the same
I work a little longer
And make up my pay
But when the cheque comes along
They've taken half of it away
All this work, work, work, work
Who needs it
All, all I ever seem to do
Y'know I'm killin' myself for a livin'
I should be stayin' at home with you
City to city
All over the world
Wherever I've been to
That's all I ever heard
You work a little longer
To double up on that pay
Then the tax man comes along
They've taken half of it away
Work, work, work
Who needs it
It's all I ever seem to do
I'm killin', killin', killin' time for a livin'
Livin' the working man's blues
Yeah, work, work, work
Oh, my
That's all it is
Killin' myself for a livin'
Like drivin' a nail straight into my hand
I've been working my life away
That's right
Working my life away
I'm working my life
All this work, work, work,
Working my life away
Working my life away
You know sometimes I get home in the evenin'
And lay in bed at night just dreamin'
I had enough a whole pay cheque sittin' in my hand
So we can split it between the two of us
And buy that big mansion on the hill
Where that rich guy lives
Who says he pays me every week
Oh, I don't want to work no more
I can't stand it