

Stan Rogers, Workin' Joe

I used to love these lazy winter afternoons;
Starting out too late giving up too soon;
Coming home to coffee and a trashy book;
Never paying any mind if things were never done on

Time was when a fella could just let time slip away;
No worries car or telephone just rent and food to pay;
And every night with single buddies boozing at the bar,
Living for the minute, taking every hour in it!

But now there's just too much to do in any given day;
The car, the phone, the kiddies shoes, too many bills to pay;
Running from the crack of dawn 'til Knowlton reads the news,
And falling into bed too wiped to even kiss the wife good night.
Oh, oh, oh...just another working Joe.

The baby's in the Swingomatic, singing rock and roll;
My sweetie's in the kitchen, whipping up my favourite casserole.
I knocked off work at ten o'clock, the kids are still at school.
The coffee pot is perking...to hell with bloody working.

Oh, it sure is sweet to sit at home and let time slip away,
Through tomorrow I'll be scratching through another working day;
But when I start to come apart from all the things to do,
I know that I'll be taking soon another lazy winter afternoon.
Oh, oh, oh...just another working Joe