

Words they bother me to no end
To no end
Always
Bad news, bad luck, bad weather
Bad weather yeah
And I
Wish you wouldn't talk so much
Talk so much
Then maybe things would get better
Things would get better yeah

Songs filling up the room
Still you
Don't hear, can't hear, won't listen
If you could only understand
Only understand
Oh that I'm
Sure that things would get better yeah
Get better yeah

Why do I work so hard
Why do I work so hard
Who do I work
So hard

All alone
Conversations are driving me insane
With quiet complications
Desperately in vain
I listen, I scream, I laugh out loud at myself
Watching myself
Playing with myself
As everyone can see
The scarecrow is me

Money I will never let you go
Except as trade to
Buy things, get things, go places
It's you my intuition
Yeah my intuition
And there
Is no possible way
That things could be better
No things won't be better

Why do I work so hard
Why do I work so hard
Why do I work so hard
Why do I work
So hard