

## Reed Cale

### "Work"

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Andy was a Catholic, the etic ran through his bones

He lived alone with his mother, collecting gossip and  
toys

Every Sunday when he went to church

He'd kneel in his pew and say, "It's just work,

all that matters is work."

Andy was a lot of things, what I remember most

He'd say, "I've got to bring home the bacon, someone's  
got to bring home the roast."

He'd get to the factory early

If I'd ask him he'd tell you straight out

It's just work, the most important thing is work

No matter what I did it never seemed enough

He said I was lazy, I said I was young

He said, "How many songs did you write?"

I'd written zero, I lied and said, "Ten."

"You won't be young forever

You should have written fifteen"

It's work, the most important thing is work

It's work, the most important thing is work

"You ought to make things big

People like it that way

And the songs with the dirty words - record them that way"

Andy liked to stir up trouble, he was funny that way

He said, "It's just work, all that matters is work"

Andy sat down to talk one day

He said decide what you want

Do you want to expand your parameters

Or play museums like some dilettante

I fired him on the spot, he got red and called me a rat

It was the worst word that he could think of

And I've never seen him like that

It's just work, I thought he said it's just work

Work, he'd said it's just work

Andy said a lot of things, I stored them all away in my head

Sometimes when I can't decide what I should do

I think what would Andy have said

He'd probably say you think too much

That's 'cause there's work that you don't want to do

It's work, the most important thing is work

Work, the most important thing is work

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