

Alarm, The

"Devolution Working Man Blues"

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I'm a man
Torn in two
State and nation
I've got to choose
For on these streets
That I spit upon
There's no money in my pocket
No soles on my shoes
Ain't got no religion
But the workingman blues

Oh I, I've got the workin' man blues
Oh I'm kicking the dirt off my shoes
Devolution workingman blues

I don't dance
No rich mans tune
I won't play
The poor mans fool
Within these eyes
That you look upon
There is fear mixed with pride
A dangerous device
For talkin' devolution
Talkin' workin'man blues

Oh I, I've got the workingman blues
Oh I'm kickin' the dirt off my shoes
Devolution workingman blues

Devolution workingman blues

Oh I, I've got the workingman blues
Oh I'm kickin' the dirt off my shoes

Oh I, I've got the workingman blues
Oh I'm kickin' the dirt off my shoes

Oh I, I've got the workingman blues
Oh I, I've got the workingman workingman blues
Devolution workingman blues

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