

Leo Sayer, Work

five days out of seven eight hours of every one I'm tryin' to buy a piece of heaven but I'll be gone before
work, work, work who needs it? it's all I ever seem to do I'm killin' myself for a livin' livin' the workin' man
minute to minute day after day wherever I go it's always the same I work a little longer to make up my
all the work, work, work who needs it? all I ever seem to do you know I'm killin' myself for a livin' I should
you work a little longer to double up on that pay when the taxman comes along they take half of it away
work, work, work who needs it? it's all I ever seem to do I'm killin', killin' time for a livin' livin' the workin'
yeah, it's all work! work! work! work! that's all it is killin' myself for a livin' like drivin' a nail straight into