

Martina Sorbara**"How Can The Labouring Man Find Time For Self-culture?"**

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I have no other model but myself to play
I'm a man from birth, you won't turn me away
When I'm with you why do I feel this way?
You drive me wild and we mix the dark passions
How can the labouring man find time for self-culture?
What shall we call our game?
It needs a charming name
"Industry and spirit"
We'll go off if we get near it
These people need time off
I thought readers like to look
Tearing pages from the book
And we mix the dark passions
How can the labouring man find time for self-culture?
I think it's important that you spend some time
Make it in your prime
Something's come up, I hope I'm not too late
You see I'm feeling like a hero
But I'm not so great
I've tried writing it down
Walking it off, shouting it out
What am I talking about?
And we mix the dark passions
How can the labouring man find time for self-culture?
I think it's important that you spend some time
Make it in your prime
Oh goddess of the night, am I wrong or am I right?
Is the rhythm of your heart tearing you apart?
You can watch me as I slip
You can watch me as I slide
But the rhythm of my heart makes me want to hide
How can the labouring man find time for self-culture?

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