

The Working Man

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Well, I was born on a Sunday;
On Thursday, I had me a job.
I was born on a Sunday;
By Thursday, I was workin' out on the job.
I ain't never had no day off
Since I learned right from wrong.Said, I was bad;
I did something to her head.
Mama said I was bad;
I did something to her head.
And poppa threw me out,
Oh, said I gotta earn my own way.
I ain't never been in trouble;
I ain't got the time.
I don't mess around with magic, child.
What I got is mine.Whatever you say, Lord,
Well, that's what I'm gonna do.
Whatever you say,
Well, that's what I'm gonna do.
'Cause I'm the working man,
Lord, and I do the job for you.I ain't never been in trouble;
I ain't got the time.
I don't mess around with magic, child.
What I got is mine.
Every Friday,
Well, that's when I get paid.
Don't take me on Friday, Lord,
'Cause that's when I get paid.
Let me die on Saturday night,
Oh, before Sunday gets my head.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>