

# Because It Keeps On Working

Cock Robin

I want to lay down, but I got no home  
Is there a better place?  
Cast into the open, with nowhere else to go  
I feel right now that I could rest my bones  
Or should I stay awake?  
Tired of going in circles, trying to stay alive

Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right

I'll try anything, that could somehow free me from  
The ball and chain  
If I can hold out, for I've nowhere else to run  
Or person to blame  
I may be weary  
But I'm on my feet again

Whooaa  
On my feet again  
Whooaa

I had a love that I could call my own  
But I had no choice  
Who's afraid of nothing, must be clinging to  
the vine (clinging to the vine)  
Because it keeps on working  
Don't make it right (don't make it right)

Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right (don't make it right)  
Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right

I raise my head high, and make a toast to the  
fallen saints  
Bless their souls, yeah  
It's been a long ride, we've all endured some  
aches and pains  
Heaven knows  
Could have been easier  
But misery loves me so

Whooaa  
Misery loves me so  
Whooaa  
??????

Cast into the open with nowhere else to go  
Tired of going in circles, trying to stay alive

Because it keeps on working  
Don't make it right (oh I'm so tired)  
Lots of understanding, no one gets enough  
Who's afraid of nothing, must be clinging to  
the vine (who's afraid of nothing)

Because it keeps on working

That don't make it right (make it right)  
Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right (yah yah)

Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right (don't make it right)  
Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right (make it right)

Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right (keeps on working)  
Because it keeps on working  
That don't make it right