

# This Job Is Killing Me

The Walkmen

He clears his throat  
And he's driving up his crowd  
He used to sway  
But he's turned it all around

Yeah, he's mopping up his brow  
Yeah, he's taking his time  
Working his crowd

He's lunging two words  
Atop a bus  
He's talking all day long  
He's always telling us

"It's easy to get around  
Man, I know my stuff  
When I get home  
I'm alone for just so much  
Honey, this job is killing me."

He lost his voice  
When he got back home  
He's at it hard  
But now he's turned it all around

Yeah, he's turned it all around  
Yeah, but now he's at home  
And he's counting his cash  
He's popping pills and he's calling his ex

He lost his voice  
But he's all right  
He says he's happy now  
Driving that bus around

and that's a job  
He'll never leave it now  
He's turned it all around  
But honey, this job is killing me