

WORKING FOR A LIVING

THE PLUCKING STRUMMERS UKULELE CLUB

9 TO 5-Dolly Parton
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: G (4 measures)

G **C**
Tumble outta bed, and I stumble to the kitchen, pour myself a cup of ambition
They let you dream just to watch 'em shatter, you're just a step on the boss-man's ladder

G **D7**
And yawn and stretch, and try to come to life
But you got dreams he'll never take a-way

G **C**
Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumpin', out on the street the traffic starts jumpin'
You're in the same boat with a lotta your friends, waitin' for the day your ship'll come in

G **D7** **G**
With folks like me on the job from 9 to 5
An' the tide's gonna turn, and it's all gonna roll your way

C **G**
Workin' 9 to 5, what a way to make a livin', barely gettin' by, it's all takin' and no givin'
Workin' 9 to 5, what a way to make a livin', barely gettin' by, it's all takin' and no givin'

C
They just use your mind, and they never give you credit
They just use your mind, and you never get the credit

A7 **D7**
It's e-nough to drive you crazy if you let it
It's e-nough to drive you crazy if you let it

C **G**
9 to 5, for service and devotion, you would think that I would deserve a fat promotion
9 to 5, they got you where they want you, there's a better life, and you dream about it, don't you?

C
Want to move ahead, but the boss won't seem to let me
It's a rich man's game, no matter what they call it

A7 **D7** **G (4 measures, then 2nd verse)**
I swear sometimes that man is out to get me!
And you spend your life puttin' money in his wallet (go on)

C **G**
9 to 5, whoa what a way to make a livin', barely gettin' by, it's all takin' and no givin'

C
They just use your mind, and they never give you credit

A7 **D7**
It's e-nough to drive you crazy if you let it
(fade)

C
9 to 5, yeah they got you where they want you,

G
There's a better life, and you dream about it, don't you?

C
It's a rich man's game no matter what they call it

A7 **D7**
And you spend your life puttin' money in his wallet

GET A JOB-Beal/Edwards/Lewis/Horton

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro (and refrain):

C

Sha na na na, sha na na na na, sha na na na, sha na na na na,

F7

C

Sha na na na, sha na na na na, sha na na na, sha na na na na,

G7

F7

Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip, mum mum mum mum mum mum

C

Get a job! Sha na na na, sha na na na na

C

Every morning about this time, she gets me out of my bed, and cryin', "Get a job!"

Sha na na na, sha na na na na,

F

And after breakfast, everyday, she throws the want ads right my way

G7

C

And never fails to say, "get a job!"

REFRAIN

F

C

And when I get the paper, I read it through and through

D7

Dm

G7

And my girl never fails to say if there is any work for me,
(muted strum)

And then I go back to the house, I hear the woman's mouth

C

Preachin' and a cryin', tellin' me that I'm lying 'bout a job that I never could find.

REFRAIN

Instrumental

F

C

And when I get the paper, I read it through and through

D7

Dm

G7

And my girl never fails to say if there is any work for me,
(muted strum)

And then I go back to the house, I hear the woman's mouth

C

Preachin' and a cryin', tellin' me that I'm lying 'bout a job that I never could find.

C

Sha na na na, sha na na na na, sha na na na, sha na na na na,

F7

C

Sha na na na, sha na na na na, sha na na na, sha na na na na,

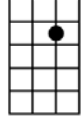
G7

F7

C

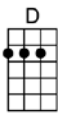
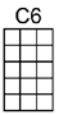
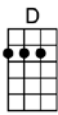
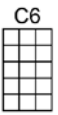
(((Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip, mum mum mum mum mum mum))) GET A JOB!

SING F#



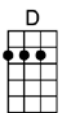
FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD - Allen Reynolds

4/4 1...2...1234


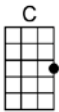
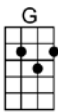
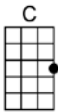
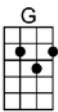
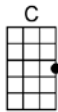
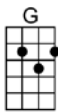
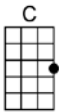
Intro: |   |   | (X2)

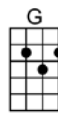
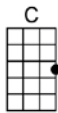
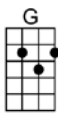
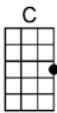

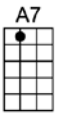
Up every morning just to keep a job, I gotta fight my way through the hustlin' mob

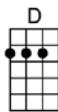
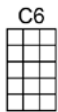
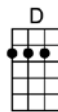

