

Don Gibson

"Workin' It"

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Ah, it's open season here my friend
It always is; it always has been
Welcome, welcome to the U.S.A.
We're partying fools in the autumn of our heyday
And though we're running out of everything
We can't afford to quit
Before this binge is over
We've got to squeeze off one more hit
We're workin' it
Workin' it

Soon you will be dancing face-to-face
With the limits of ambition and the scars of the
marketplace
Welcome to the land of flame and fizz
Where you will learn that packaging is all that heaven is

We got the little black car, the little black dress
Got the guru, the trainer, the full court press
We got the software, hard drive, CD-ROM
We got the pager, cell phone, bootleg methaqualone
The media, the message: you are what you own
We got the agent, lawyer, lapdog, voyeur
Talk show, book deal, round mouth, square meal

We're so busy covering our asses, we just can't commit
"Oh, back off, don't bother me, baby
Can't you see I'm workin' it"
Workin' it

It's plain to see Miss Liberty has not yet come of age
But, she loves to feed the animals as long as they're
locked up in the cage
And everybody knows the girl's got balls of brass
Aw, kiss my ass

(Solo)

We've got a whole new class of opiates
To blunt the stench of discontent
In these corporation nation-states
Where the loudest live to trample on the least

They say it's just the predatory nature of the beast

But, the barons in the balcony are laughing
And pointing to the pit
They say, "Aw look, they've grown accustomed to the
smell
Now, people love that shit"
And we're workin' it.
Workin' it

We got the short-term gain, the long-term mess
We got the suffocating, quarterly consciousness
Yes man, run like a thief

New York to Hollywood, hype and glory
Special effects, no story
Yes man, run like a thief

Workin' it
Workin' it

Well, you don't know who the enemy is
You don't know
You don't know who the enemy is

Company man
Eight for me, one for you
(Workin' it)
Very fair
Business as usual, business as usual

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