

## Better Class Of Losers

Randy Travis

Im getting out of this  
high-rise penthouse suite  
where we pretend life's  
rosy and sweet  
I'm going back to the folks  
that I used to know  
Where everyone is what  
they seem to be

And these high-class friends  
that you like to hang around  
When they look my way  
they're always looking down  
I'm tired of spending  
every dime I make  
to finance this way of life  
I've learned to hate

I'm going back to a  
better class of losers  
This up-town living's  
really got me down  
I need friends who don't pay  
their bills on home computers  
and who buy their  
coffee beans already ground  
You think it's disgraceful  
that they drink three-dollar wine  
But a better class of  
losers suits me fine

You say the grass is  
greener on the other side  
From where I stand  
I can't see grass at all  
And the concrete and the steel  
won't change the way you feel  
It takes more than caviar  
to have a ball

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