

# The Drones

## "Work For Me"

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Work for me  
Do what I tell you to do  
Work for me  
Do what I want you to do

I am not an apple  
I am not a plum  
You can't know the wealth of my seat  
You'll sleep on the pipeline  
And rise with the sun  
Meet the moon on your feet

See the holy roller  
Set to rollin'  
Rollin' home on a bone  
Wearing lace on his face  
He don't make me shake  
He don't make me vain  
I want a man  
Had to work for his name

You are not a cripple  
And it ain't like you'll run  
Yet you stand  
With your axe in the shade  
This island is ripe  
And you have your axe  
I want to see you cry  
Making my lemonade

See the holy roller rollin' home  
In a hot air balloon  
Living on the love  
Of a lofty birth place  
You won't see me swoon  
You won't see me shy  
I want a man make my  
Apple pie

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