

## The Tossers

# "The Ballad Of The Thoughtful Rover"

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Well although I've labored most of my days  
I truly enjoy the work  
But not too much I really must say  
On my roving I won't shirk

Well everyone has fear and pain  
And a lot of folks fear the dole  
Work'll scramble your mind  
It'll scramble your brain  
But also will the dole

Well everyone has fear and pain  
And most folks fear the dole  
But I'd rather be lying at home beside  
The true love that I know  
And the friends I love the most

Oh the memory of the open road  
And the first mountain you saw  
As your small eyes stood looking down  
Did you ever fear the dole?  
Oh in agony I'd pray for my workday to end  
And I'd find myself relieved each day and month and  
year  
And soon enough I know I'll find myself that day  
Incapable and unclear, knowing death is here

Well if we're loved then they'll let us come home  
Or in time they may let us go  
And we need no extreme paradigm  
Contented in our minds  
For contentment's just inside

So as we roll on throughout time  
I will wonder what's on your mind  
For laboring grinds you down and leaves you dry  
But so will the dole in time  
But so will being broke in time

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