

Gourds, All The Labor

All the labor landed in the sod

Where the digger cried it's my calling, sir

And it is no mistake that I put you in the ground so well

And if they pay me well that's great

It's just gravy I'd do it anyway

All the labor stood up and shouted I'll wait for you fun lovin' minever cheevy

With all yer drunken dellusions I am a sensational place

Of comeraderie and pleasure won't you stand with me in your garden once more

All the labor although it be brick on brick

Stitch on stitch and earn to urn

A presence on the lift what this great ole nation was built on boy

Outlives the package everyday mama mama everyday