

Work

The firemen, postmen, doctors and nurses,
Actors and agents, snatchers of purses,
They're all going to work. They're all going to work.

The astronauts have been up all night,
Floating and weightless. To them it must be alright,
It's just the way they live when they go to work.

The skeleton crew drags weary bones and nodding heads
While red-light girls and boys just now get to their own beds.
They just got off work. They just got off work.

Coffee drips into pots and into cups
And people with no jobs at all are also getting up.
They've got to do their work. They've got to do their work.

It's 5 am, she takes her suitcase off the floor.
I don't know why she packed it, why she slammed the door.
I guess she's gone to work. I hope she's off to work.