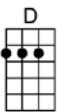

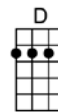
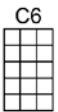
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain, while an-other day goes down the drain

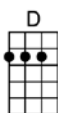
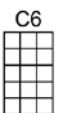
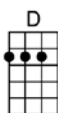
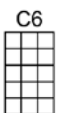
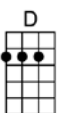
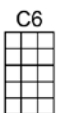
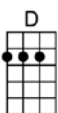
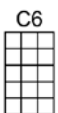
But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, no one owns a piece of my time

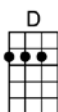
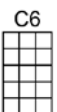
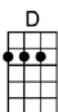
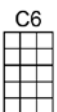

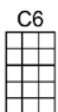
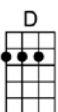
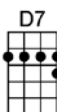
And there's a five o'clock me in-side my clothes, thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah

Ada -ladee-hee, hee, yeah

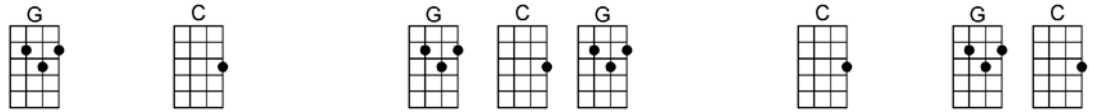
       

Tradin' my time for the pay I get, livin' on money that I ain't made yet

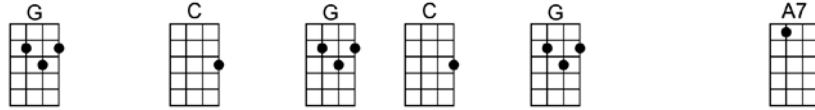
       

Gotta keep goin', gotta make my way, but I live for the end of the day

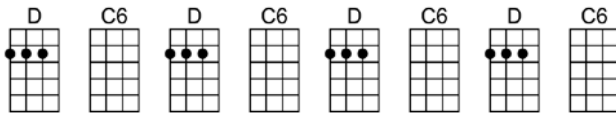
p.2. Five O'clock World



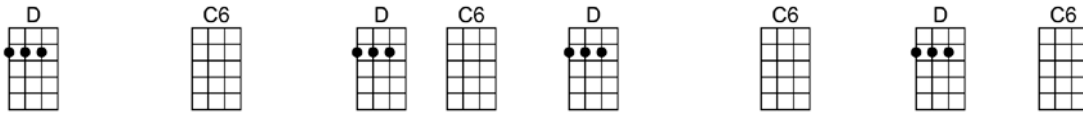
'Cause it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, no one owns a piece of my time



And there's a long-haired girl who waits, I know, to ease my troubled mind, yeah



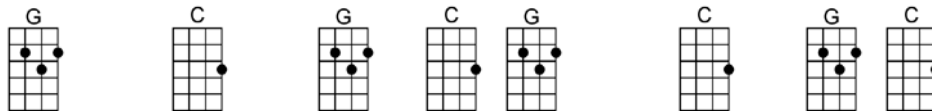
Ada -ladee-hee, hee, yeah



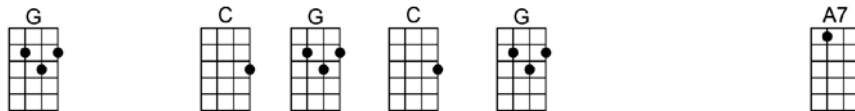
In the shelter of her arms every-thing's OK, she talks and the world goes slippin' a-way



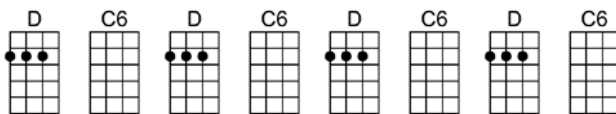
And I know the reason I can still go on, when every other reason is gone



In my five o'clock world she waits for me, nothing else matters at all



'Cause every time my baby smiles at me, I know that its all worth-while, yeah



Ada -ladee-hee, hee, yeah

(X3, fade)

Hard Days Night [C], A

key:C, artist:The Beatles writer:Paul McCartney, John Lennon

The Beatles: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ieP5kq5dYCY> But in G
Intro: [C7sus4] (let it ring)

It's been a [C] hard [F] day's [C] night
And I've been [Bb] working like a [C] dog
It's been a [C] hard [F] day's [C] night I should be [Bb] sleeping like a [C] log
But when I [F] get home to you I find the [G7] thing that you do
will make me [C] feel [F] all [C] right

