

Small Time Laboring Man

George Jones

A dollar an hour, eight hours a day
Will soon make a young man wither away
I work for my family with my wrinkled hands
For I'm a small time laboring man.

Six long days each week I toil and I sweat
But on Sunday my family gives me comfort and rest
Then again Monday morning I'll make tracks in the sand
For I'm a small time laboring man.

I'm a small time laboring man
Fighting against trying as hard as I can
I fight for my country with my caloused hands
For I'm a small time laboring man.

Twelve long months each year my life stays the same
Making my honest dollar in the sun, snow and rain
No, you don't see my family on the starvation plan
For I'm a small time laboring man...