

# Shuttin' Detroit Down

John Rich

My daddy taught me in this country everyone's the same.  
You work hard for your dollar and you never pass the blame,  
When it don't go your way.  
Now I see all these big shots whining on my evening news,  
About how they're losing billions and it's up to me and you  
To come running to the rescue.

Well pardon me if I don't shed a tear.  
Their selling make believe and we don't buy that here.

Because in the real world they're shuttin' Detroit down,  
While the boss man takes his bonus paid jets on out of town.  
DC's bailing out them bankers as the farmers auction ground.  
Yeah while they're living up on Wall Street in that New York Ci  
ty town,  
Here in the real world they're shuttin' Detroit down.  
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Well that old man's been working in that plant most all his lif  
e,  
Now his pension plan's been cut in half and he can't afford to  
die  
And it's a crying shame, cus he ain't the one to Blame.  
When I looked down to see his calloused hands,  
Well let me tell you friend it gets me fightin' mad.

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