Boingo Oingo "Wild Sex In The Working Class"

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I work so hard trying to make a few buck

I pass the hours in a dream

The sweat keeps rolling off the tip of my nose

There's only one thing keeps me on my feet

BRIDGE

I may be greasing the wheels in a noisy factory

I may be hunched over metal machines

Watching the gears as they move

just reminds me

of bodies in motion

The sweat and the sound

CHORUS

Wild sex in the working class

After five it's a gas

Wild sex in the working class

Counting minutes gonna get home fast

Thinking of your warm skin

While I touch cold steel

The days go by to the pounding beat

My back is aching so bad

But I'm grinning inside

Thinking of you keeps me on my feet

BRIDGE

CHORUS

I work so hard I'm thinking of you

I work so hard but I'm thinking of you

I work so hard

CHORUS

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