You know I [C] work [F] all [C] day to get you [Bb] money to buy you [C]
things
And it's [C] worth it just to [F] hear you [C] say
you're gonna [Bb] give me every [C] thing
So why on [F] earth should I moan, cause when I [G7] get you alone
you know I [C] feel [F] O [C] K

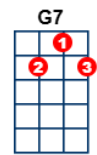
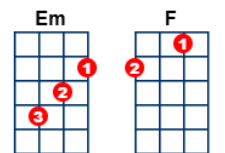
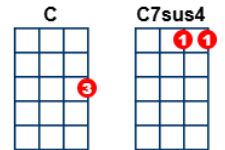
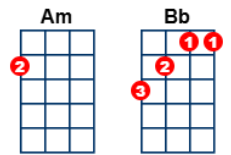
[C] When I'm [Em] home [Am] everything seems to be [Em] right
[Em] When I'm [C] home [Am] feeling you holding me [F] tight, [G7] tight
yeah

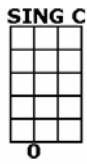
It's been a [C] hard [F] day's [C] night and I've been [Bb] working like a [C] dog
It's been a [C] hard [F] day's [C] night I should be [Bb] sleeping like a [C] log
But when I [F] get home to you I find the [G7] thing that you do
will make me [C] feel [F] all [C] right

instrumental : [C] [F] [C] [Bb] [C] x2

So why on [F] earth should I moan, cause when I [G7] get you alone
you know I [C] feel [F] O [C] K

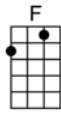
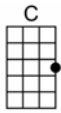
[C] When I'm [Em] home [Am] everything seems to be [Em] right
[Em] When I'm [C] home [Am] feeling you holding me [F] tight, [G7] tight yeah
It's been a [C] hard [F] day's [C] night and I've been [Bb] working like a [C] dog
It's been a [C] hard [F] day's [C] night I should be [Bb] sleeping like a [C] log
But when I [F] get home to you I find the [G7] thing that you do
will make me [C] feel [F] all [C] right
You know I [C] feel [F] all [C] right
You know I [C] feel [F] all [C] right



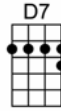


I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

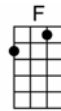
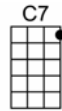
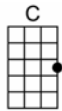
4/4 1...2...1234



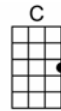
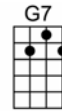
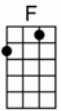
I've been working on the rail-road all the live-long day.



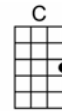
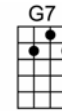
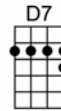
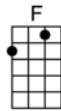
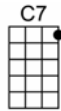
I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time a-way.



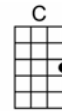
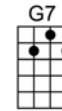
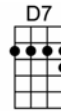
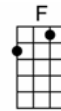
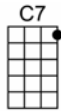
Can't you hear the whistle blow - ing, rise up so early in the morn'



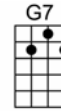
Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn."



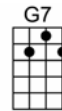
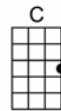
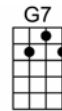
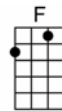
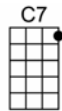
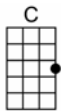
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow your horn?



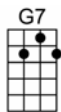
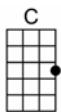
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow your horn?



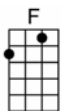
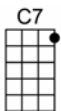
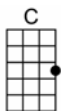
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen I know—ow—ow—ow



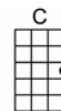
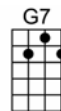
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old ban-jo...and singin'



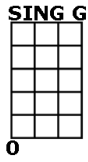
Fee fie fiddle-di-i-o, fee fie fiddle-di-i-o-o-o-o



HOLD



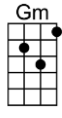
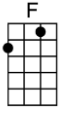
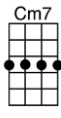
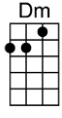
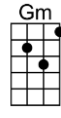
Fee fie fiddle-di-i-o, strummin' on the old ban-jo.



