

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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