

Laika, Widows' Wead

Waitin' til my dyin' day
That's when I pack these tired blues away
That's when I go to lay down in my grave
That'll be my flyin' day

Wondering what I'm workin' for
Ain't gonna be your lowdown dog no more
Ain't gonna bleach an' scrub your kitchen floor
I wonder what I'm workin' for

Making tiny feet for shoes
Didn't have the right to pick 'n choose
Didn't know the freedom I would lose
In making tiny feet for shoes

Working dozen to the nine
Feels like I'm just servin' time
Waitin' in this goddamn line
Hell or heaven I'll be fine

Cookin' nothing in the pan
That's the way life dealt my hand
That'll be my livin' last demand
To get something from this land

Playin' around the toes of time
Waiting for the spark that'll free my mind
That'll put unhappiness behind
Just looking for an exit sign