

A Job of Work to Do
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

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.

[Cho:]

Lord, give me a job of work to do.
Lord, give me a job of work to do.
That's all I want, that's all I ask of You.

The government man, he 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.

[Cho:]

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

[Cho:]

Yes, these are the worst times I have seen,
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.

[Cho:]