

# The Carpenters, What's The Use

Getting away from all the things that need doing  
Lazily here to lose the afternoon  
Lying around here on the ground  
It's as close to getting up as I can go

Taking a chance to free myself from my worries  
Cover them well enough and no one sees  
Nobody knows until they show  
And the only thing to do is try to cover them again

(\* ) Hurry yourself, whats the use?  
Mountains of wealth, I refuse  
To be somebodys slave for a dime  
Ive got plenty of mountains  
Im lookin to find, spending my time

Lying around, here on the ground  
It's as close to getting up as I can go  
Pleasing myself is all that really needs doing  
Everything else begins but never ends

Listen to me and youll agree  
That a man is better off  
If he has come to realize

Repeat (\*) twice