

# 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 balck 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