

# Workin' Man's Dollar

Chris LeDoux

Well, I'm just a Workin' Man's Dollar  
In the pocket of his old blue jeans  
I ain't like my Wall Street brother  
He's in a bank so shiny and clean  
Well, I'm faded and I'm wrinkled  
Tattered and stained with sweat

But I'm the 1st one called when Uncle Sam Needs a hand with the  
National Debt  
I've been wages for the farm hand  
For drivin' an old John Deere  
I've been laid on a bar in a tavern  
To buy a workin' man an ice-cold beer  
I've been tipped to a truck-stop waitress  
Taped where I was torn  
And in the hand of a child I was laid on a plate  
In a church on Sunday morn

They say I'm the root of all evil  
I bring lust, power and greed  
But this Workin' Man's Dollar only buys the things  
A workin' man really needs

Well, they say I'm worth about fifty-cents  
In this modern inflated age  
But don't tell that to the young man slavin'  
To make it on a minimum wage  
Or that single workin' mother  
She's been scapin' to make ends meet  
To make a house a home  
Keep food on the table  
And shoes on her baby's feet  
Well, I know my days are numbered  
I'm gettin' threadbare and wearin' thin  
And they'll replace me with another  
But I'd do it all again  
Cuz I've seen this great big country  
Passed from hand to callused hand  
And I've got to say that I'm mighty proud  
That I belong to a workin' man

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