

Work Song

Words & Music by Andrew Hozier-Byrne

♩ = 60

B \flat /F



Cm/G



B \flat /F



Cm/G



B \flat /F



Cm/G



B \flat /F



(Mm.)

B \flat



Cm



B \flat



Cm



B \flat



Cm



B \flat



(Mm.)

B \flat



Cm



B \flat



Cm



1. Boys, work-ing on emp - ty, is that the kind of way to face the burn-ing heat?
2. Boys, when my ba - by found me, I was three days on a drunk-en sin,

B \flat Cm B \flat Cm





I just think a - bout my ba - by, _____ I'm so full of love I could bare - ly eat. _
 I woke with her walls a - round me, _____ noth - ing in her room but an emp - ty crib. _

B \flat Cm B \flat Cm




There's noth - ing swee - ter than my ba - by, I'd nev - er want once from the cher - ry tree, _
 And I was burn - ing up a fe - ver, I did - n't care much how long I lived, _

B \flat Cm B \flat





'cause my ba - by's sweet as can be, she'd give me tooth aches just from kis - sing me.
 but I swear I thought I dreamed her, she nev - er asked me once a - bout the wrong I did.




When my time comes a - round, — lay me gent - ly in the cold, dark _ earth,






no grave can hold _ my bod - y down, I'll crawl home _ to her. —

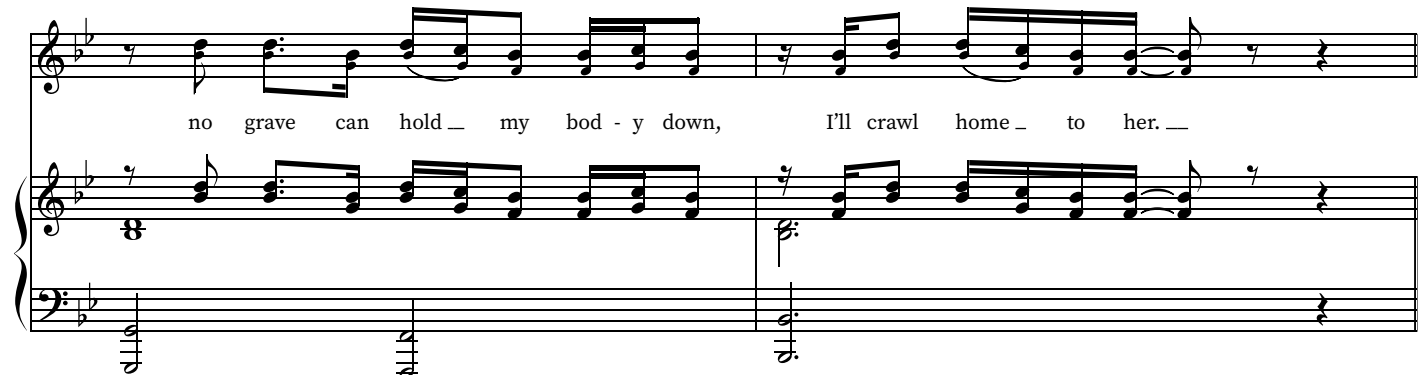









When my time comes a - round, — lay me gent - ly in the cold, dark _ earth,

Gm  3fr  Bb 

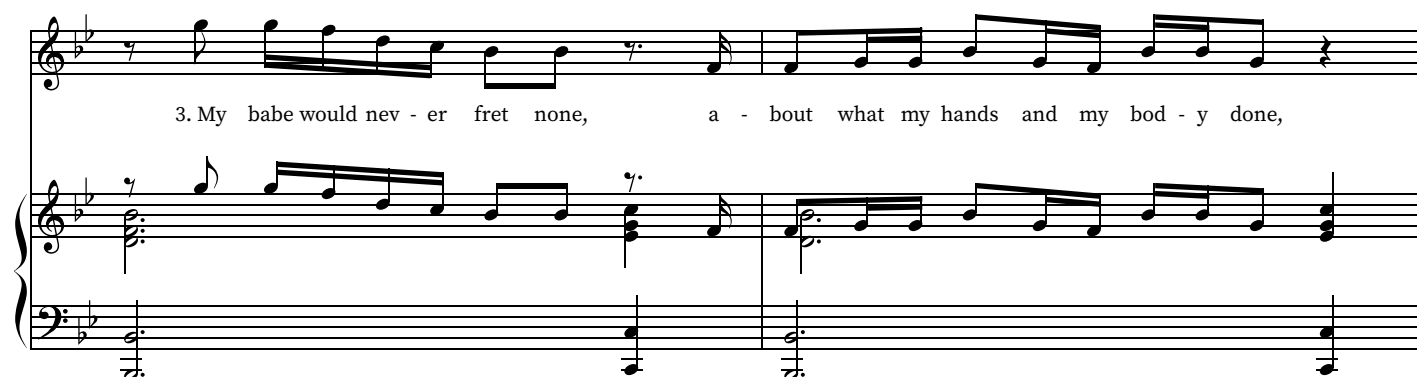
To Coda 




no grave can hold _ my bod - y down, I'll crawl home _ to her. _




Bb  C  Bb  C 

3. My babe would nev - er fret none, a - bout what my hands and my bod - y done,



Bb  C  Bb  N.C.

if the Lord _ don't for - give me, I'd still have my ba - by and my babe would have me. _



B \flat C B \flat C

When I was kis-sing on my ba-by, and she'd put her love down soft and sweet, _

B \flat C N.C. D.S. al Coda

in the low lamp light I was free, Heav-en and _ Hell were _ words to me. _

CODA

B \flat /F Cm/G B \flat /F Cm/G B \flat /F Cm/G B \flat /F Cm/G B \flat /F