

Working For The Fat Man

The Escape Club

Every day is a Monday
in the house up on the hill
they're taking out the windows
but we're working up there still
till the sun goes down
you can hear the wheels go round
and I'll slave away
saving all I can
till then I'm working
working for the fat man

Looking out the window
as I dream any colored dreams
swaying to the rhythm
of the sound of the machines
till the sun goes down
you can hear the wheels go round
between you and me
I've taken all I can
but I'm still working
working for the fat man

I'm never going to work
I'm never going to work for that fat man again
but I'm stuck on the line
stuck on the line till I'm sixty-five
hey look out jack
going to break your back
and your face will sag
and your bones will crack
till they send you down
for a couple of years
in shadow town

Living without breathing
isn't everything it seems
swaying to the rhythm
of the sound of machines
till the sun goes down
you can hear the wheels go round
and I'll slave away
saving all that I can
till then I'm working
working for the fat man