

## Creedence Clearwater Revival "The Working Man"

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Well, I was born on a Sunday, on Thursday I had me a  
job

I was born on a Sunday, by Thursday I was workin' out  
on the job

I ain't never had no day off since I learned right from  
wrong

Said I was bad, I did something to her head

Mama said, I was bad, I did something to her head

And poppa threw me out, ooh, said, "I gotta earn my  
own way"

I ain't never been in trouble

I ain't got the time

I don't mess around with magic, child

What I got is mine

Whatever you say, Lord, well, that's what I'm gonna do

Whatever you say, well, that's what I'm gonna do

'Cause I'm the working man, Lord, I do the job for you

I ain't never been in trouble

I ain't got the time

I don't mess around with magic, child

What I got is mine

Every Friday, well, that's when I get paid

Don't take me on Friday, Lord, 'cause that's when I get  
paid

Let me die on Saturday night, ooh, before Sunday gets  
my head

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