

Lyle Lovett, Working Too Hard

The whistle blows
At the break of dawn
Still that evening
The work goes on
Sixteen hours
Of every day
And Baby if I could
You know I'd walk away

I've been working too hard to win your love
Working too hard to win your love
Working too hard to win your love

Now a man he does
The things he'll do
A woman knows
Still her hope stays true
Rise up early
Rise up strong
I feel the pain Baby
Don't let on

I've been working too hard to win your love
Working too hard to win your love
Working too hard to win your love

[Instrumental]

Home is empty
The road is long
It feels like years now
That I've been gone
And all I want
And all I choose
And Baby all I have
I have to lose

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