

# Worker Bees

1

C            G    | Am            F  
We are worker bees/ Never still and yet lonely

C            G    | Am            Dm  
We work side by side/ but no one speaks

C                            G  
We work for food/ We work for money

Am                            F |    C  
We work because we must/We've been told

G                            F  
It's the way it always was

Never meet the real boss/ not that we feel the loss  
We work our bodies to our cost/ limp or crippled, worn out  
We work together/ we don't speak out/If we speak we are lost.  
And we never doubt/ that they'd throw us out.  
Maybe that's the plan

*Chorus;*

C                            G  
Worker bees we buzz along

Am                            F  
Our buzzing resembles song

C                            G  
We look the same, yellow stripes

Am                            ?  
And under breath same old gripes

We work and work means early death/There's only so much air here left  
Poisoned by the work we do/Missing hands, feet, fingers too.  
Because of the work we do/That's what makes us worker bees.

C            G            F  
Maybe that's the plan