

Pete Townshend, Keep On Working

I was digging in the yard today
When a letter came from Southampton way
Keep on working
Keep on working
I must admit I was a bit in the red
But if you never have pleasure then you could be dead
Keep on working
Keep on working

But there's on thing
They can't take away
Hear the sea sing
See a smiling face
I think we're OK
Though we all could be mad
That's what they say
We just can't all be bad

I got something now to think about
I'll work all day but not to pay it out
Keep on working
Keep on working
Don't care if they say where a dying race
I'd rather be here than any other place
Keep on working
Keep on working

And there's another whirl
They can't ever touch
Just need a boy and girl
It don't cost you much
And if your luck is in
you might have kids at play
To make you laugh and sing
When you're old and gray