

## Working on It

Chris Rea

Oh how I'd love it girl, just you and me  
Take the day and fly  
But oh this job, it's got the best of me  
Tell you why, tell you why

Somebody above is in a desperate state  
Some kind of urgency, the kind that won't wait  
I say tomorrow, he say today  
And the man in my head well he tell me no way  
Keep working  
I got eight little fingers and only two thumbs  
Will you leave me in peace while I get the work done  
Can't you see I'm working  
Oh, oh I'm working on it  
Oh, oh I'm working on it

Well they're coming from above me  
And they're coming from below  
Yea they're in there right behind me  
Everywhere that I go  
And my buddy, he's screaming down the telephone line  
He say gimme, gimme, gimme  
I say I ain't got the time  
Oh, oh can't you see I'm working on it  
Oh, oh I'm working on it  
Yea, yea, oh tell 'em

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Tell you why

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Oh, oh I'm working  
Oh, oh can't you see I'm working on it