

Leo Sayer, Work

five days out of seven
eight hours of every one
I'm tryin' to buy a piece of heaven
but I'll be gone before
work, work, work
who nees it?
it's all I ever seem to do
I'm killin' myself for a livin'
livin' the workin' man
minute to minute
day after day
wherever I go
it's always the same
I work a little longer
to make up my mind
all the work, work, work
who nees it?
all I ever seem to do
you know I'm killin' myself for a livin'
I should
you work a little longer
to double up on that pay
when the taxman comes along
they take half of it away
work, work, work
who nees it?
it's all I ever seem to do
I'm killin', killin' time for a livin'
livin' the workin' man
yeah, it's all work!
work! work! work! work!
that's all it is
killin' myself for a livin'
like drivin' a nail straight into