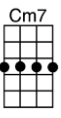
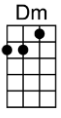
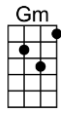
SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY

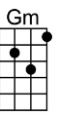
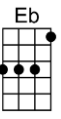
4/4 1...2...1234

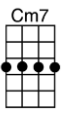
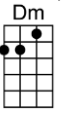
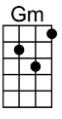
-Donna Summer/Michael Omartian

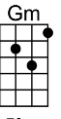
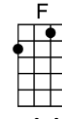
Intro: |  | /: |  | /: |  |  |  | /: |

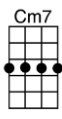
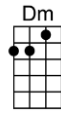
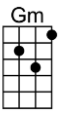
 
She works hard for the money, so hard for it, honey.

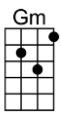
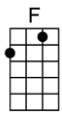
  
She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right (X2)

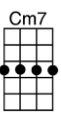
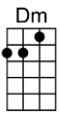
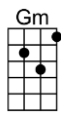
 
I met her there in the corner stand, and she wonders where she is

  
And it's strange to her, some people seem to have every-thing

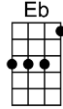
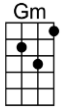
 
Nine a.m. on the hour hand, and she's waiting for the bell

  
And she's looking real pretty, just waiting for her clien-tele

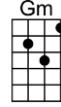
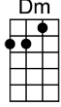
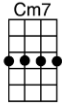
 
She works hard for the money, so hard for it, honey.

  
She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right (X2)

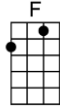
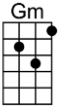
p.2. She Works Hard For the Money



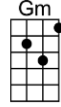
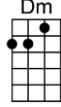
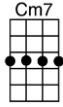
Twenty-eight years have come and gone, and she's seen a lot of tears



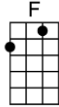
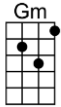
Of the ones who come in, they really seem to need her there



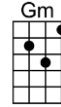
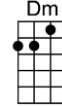
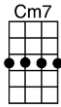
It's a sacrifice, working day to day, for little money, just tips for pay



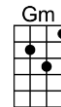
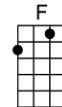
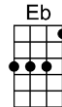
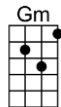
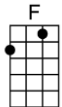
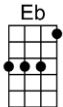
But it's worth it all to hear them say that they care



She works hard for the money, so hard for it, honey.

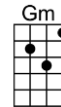
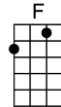
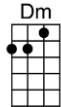
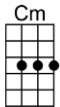


She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right

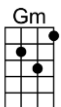
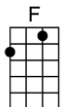
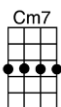
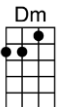
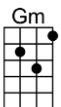


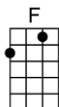
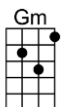
Already knows she's seen her bad times.

Already knows these are the good times

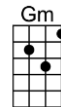
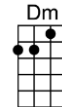
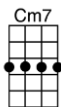


She'll never sell out, she never will, not for a dollar bill, she works hard

Interlude: (     **) (X2)**



She works hard for the money, so hard for it, honey.



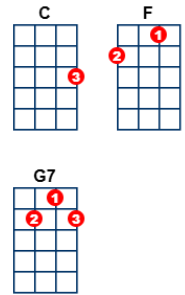
She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right (X2)

Banana Boat Song

key:C, artist:Harry Belafonte writer:Traditional

Harry Belafonte - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9L9angh4KdQ>

Intro = 2 measures [C]



[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Work all night on a drink a' rum
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Stack banana till de mornin' come
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Come, Mister tally man [G7] tally me banana.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] come, Mister tally man [G7] tally me banana.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch
[C] daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch
[C] daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Beautiful bunch of ripe banana [C] daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Hide the deadly, black taranch-la [C] daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch
[C] daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch
[C] daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Come, Mister tally man [G7] tally me banana.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
Me say [C] come, Mister tally man [G7] tally me banana.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.
[C] Day-o, [F] Day-ay-ay- [C] o.
[C] Daylight come an' me [G7] wan' go [C] home.

Take This Job And Shove It Chords by Johnny Paycheck

C
Take this job and shove it
F
I ain't working here no more
C
My woman done left took all the reason
D7 G7
I was working for
C
Ya better not try to stand in my way
F C
As I'm walking out that door
F C
You can take this job and shove it
G7 C
I ain't working here no more

[Verse 1]

C
Well I been working in this factory
C
For now on fifteen years
F
All this time I watched my woman
G7
Drowning in a pool of tears
C
And I've seen a lot of good folks die
F C
Who had a lot of bills to pay
F C
I'd give the shirt right off of my back
C
If I had the guts to say

[Chorus]

