

# Men At Work, Giving Up

If there should be the faintest traces  
Of you in my summer sky  
My heart would pound and race  
And people ask me why  
Did I pull those funny faces  
When I walk by the waterside  
I look for things to say  
And still I find you

I won't give up  
Don't talk of giving up

And every night I swear I've finished  
And when I rise to face the day  
Resolve just fades away  
And so it follows  
Trying to find strength of purpose  
I place temptation out of reach  
Then search in every niche  
Until I find you

I won't give up  
Don't talk of giving up  
I won't give it up--Love this world  
No thoughts of giving up oh no no no no no

Perhaps its only saints who suffer  
For those needs to which we're slaved  
This road I walk is paved with good intentions  
The final choice hangs on a wire  
And there's no room for feet to stray  
The piper waits for pay  
And still I find you  
I won't give up  
Don't talk of giving up

I won't give up--Love this world  
No thoughts of giving up oh no no no no no  
I won't give it up--Love this world  
Don't talk of giving up  
I won't give it up--Love this world  
No thoughts on giving up