

Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets, Jungle

I may go and move to the jungle
Way out in the woods
I think I'll move to the jungle
Way out in the woods
'Cause the way things are happenin' here now
I ain't doin' myself no good
I work hard everyday
From Monday to Friday night
And the wages that they pay me
I swear they're very light
They take out a little for the state
Little bit more for Uncle Sam
How can I ever catch up
And get myself out of this jam?
I'll move in to the jungle
Way out in the woods
The way things are happenin' here now
I ain't doin' myself no good
I go to town on Saturday
Just to pay my bills
I gotta make it early
Or the collector will come where I live
I go to church on Sunday
Get down on my knees to pray
The preacher takes up collection
And say, "Brother, what will you pay?"
I'll move in to the jungle
Way out in the woods
'Cause the way things are happenin' here now
I ain't doin' myself no good