

## Leo Sayer "Work"

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Writers: Leo Sayer, Tom Snow & John Vastano

Five days out of seven  
Eight hours of every one  
I'm tryin' to buy a piece of heaven  
But I'll be gone  
Before that heaven comes

Work, work, work  
Who needs it?  
It's all I ever seem to do  
I'm killin' myself for a livin'  
Livin' the workin' man's blues

Minute to minute  
Day after day  
Wherever I go it's always the same  
I work a little longer  
To make up my pay  
But when the cheque comes along  
They've taken half of it away

All the work, work, work  
Who needs it?  
All I ever seem to do  
You know I'm killin' myself for a livin'  
I should be stayin' at home with you  
City to city  
All over the world  
Wherever I been to -- that's all I ever heard

You work a little longer  
To double up on that pay  
When the taxman comes along  
They take half of it away

Work, work, work  
Who needs it?  
It's all I ever seem to do  
I'm killin', killin' time for a livin'  
Livin' the workin' man's blues

Yeah, it's all work! work! work! work!  
That's all it is  
Killin' myself for a livin'  
Like drivin' a nail straight into my hand  
I've been workin' my life away

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