

Chris Rea, Working On It

Oh how I'd love it girl, just you and me
Take the day and fly
But oh this job, it's got the best of me
Tell you why, tell you why

Somebody above is in a desperate state
Some kind of urgency, the kind that won't wait
I say tomorrow, he say today
And the man in my head well he tell me no way
Keep working
I got eight little fingers and only two thumbs
Will you leave me in peace while I get the work done
Can't you see I'm working
Oh, oh I'm working on it
Oh, oh I'm working on it

Well they're coming from above me
And they're coming from below
Yea they're in there right behind me
Everywhere that I go
And my buddy, he's screaming down the telephone line
He say gimme, gimme, gimme
I say I ain't got the time
Oh, oh can't you see I'm working on it
Oh, oh I'm working on it
Yea, yea, oh tell 'em

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