

# Weddings Parties Anything, She Works

She works, she works like a trojan  
And she never says nothing, she doesn't get sick  
She never makes trouble, she's a really good stick

All day, she works at the same job  
Over and over like a cow in the field  
A pig that's in clover, a capital yield

IT'S a permanent job, it's a permanent strain  
She's a permanent woman, and it's a permanent pain

And her fingers are feeling quite wretched  
But she never says nothing, doesn't complain  
She's alright in the morning, she does it again  
She tells you she's happy, she cries on the train

And her boss, he thinks he is Santa  
He inquires politely, she says it's alright  
It's hurting so badly but it wouldn't be right  
She can do one more carton  
'fore she says goodnight

Problems, she's got great big problems  
She says it's arthritis to the power of ten  
It's been in her family since I don't know when  
She tells you it's going but here it comes again

Oh and the union, she won't join the union  
She thinks she's a martyr, takes it with a smile  
The management knows but it's not their style  
You get used to being a cripple after a while