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