

# Escape Club, Working For The Fat Man

every day is a Monday  
in the house up on the hill  
they're taking out the windows  
but we're working up there still  
till the sun goes down  
you can hear the wheels go round  
and I'll slave away  
saving all I can  
till then I'm working  
working for the fat man  
looking out the window  
as I dream any colored dreams  
swaying to the rhythm  
of the sound of the machines  
till the sun goes down  
you can hear the wheels go round  
between you and me  
I've taken all I can  
but I'm still working  
working for the fat man  
I'm never going to work  
I'm never going to work for that fat man again  
but I'm stuck on the line  
stuck on the line till I'm sixty-five  
hey look out jack  
going to break your back  
and your face will sag  
and your bones will crack  
till they send you down  
for a couple of years  
in shadow town  
living without breathing  
isn't everything it seems  
swaying to the rhythm  
of the sound of machines  
till the sun goes down  
you can hear the wheels go round  
and I'll slave away  
saving all that I can  
till then I'm working  
working for the fat man