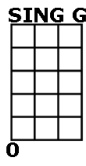
C
Take this job and shove it
F
I ain't working here no more
C
My woman done left took all the reason
D7 G7
I was working for
C
Ya better not try to stand in my way
F C
As I'm walking out that door
F C
You can take this job and shove it
G7 C
I ain't working here no more

[Verse 2]

C
The foreman he's a regular dog
C
The line boss he's a fool
F
He got a flat top haircut
F G7
Lord the boy thinks he's cool
C
One of these days
C
I'm gonna blow my top
C F C
And that sucker he's gonna pay
F
I can't wait
F C
Until I get the nerve
C
To walk up to him and say

[Chorus]

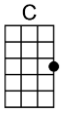
C
Take this job and shove it
F
I ain't working here no more
C
My woman done left took all the reason
D7 G7
I was working for
C
Ya better not try to stand in my way
F C
As I'm walking out that door
F C
You can take this job and shove it
G7 C
I ain't working here no more

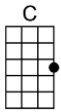


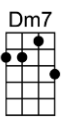
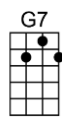
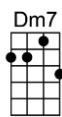
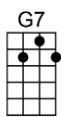
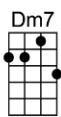
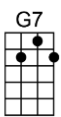
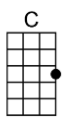
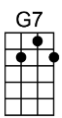
WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

4/4 1...2...1234

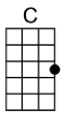
-Frank Churchill/Larry Morey

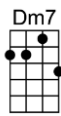
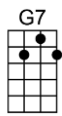
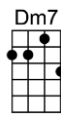
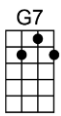
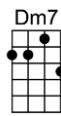
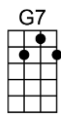
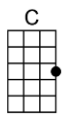
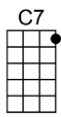
Intro:  (8 measures)


Whistle while you work (whistle).

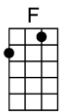
       

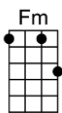
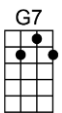
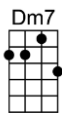
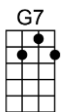
Put on that grin, and start right in to whistle loud and long


Just hum a merry tune (hum).

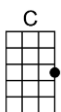
       

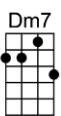
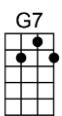
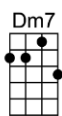
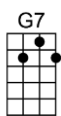
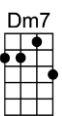
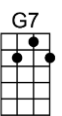
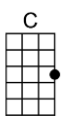
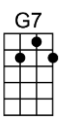
Just do your best, then take a rest, and sing your-self a song


When there's too much to do, don't let it bother you

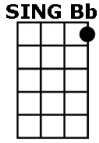
   

For-get your trouble, try to be just like a cheerful chick-a-dee


And whistle while you work (whistle).

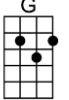
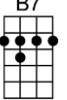
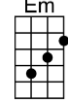
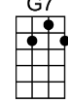

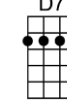

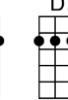
       

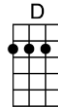
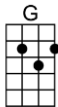
Come on, get smart, tune up and start to whistle while you work



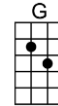
WORKIN' AT THE CAR WASH BLUES - Jim Croce

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

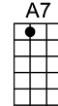
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |



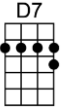
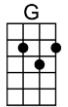
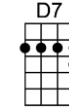
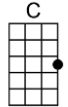
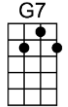
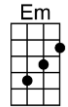
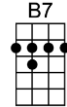
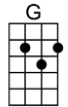
Well, I had just got out from the county prison, doin' ninety days for non-support



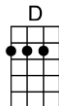
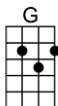
Tried to find me an executive position, but no matter how smooth I talked



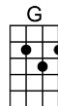
They wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius, the man say, we got all that we can use.



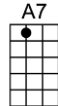
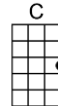
Now I got them steadily de-pressin', low down, mind messin' workin' at the car wash blues



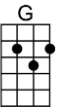
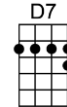
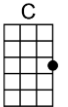
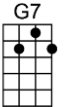
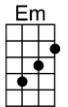
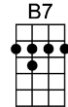
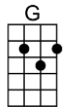
Well, I should be sittin' in an air conditioned office in a swivel chair



Talkin' some trash to the secretaries, sayin', here, now, mama, come on over here.

