

# I Keep Gettin' Paid The Same

Joe Ely

I'm a working  
On the line  
Six days at a time  
With a shovel and a spade  
I'm digging for the shade  
But I keep getting paid the same

Been working for a man and he likes my style  
The more I sweat the more he smiles  
The more I sweat the deeper I get  
He's driving this poor boy wild

I can't live no good on what I get paid  
I know trouble's just a poor man's claim to fame  
But the prices keep rising every day  
And I keep getting paid the same

I get up every mornin' 'bout half past six  
Drink a pot a' coffee just to load a ton of bricks  
Long about noon, I'm thinkin' that soon  
You're gonna work this poor boy sick.

I can't buy beans on what I get paid  
I was cooking biscuits when the bill collector came  
And the prices keep rising everyday  
And I keep getting paid the same

I lay down my hammer when the whistle sounds  
I bury my shovel in the deep deep ground  
I run to my home to see my honey comb  
When that evening sun goes down

I can't live to good on what I get paid  
My roof's got a hole and It's looking like rain  
And the prices keep rising everyday  
And I keep getting paid the same