

Happy Slave

Paul Kelly

A tug comes on the wire, duty calls me now
She says 'My land is useless and I need some kind of plough'
(She's my kind of driver)
I'm upstanding straight away, I'm ready for my toil
I feel her whip cracking on my back as I dig into her soil
(She's my kind of driver)

I'm burning up her cane, I'm threshing in her barn
She keeps me at my business until I'm breaking down
I'm working way too hard, I never get to save
But I don't mind, I don't mind, I'm a happy slave

And when my work is done I'm ready to explode
Suddenly I'm flying when she takes my heavy load
(She's my kind of driver)

I'm tending to her flock, I'm burning up her cane
I never can refuse her and I never complain
I'm working way too hard, I never get to save
But I don't mind, I don't mind, I'm a happy slave