

# Cock Robin, Because It Keeps On Working

I want to lay down, but I got no home  
Is there a better place  
(Cast into the open, with nowhere else to go)  
I feel right now that I could rest my bones  
Or should I stay awake  
(Tired of going in circles, trying to stay alive)  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)

I'll try anything that could somehow free me from  
The ball and chain  
If I can hold out, for I've nowhere else to run  
Or person to blame  
I may be weary, but I'm on my feet again  
On my feet again

I had a love that I could call my own  
But I had no choice  
(Who's afraid of nothing, must be clinging to the vine)  
Clinging to the vine  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)

(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
Don't make it right  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)

I raise my head high and make a toast to the fallen saints  
Bless their souls  
It's been a long ride  
We've all endured some aches and pains  
Heaven knows  
Could have been easier, but misery loves me so  
Yes, she loves me so

Cast into the open with nowhere else to go  
Tired of going in circles, trying to stay alive  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
I'm so tired  
(Lots of understanding, but no one gets enough)  
(Who's afraid of nothing, must be clinging to the vine)  
Who's afraid of nothing

(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
That don't make it right  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
That don't make it right  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
It keep on working  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)  
(Because it keeps on working, that don't make it right)