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## Henley Don "Working It"

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Ah, itââ,¬â,,¢s open season here my friend It always is; it always has been Welcome, welcome to the u.s.a. Weââ,¬â,,¢re partying fools in the autumn of our heyday And though weââ,¬â,,¢re running out of everything We canââ,¬â,,¢t afford to quit Before this binge is over Weââ,¬â,,¢ve got to squeeze off one more hit Weââ,¬â,,¢re workinââ,¬â,,¢ it Workinââ,¬â,,¢ it

Soon you will be dancing face-to-face
With the limits of ambition and the scars of the
marketplace
Welcome to the land of flame and fizz
Where you will learn that packaging is all that heaven is

We got the little black car, the little black dress
Got the guru, the trainer, the full court press
We got the software, hard drive, cd-rom
We got the exploitation.com
We got the pager, cell phone, bootleg methaqualone
The media, the message: you are what you own
We got the agent, lawyer, lapdog, voyeur
Talk show, book deal, round mouth, square meal

Weââ,¬â"¢re so busy covering our asses, we just canââ,¬â"¢t commit Ã,ÂiÃ,°oh, back off, donââ,¬â"¢t bother me, baby Canââ,¬â"¢t you see lââ,¬â"¢m workinââ,¬â"¢ it Workinââ,¬â"¢ it

Itââ,¬â,,¢s plain to see miss liberty has not yet come of age But, she loves to feed the animals as long as theyââ,¬â,,¢re locked up in the cage And everybody knows the girlââ,¬â,,¢s got balls of brass Aw, kiss my ass

(solo) Weââ,¬â,,¢ve got a whole new class of opiates To blunt the stench of discontent In these corporation nation-states Where the loudest live to trample on the least They say itââ,¬â,,¢s just the predatory nature of the beast

But, the barons in the balcony are laughing And pointing to the pit They say,  $\tilde{A}$ ,  $\hat{A}$  i $\tilde{A}$ ,  $\hat{A}$ ° aw look, they  $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢ve grown accustomed to the smell Now, people love that shit And we  $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢re workin  $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢ it. Workin  $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢ it

We got the short-term gain, the long-term mess We got the suffocating, quarterly consciousness Yes man, run like a thief

New york to hollywood, hype and glory Special effects, no story Yes man, run like a thief

Workinââ,¬â,,¢ it Workinââ,¬â,,¢ it

Well, you don $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢t know who the enemy is You don $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢t know You don $\tilde{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\hat{a}$ , ¢t know who the enemy is

Company man
Eight for me, one for you
(workinââ,¬â,,¢ it)
Very fair
Business as usual, business as usual

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