

## All The Labor

### The Gourds

All the labor landed in the sod  
Where the digger cried it's my calling, sir  
And it is no mistake that I put you in the ground so well  
And if they pay me well that's great  
It's just gravy I'd do it anyway  
All the labor stood up and shouted I'll wait for you fun lovin'  
minever cheevy  
With all yer drunken dellusions I am a sensational place  
Of comeraderie and pleasure won't you stand with me in your gar  
den once more  
All the labor although it be brick on brick  
Stitch on stitch and earn to urn  
A presence on the lift what this great ole nation was built on  
boy  
Outlives the package everyday mama mama everyday