

Bruce Springsteen, Out Of Work

8 a.m. I'm up and my feet beating on the sidewalk
Down at the unemployment agency, all I get is talk
I check the want ads but there just ain't nobody hiring
What's a man supposed to do when he's down and he's

Out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work
I'm unemployed, I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work

I go to pick my girl up
Her name is Linda Brown
Her dad invites me in
He tells me to sit down
The small talk that we're making
Is going pretty smooth
But then he drops a bomb
"son, what d'ya do ? "

I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work
I'm unemployed, I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work

Hey Mr. President I know you got your plans
You're doing all you can now to aid the little man
We got to do our best to whip that inflation down
Maybe you got a job for me just driving you around

I'm out of work
These hard times, they're enough
To make a man lose his mind
I'm out of work
Up there you got a job but down here below

I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work
I'm unemployed, I'm out of work
I need a job, I'm out of work

I'm out of work
I'm out of work
I'm out of work
I'm out of work

I'm out of work
I'm out of work
I'm out of work