

# David Lindley, Do You Want My Job?

(Ry Cooder)

Cool breezes from the mountains blow  
As I get dressed and get ready to go  
On the island dawn is breaking  
In the harbor all the tankers are waiting

From the land of the rising sun  
They bring all their old plutonium  
And we unload it right into the bay  
For two dollars and forty cents a day

Do you want my  
Do you want my  
Do you want my  
Do you want my job?

I humps the stuff and I takes the cash  
So my kids can wear Adidas  
And if you live here long enough you'll know  
That we don't got no place else to go

I remember when the air was sweet  
And we had lots of that fish to eat  
Now we buy Spam from the grocery store  
'Cause you can't eat that fish no more

Do you want my  
Do you want my  
Do you want my  
Do you want my job?