

## 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

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 I hear that woman's mouth  
Preaching and cryin', tellin' me I'm lyin' about a job  
That I never could find

Get a job