

Nellie McKay, Work Song

Deliver the paper deliver the porn
deliver the baker deliver the morn
A quiverin' jibberin' shiverin' mass
of sunshine and good times that I have to pass
on the way to my job on the way to my work
on the way to that slobberin' hoverin' jerk
who's my boss today
who's my boss to stay
who's my supervisor when I'm in my grave
a slave on the run still under the gun
of Attila the Hun with a cinnamon bun
I don't know son, was there somethin' I missed
I don't think Fritz Lang was a fantasist
Metropolis exists is this
if you listen close you can hear the piss

(chorus)

Every day's another loss
need the pay so please the boss
through the sludge they mingle by the mile
every worker looks ahead
ah the kiddies must be fed
so they trudge along in single file

joo ming boohaaooo

and you turn and you toil
and you burn and you boil
in the tourniquet coil
of the white folks' soil
spoilin' with a malaise worse than disses or dope
wakin' up in a haze
with your wishes and hopes
and your poor little dreams
all wrapped up in burlap
that you carry around
for a sniff or a snack
or a taste in your haste
to get right back on track
outta whack with the pack
but acquiring the knack
of ignoring the rustle
that quietly seethes
the hustle, the buy-it
the air that you breathe

(chorus)

joo ming boohaaooo