

Escape Club "Working For The Fatman"

Visit "[Working For The Fatman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Every day is Monday
In the house up on the hill
They're taking out the windows
But we're working up there still

Till the sun goes down
You can hear the wheels go 'round
And I'll slave away saving all I can
Till then I'm workin', I'm workin' for the fat man

Looking out the window
As I dream my colored dreams
Swaying to the rhythm
Of the sound of the machines

Till the sun goes down
You can hear the wheels go 'round
Between you and me, I've taken all I can
But I'm still working, I'm working for the fat man

I'm never gonna work
I'm never gonna work for that man again
But I'm stuck on the line
Stuck on the line till I'm sixty-five

Hey look out Jack, going to break your back
Things will fall and your bones will crack
Till they send you down
For a couple of years in shadow town

Living without breathing
Isn't everything it seems
Swaying to the rhythm
Of the sound of the machines

Till the sun goes down
You can hear the wheels go 'round
And I'll slave away saving all I can
Till then I'm working, I'm working for the fat man
Till then I'm working, I'm working for the fat man

