

Men At Work, Hard Luck Story

Don't ask me to love my neighbour
Cause I don't love the man
Don't ask me for my favours
I won't lend a hand
And if I had real power
Then I could disappear
Wouldn't have to be around you
I'd sink into the atmosphere

Then I wouldn't hear
Your hard luck story
It's a hard luck, a hard luck story

Don't ask me to tip the waiter
For he is underhand
I can tell he is a woman hater
And he is a nasty man
Within reach lies all desire
For each and every soul
Stripped bare and stretching higher
You fall into the last black hole

To end your hard
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story

Don't ask me to pray to Jesus
I've never met the man
I only meet weekend preachers
Pictures of the promised land
All the new holy saviours
Who pretend to understand
Who do you think will save you
Modern day beggar man

Such a hard luck
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story

It's such a hard
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story

Don't ask me to love my neighbour
Don't ask me to tip the waiter
Don't ask me to pray to Jesus
He picked his time to leave us

It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck
Hard luck story
It's a hard luck story
Hard luck story