

## Work Song

Nellie McKay

Deliver the paper deliver the porn  
Deliver the baker deliver the morn  
A quiverin' jibberin' shiverin' mass  
Of sunshine and good times that I have to pass  
On the way to my job on the way to my work  
On the way to that slobberin' hoverin' jerk  
Who's my boss today  
Who's my boss to stay  
Who's my supervisor when I'm in my grave  
A slave on the run still under the gun  
Of Attila the Hun with a cinnamon bun  
I don't know son, was there somethin' I missed  
I don't think Fritz Lang was a fantasist  
Metropolis exists is this  
If you listen close you can hear the piss

Every day's another loss  
Need the pay so please the boss  
Through the sludge they mingle by the mile  
Every worker looks ahead  
Ah the kiddies must be fed  
So they trudge along in single file

Joo ming boohaaooo

And you turn and you toil  
And you burn and you boil  
In the tourniquet coil  
Of the white folks' soil  
Spoilin' with a malaise worse than disses or dope  
Wakin' up in a haze  
With your wishes and hopes  
And your poor little dreams  
All wrapped up in burlap  
That you carry around  
For a sniff or a snack  
Or a taste in your haste  
To get right back on track  
Outta whack with the pack  
But acquiring the knack  
Of ignoring the rustle  
That quietly seethes  
The hustle, the buy-it  
The air that you breathe

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