

# Why Store, Working

Been feeling this way  
For ten thousand years  
Pawned and put in papers  
Creating all I fear  
To keep  
Working, aching, trying  
Working, aching, trying  
Go on now, take it slow  
Take it fast if you know  
Take it anyway that you can get it  
Take it before you quit it  
Tell the world  
That you know someone  
Who's the man on the moon  
Tell the world  
That you're looking for something more  
It's always been easier on you  
To keep  
Working, aching, trying  
Working, aching, trying  
You say you want me to lead  
I say you're wrong, my friend  
Been working my fingers to the bone  
And I can't bleed no more  
To keep  
Working, aching, trying  
Working, aching, trying