

I Don't Wanna Work That Hard

Blaine Larsen

You've got an eye for diamonds and things that shine
You want a slick black Jag and a cellar of wine
I'd have to hold two jobs to keep you in my arms
And I don't wanna work that hard I met your Mama and she turned up her nose
At my dirty work boots and my co-op clothes
Ain't gonna kiss her butt just to win her heart
No, I don't wanna work that hard I don't wanna work for something
That's only gonna add up to nothing
Girl, I gonna miss your loving
Knowing how sweet your kisses are
But you're always asking me to watch your dog
Bathe em and to feed em, take him out for a walk
Well, he's a hundred and eighty pound Saint Bernard
Hell, I don't wanna work that hard And your old boyfriend is still hanging on
He's and ex-black belt with a jealous bone
Don't wanna have to whop him out behind some bar
No, I don't wanna work that hard I don't wanna work for something
That's only gonna add up to nothing
Girl, I gonna miss your loving
Knowing how sweet your kisses are [Instrumental Interlude] I don't wanna work for something
That's only gonna add up to nothing
Girl, I gonna miss your loving
Knowing how sweet your kisses are
I'd have to hold two jobs to keep you in my arms
Kiss your Mama's butt and your Saint Bernard's
Whop your ex-boyfriend at some bar
And I don't wanna work that hard
Baby, I ain't gonna work that hard

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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