

Never Feel Quite Whole

Barratt/Mowrey

My head's down on my pillow, blanket stops the cold  
I got things that I want to do but my day's already sold  
I feel a slow blood flowing, down in my soul  
Boss says don't you worry son, you never feel quite whole

I get my breakfast down, get out of here, and on that bus  
The wheels they're just spinning 'round  
Everybody wants money or lust

My back's nearly broken, my shoulders are sore  
My heads just a reeling, everybody wants more  
I use my muscles, but never my mind  
Can't get ahead, Lord, I'm always behind

All day I smell oil and sweat  
My finger are hurting, my shirt's soakin' wet

Don't tell me my freedom lies just out that door  
Turn from my job and walk cross the floor  
Things ain't that easy, there's money I owe  
And when I done dreaming tell me where will I go

Lunch from out a paperbag sometime tastes pretty good.  
But I'm never really hungry, I don't live like I should  
I look down at my fingers - they're calloused and they're worn  
I've been working for some other man  
Since the day I was born

I run the hammer all afternoon  
Stand back boy and give me some room

If I die working with this jack  
Got to the ground with my head full of plans  
I just keep on dreaming like I do now  
Til my bone are set free by some shovel or plow

My heads back on my pillow, blanket keeps me warm  
Got my own rented room but I'm still out in a storm  
I feel a slow blood flowing, down in my soul  
Boss says don't you worry son, you never feel quite whole