

# Tradin' Down

Pat Benatar

We paint this town in shades of gray  
And the walls look high  
'Til you step away  
Ain't it funny how you can look around  
And never see the truth  
'Til it knocks you down  
Never see the light  
'Til you're tradin down

Work hard labor for your daily bread  
While the golden dream spins around your head  
Time gets money, money buys you time  
For the foolish things that you left behind  
Workin workin overtime  
And tradin down

It's gunna be alright (he said)  
It's gunna be alright  
There's nothing that's here for us  
That we won't mind missin

There's no future for thw workin man  
See him growin old in the promised land  
Nothin to show for the wasted years  
But a heart full of hollow  
And a taste of tears  
Pushin Monday to the wall and  
Tradin' down...