

## Junior Boys "Work"

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Holes barely spent  
Crossed T's never read  
Etching away  
'til the end of the day  
Save up for the rest  
And you'll hope for the next

Hot spill  
Cheap thrill  
You're the last of the line  
And wasted your time  
You're too eager to stall  
A bit too sure of it all  
But left with your empty fate  
You pick up a paperweight

So work it, baby, work it  
Work it, baby, work it

Mix and blend  
Words are written again and again  
Oh, cycle the air  
You swallow and stare  
Alone at the setting sun  
Well there goes another one  
Counting down  
For a night on the town

Now work it, baby, work it  
Work it, baby, work it  
Yeah, work it, baby, work it  
Work it, baby

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