

The Why Store

"Working"

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Been feeling this way
For ten thousand years
Pawned and put in papers
Creating all I fear
To keep
Working, aching, trying
Working, aching, trying
Go on now, take it slow
Take it fast if you know
Take it anyway that you can get it
Take it before you quit it
Tell the world
That you know someone
Who's the man on the moon
Tell the world

That you're looking for something more
It's always been easier on you
To keep
Working, aching, trying
Working, aching, trying
You say you want me to lead
I say you're wrong, my friend
Been working my fingers to the bone
And I can't bleed no more
To keep
Working, aching, trying
Working, aching, trying

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