

Cooder Ry "It's Just Work For Me"

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Well I got my old bulldozer.
Got my dozer-hauling truck.
And I got my demolition order,
Got to be out there by sunup.
So I head west on Arroyo,
Right turn at Bishop Road.
Pull up by the schoolhouse and
Jack down my dozer load.
What I'd see?
Dirt roads, beat up shacks,
Stretched out as far as I can see.
Don't throw that brick my way, buddy,
'Cause it's just work: it's just work for me.
Now they called out all the police.
Police dragged some old lady
Right downstairs, hollering,
"Move your ass, all you taco benders.
We're gonna protect and serve you right on away from
here."

It ain't none of my business,
And it ain't my master plan.
You got to go where they send you
When you're a dozer-drivin' man.
I see dirt roads, beat up shacks,
Stretched out far as I can see.
Don't walk down on me like that, buddy!
I'm telling you, it's only work: it's just work for me.
Now this old truck is getting tired.
This old bank account is getting low.
Don't even own our old house-trailer in Fontana,
So I gotta do this work, you know.
Some of you may like baseball,
Well I guess baseball's alright with me.
Someday there'll be a big old ballpark here
Where your little old town used to be.
Dirt roads, country shacks,
Old dogs, and dry grass, dusty trees.
This ain't your world, tell ya, buddy.
Sure ain't my world.
Just a job, a work: just work for me.
Ni el mio tampoco.

Solo un trabajo... trabajo para mi.

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