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