

Bonnie Prince Billy

"Without Work, You Have Nothing"

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Without Work, You Have Nothing

Work baby, and it will be all right.
Love on your body and you'll be bathed in light.
And arms will hold you.

Move your hands faster, that's what your man wants.
Keep his filthy mind from frequenting his soiled
haunts.
And arms will hold you.

And arms will hold you, eyes will lock your gaze.
Bed will be made for you, all of your days.

Yeah, work, baby, and all good things will gather.
Love to your buckets, and honor on your father.
and arms will hold you.

(Hand will clasp with hand, and tighten up their grip.
Jaw will lock with jaw, and lip will lock with lip.)

Oh, work, baby, and war will be no more.
Goddess of the uniform will drop it to the floor.
And arms will hold you.

Oh, arms will hold you
And you will die with love upon you.

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