

## Michael Hill's Blues Mob

### "This Is My Job"

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So cold and wet in the city  
He washes car windows in the night  
Tryin' to make a little change  
From the cars as they wait for the light

People show such hostility  
They tell him to go find some work  
To them it's all some kind of joke  
But his eyes show how much jokes can hurt

He tells them: you don't understand, but this is my job  
I may have nothing, I refuse to steal and rob  
I never imagined this could happen in my life  
But it has, and I'm tryin' to survive

Walk around after midnight  
There's a whole population on the street  
Cardboard box for a pillow  
And the steam from the grating for heat

Sometimes it is so overwhelming,  
It can wear down your sympathy  
But then you see someone holding on  
To a small piece of his dignity

Saying: you don't understand, but this is my job  
I may have nothing, I refuse to steal and rob  
I never imagined this could happen in my life  
But it has, and I'm tryin' to survive

(guitar solo)

You don't understand, but this is my job  
I may have nothing, I refuse to steal and rob  
I never imagined this could happen in my life  
But it has, and I'm tryin' to survive  
Tryin' to survive, Lord  
Tryin' to survive  
Just tryin' to stay alive  
This is my job  
This is my job

I refuse to steal and rob  
So washing car windows is my job

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