

I Don't Wanna Go To Work

Happening Thang (Andrew Travers)

[F] [G] [C] [C !]

Well it's [C] early Monday morning and the [F] sun's just touched the sky
I'm [Dm] waiting for that [G] silver grey old [F] Valiant to come [C] by
Praying that he slept in, or for- [Am]-gotten I'm al-[F]-ive
So [G] I can go back to my bed and [F] sleep from 9 to [C] 5

[C] People say there's nothing better than an [F] honest hard day's work
And the [Dm] back-bone of this [G] country is a [F] digger shifting [C] dirt
But Monday morning always seems to [Am] put me in [F] reverse
Hung-[G]-over, tired and weak

I know that [F] there is nothing [C] worse [C !]

[N.C.] I don't wanna go to [F] work
I don't care about my [C] pay
And it don't matter if I starve
I'd rather die than work to-[G]-day
Just [C] let me sleep and dream
That everyday is Satur-[F] day
[Dm] And all of my [G] commitments
Are a [F] thousand miles a-[C]-way

Well I [F] can't believe that digging holes will [C] help me in any way
That [D] friendship ... and sunshine will [G !] take my blues a-[G] way

So if [C] I don't feel I need to feel that [F] sun up on my back
Then [Dm] all the weekends [G] poison's gonna [F] keep me in the [C] sack
I'll wallow in self pity and I'll [Am] wish that I was [F] dead
But [G] as I said before I'm just too [F] weak, I'll stay in [C] bed [C !]

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That everyday is Satur-[F]-day
[Dm] And all of my [G] commitments
Are a [F/////] thousand [G/////] miles a-[C/////]-way [G !] [C !]