

# The Alarm, Devolution Workin' Man Blues

I'm a man  
Torn in two  
State and nation  
I've got to choose  
For on these streets  
That I spit upon  
There's no money in my pocket  
No soles on my shoes  
Ain't got no religion  
But the workingman blues

Oh I, I've got the workin' man blues  
Oh I'm kicking the dirt off my shoes  
Devolution workingman blues

I don't dance  
No rich mans tune  
I won't play  
The poor mans fool  
Within these eyes  
That you look upon  
There is fear mixed with pride  
A dangerous device  
For talkin' devolution  
Talkin' workin'man blues

Oh I, I've got the workingman blues  
Oh I'm kickin' the dirt off my shoes  
Devolution workingman blues

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Oh I, I've got the workingman blues  
Oh I, I've got the workingman workingman blues  
Devolution workingman blues