

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Job Song – Jonathan Taylor

I \_\_\_\_\_ up this morning with tired \_\_\_\_\_.

And checked the \_\_\_\_\_ in the classifieds.

There's a job for a \_\_\_\_\_, must be good at \_\_\_\_\_.

And a job for a \_\_\_\_\_, must grill great steaks.

They're looking for \_\_\_\_\_ who \_\_\_\_\_ memorize lines.

And looking for \_\_\_\_\_ with no fear of the mines.

There's a job for a \_\_\_\_\_, must be good with your \_\_\_\_\_.

And a job for a sales clerk, must \_\_\_\_\_ all the brands.

They're hiring a \_\_\_\_\_, must have your own \_\_\_\_\_.

And hiring \_\_\_\_\_, requires dental \_\_\_\_\_.

They need a \_\_\_\_\_, must have fashion sense.

A \_\_\_\_\_ who knows romance and \_\_\_\_\_.

They need a \_\_\_\_\_, must know side \_\_\_\_\_.

An online \_\_\_\_\_ who is good with tech.

What the heck?

I \_\_\_\_\_ to panic,

Could I be a \_\_\_\_\_?

So I folded up my \_\_\_\_\_, nice 'n' neat.

And \_\_\_\_\_ back to sleep...

