

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, what's the use?
Mountains of wealth, I refuse
To be somebodys slave for a dime
I've got plenty of mountains
I'm 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 you'll agree
That a man is better off
If he has come to realize

Repeat (*) twice