

# Jeff Beck "Get Workin'"

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Get get get workin'  
Work

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Got up early cannot be late  
When the cock crowed I was wide awake  
My mother stopped by just to say  
All the children they are grown now I'm all alone  
Mother I'd love to sit I'd like to talk with you  
Till hell freezes over but my boss is on us  
Get workin'  
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The foreman tells what to do  
He really hates me says I've ruined his mood  
I put a thumb tack in his shoe  
Watched him hop around for a week  
Like a bullfrog on a beach  
I didn't antisapate he'd investagate  
All the evidence points to me  
Now that's the end of our being mates  
Get workin'  
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Get workin' workin' workin'  
Work work work  
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