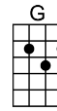
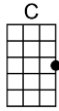


Instead, I'm stuck here rubbin' these fenders with a rag, and walkin' home in soggy old shoes

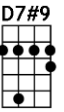
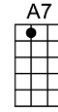
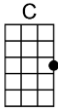


With them steadily de-pressin', low down, mind messin' workin' at the car wash blues

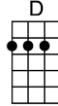
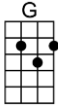
p.2. Workin' At the Car Wash Blues



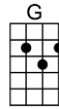
You know a man of my ability, he should be smokin' on a big ci-gar



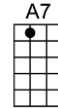
But till I get myself straight, I guess I'll just have to wait in my rubber suit a-rubbin these cars



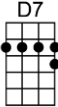
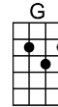
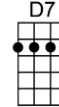
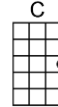
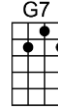
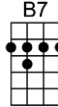
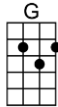
Well, all I can do is to shake my head. You might not believe that it's true



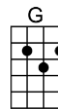
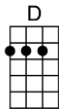
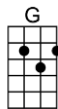
For workin' at this end of Niagara Falls is an undiscovered Howard Hughes



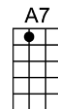
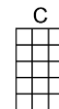
So baby, don't expect to see me with no double martini in any high-brow society news



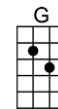
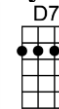
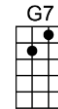
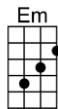
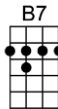
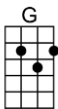
'Cause I got them steadily de-pressin', low down, mind messin' workin' at the car wash blues



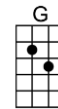
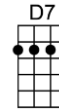
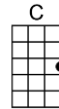
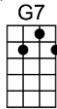
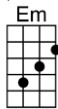
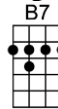
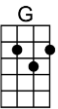
Interlude:



So baby, don't expect to see me with no double martini in any high-brow society news



'Cause I got them steadily de-pressin', low down, mind messin' workin' at the car wash blues



Yeah, I got them steadily depressin', low down, mind messin' workin' at the car wash blues

p.2. Workin' In a Coal Mine

Interlude: (F7 for 8 measures) "Lord, I'm so tired. How long can this go on?"

F7

That I'm workin' in a coal mine, goin' down, down, down

Workin' in a coal mine, oops, about to slip down

Workin' in a coal mine, goin' down, down, down

Workin' in a coal mine, oops, about to slip down

C F C F
Five o'clock in the mornin', I'm already up and gone
C F C C7
Lord, I'm so tired, how long can this go on?

F7

That I'm workin' in a coal mine, goin' down, down, down

Workin' in a coal mine, oops, about to slip down

Workin' in a coal mine, goin' down, down, down

Workin' in a coal mine, oops, about to slip down

C F C F
'Course I make a little money, haulin' coal by the ton
C F C C7
But, when Saturday rolls a-round, I'm too tired for havin' fun

F7

Too tired for havin', I'm just workin' in a coal mine, goin' down, down, down

Workin' in a coal mine, oops, about to slip down

Workin' in a coal mine, goin' down, down, down

Workin' in a coal mine, oops, about to slip down

Outro: (F7) "Lord, I'm so tired. How long can this go on?"

Working Man Blues [Merle Haggard](#)

G7

It's a big job just gettin' by with nine kids and a wife

G7

I been a workin' man dang near all my life

C7

G7

I'll be working long as my two hands are fit to use

D7

I'll drink my beer in a tavern,

C7

G7

Sing a little bit of these working man blues

I keep my nose on the grindstone, I work hard every day

Might get a little tired on the weekend, after I draw my pay

But I'll go back workin, come Monday morning I'm right back with the crew

I'll drink a little beer that evening,

Sing a little bit of these working man blues

Sometimes I think about leaving, do a little bummin' around

I wanna throw my bills out the window catch a train to another town

But I go back working I gotta buy my kids a brand new pair of shoes

Yeah drink a little beer in a tavern,

Cry a little bit of these working man blues

[solo]

Hey hey, the working man, the working man like me

I ain't never been on welfare, that's one place I won't be

Cause I'll be working long as my two hands are fit to use

I drink a little beer in a tavern

Sing a little bit of these working man blues

Yeah drink a little beer in a tavern,

Cry a little bit of these working man blues

Songwriters: Merle Haggard

Working Man Blues Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing