

# Van Morrison, All Work And No Play

(Van Morrison)

All work and no play  
Makes Jack a dull chap  
When it comes to the crunch  
It's too much I've got to stop  
No pain and no gain it's driving me insane

I'd like to be somewhere else  
Like to be all by myself  
Like to be down at the beach  
Relaxing at the sugar shack  
Hot dogs coffee black  
Coca cola kicking back

I'm just a wild and crazy guy  
But I'm tearing at the seams  
Before you can say Jack Robinson  
I'll be seeing you in my dreams  
She's on a blanket with a book  
In the shade, white suit

Happy hour at the bar  
And I'm jamming with some friends  
We're up to the same tricks  
Drinking cocktails getting our kicks  
Later on by the pool  
Looking good ah, be cool

There's no craic double back  
Moving on down the track  
Moving on down the line  
Got to chill out in style  
Got to ease my troubled mind  
Thinking just might be a crime

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Makes Jack a dull chap  
When it comes to the crunch  
It's too much I've got to stop  
No pain no gain it's all going  
Down the drain