

David Lindley, Do You Want My Job?

(Ry Cooder)

Cool breezes from the mountains blow
As I get dressed and get ready to go
On the island dawn is breaking
In the harbor all the tankers are waiting

From the land of the rising sun
They bring all their old plutonium
And we unload it right into the bay
For two dollars and forty cents a day

Do you want my
Do you want my
Do you want my
Do you want my job?

I humps the stuff and I takes the cash
So my kids can wear Adidas
And if you live here long enough you'll know
That we don't got no place else to go

I remember when the air was sweet
And we had lots of that fish to eat
Now we buy Spam from the grocery store
'Cause you can't eat that fish no more

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