

# James Taylor

## "Get A Job"

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Get a job

Well, every morning about this time, she gets me out of  
my bed cryin'

Get a job

And at breakfast every day, she throws the want ads  
my way

And never fails to say, get a job

Get a job

Well, when I get the paper, I read it through and  
through

And my girl never fails to see if there is any work for  
me

And then I go back to the house, hear that woman's  
mouth

Preaching and cryin', tellin' me I'm lyin' about a job  
That I never could find

Get a job

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