

Gary "u.S." Bonds "Out Of Work"

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Eight a.m., I'm up and out
Feet beating on the sidewalk
Down at the unemployment agency
All I get is talk

I check the want ads
But there just ain't nobody hiring
What's a man supposed to do
When he's down and out of work

I need a job, I'm out of work
I'm unemployed, I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work

I go to pick my girl up
Her name is Linda Brown
Her Dad invites me in
He tells me to sit down

The small talk that we're making
Is going pretty smooth
But then he drops a bomb
Son, what do yo do

I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work
I'm unemployed, I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Hey, Mr. President
I know you've got the plans
You're doing all you can now
To help the little man

We've got to do our best
To whip that inflation down
Maybe you've got a job for me
Just driving you around

These tough times
They're enough to

Make a man lose his mind
Up there you've got a job
But down here below

I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work
I'm unemployed, I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work

I'm out of work, I'm out of work
I'm out of work, I'm out of work
I'm out of work, I'm out of work
I'm out of work, I'm out of work

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