

Working Man, A
by Donovan

If I could write a love song, I'd sing it for you
Of the many ways I love you, and rhyme it with blue
Make me a merry air, the rhythm of your hit
Sweeten it with simple sounds, read it from my lip
Ah, but love, I'm only a working man

If I could paint a picture, your portrait I'd do
Of the many tints and colors of delicate hue
The hazel in your eye, the copper in your hair
The secret shades and shadows of your body lying there
Ah, but love, I'm only a working man

If I could write a story our tale I would tell
Of the many first embraces up till our wedding bell
The secrets and the sighs, the laughter and the tears
But now I come to think of it, that would take me years and years
My love, I'm only a working man

As it is my love, I can only show
The happiness you brought to me many dreams ago
Meaning to my work, a purpose to my life
I'm content to be your man, you to be my wife
That's why I am a happy working man
That's why I am a happy working man