

Stan Rogers

"Workin' Joe"

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I used to love these lazy winter afternoons;
Starting out too late giving up too soon;
Coming home to coffee and a trashy book;
Never paying any mind if things were never done on

Time was when a fella could just let time slip away;
No worries car or telephone just rent and food to pay;
And every night with single buddies boozing at the bar,
Living for the minute, taking every hour in it!

But now there's just too much to do in any given day;
The car phone the kiddies shoes too many bills to pay;
Running from the crack of dawn 'til Knowlton reads the
news,
And falling into bed too wiped to even kiss the wife
good night.
Oh, oh, oh...just another working Joe.

The baby's in the Swingomatic, singing Rock and Roll;
My Sweetie's in the kitchen, whipping up my favourite
casserole.
I knocked off work at ten o'clock, the kids are still at
school.
The coffee pot is perking...to hell with bloody working.

Oh, it sure is sweet to sit at home and let time slip
away,
Through tomorrow I'll be scratching through another
working day;
But when I start to come apart from all the things to do,
I know that I'll be taking soon another lazy winter
afternoon.
Oh, oh, oh...just another working Joe.

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