

A Job Of Work
by Tom Paxton

Capo 2nd fret

(G) I hate unemployment and I'll tell you why,
I want to keep working til the day I die.
I like to work, I do it well
And when I can't feed my fam'ly, Lord, I feel like hell.

(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do,
(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do,
That's (D)all I want, that's (D7)all I ask of (G)You. (D) (D7) (G)

The man from the government says its fine,
To go on down to the free food line.
Nice of the government to be so fair,
But I don't want my friends to see me there.

(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do.
(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do.
That's (D)all I want, that's (D7)all I ask of (G)You. (D) (D7) (G)

I was born and raised in these old hills,
I never left 'em and I never will.
I'm able-bodied, my friends are, too,
And all we want is a job to do.

(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do.
(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do.
That's (D)all I want, that's (D7)all I ask of (G)You.

- Instrumental two verse lines plus chorus -

Well, these are the worst times I have seen,
I don't want to seem ungrateful or mean,
But a mans got to raise his family
And I can't stand to raise 'em on charity.

(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do.
(C) Lord, give me a job of work to (G)do.
That's (D)all I want, that's (D7)all I ask of (G)You. (D) (D7) (G)