

Get a Job

James Taylor

Get a job

Well, every morning about this time, she gets me out of my bed
cryin'

Get a job

And at breakfast every day, she throws the want ads my way
And never fails to say, get a job

Get a job

Well, when I get the paper, I read it through and through
And my girl never fails to see if there is any work for me
And then I go back to the house, hear that woman's mouth
Preaching and cryin', tellin' me I'm lyin' about a job
That I never could find

Get a job

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