

The Drones, Work For Me

Work for me
Do what I tell you to do
Work for me
Do what I want you to do

I am not an apple
I am not a plum
You can't know the wealth of my seat
You'll sleep on the pipeline
And rise with the sun
Meet the moon on your feet

See the holy roller
Set to rollin'
Rollin' home on a bone
Wearing lace on his face
He don't make me shake
He don't make me vain
I want a man
Had to work for his name

You are not a cripple
And it ain't like you'll run
Yet you stand
With your axe in the shade
This island is ripe
And you have your axe
I want to see you cry
Making my lemonade

See the holy roller rollin' home
In a hot air balloon
Living on the love
Of a lofty birth place
You won't see me swoon
You won't see me shy
I want a man make my
Apple pie