

Well who would work for a crooked crim,  
Who liked on others like a dim sim;  
Jobs you see are like chinese food,  
You've got to be lucky and fed in the mood.

A job to me is the ticket for freedom,  
To pay off my house and meet my needs on;  
Job is work that makes the money appear,  
Not to indulge with or get fat on beer.

Heaven knows work has its rightful place,  
With the job you want with your own bit of space;  
But jobs to some is a excuse to abuse,  
The time that you have and the spouse that you choose.

Some say jobs are a part of life,  
To keep you in tune with and stay out of strife;  
But a job to me is my heart and key,  
For all I can do and all I can be.