

Working On the Van

Hey now you better listen to me everyone of you
We got a lotta, lotta, lotta, lotta work to do
Forget about the trips abroad that you had planned
Today were working on the van

Oh- wo-wo Oh Oh Wo
B-b-wo Wo Wo Wo (etc)

Well pick up your feet
We've got a deadline to meet
I'm gonna see you make it on time
Don't relax
I want elbows and backs
I want to see everybody from behind

(Chorus)

**'Cause we're working on the van,
working on the caravan
We gotta make it expand,
that's why we're working on the van**

To-ow-wo Tow Tow Tow
T-t-tow Tow Tow Tow (etc)

So I'm jackin' it up and I'm tyin' bits down
I'm towin' this monster over all kinds of ground
I put a spare on the left, it takes me all night
I want to burn it but it wouldn't be right

'Cos I'm drivin' with my van, drivin' with my van
Gonna bandage my hand, after drivin' with my van

Ow-ow-ow Ow! Ow Ow!
Ow-ow-ow Ow Ow! Ow (etc)

Well my wife and daughter, they use all water
And there's always something down the toilet line
Cost of petrol's so high can't afford to buy
Essentials like beer and wine

So I drive all day, there's nowhere to stay
But I'm just biding my time
'Cause the quarantine and the border, you see
They're both gonna open on time

Yah I'm gonna sell the van, gonna sell the caravan
Just as fast as I can, yeah I'm gonna sell the van
No more working on the van, not working on the van
I'll fly to Afghanistan instead of working on the van

Sloop John B The Beach Boys

We come on the Sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

Chorus

**So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home**

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come
and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone,
(yeah yeah)
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he
ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus