

XTC, Work

Keep your fingers busy
Mentally or physically
What four-letter word
D'you know like ...

Look at me smile
Look at me doing their
Work
Y'see me shuffle in the dirt
My how I sweat
But I don't mind
Cause it's work
You got me rolling up my shirt

There's all my old friends
Sat by the fountain drinking beer
Their days have no starts and no ends
They drift into pub nights with no
Promise for tomorrow

All that they want is some
Work
Work
Look at me smile
Look at me polish these
Tools
Am I breaking all the rules?
A cycle like that
I don't want to be late for school
Well it's night school

Now all my new friends
Sit in their (site) huts drinking tea
My day has no start and no ends
Drifts into whole nights in my
Coffin by the fireside

Bugger this game
I know who's to blame
And that's
Work
Aw, work

Keep your fingers busy
Mentally or physically
What four-letter word
D'you know like

Oh! work, work
Oh! work, work

I'm back with my old friends
Sat by the brunel drinking beer
Don't want this to ever end
We're living in fear of being
Mizzled by a new myth

Work
I don't want to go to work
Work
I don't want to go to work