

## Working Man's Blues

### The Devil Makes Three

They say times are gettin' hard on a workin' man  
Well they say times are gettin' hard on a workin' man  
I don't care what time it is  
I want what's mine and not what's his  
I wanna pull my wagon with my own two hands

They say there's not near enough here to go around  
They say there's not near enough here to go around  
I don't mind sharin' bread and supper  
But when it comes to tobacco it's each man's own  
And if you brought your own bottle,  
Come on and sit right down

Sometimes it seems like everybody wants to bring you down  
Yeah sometimes it seems like everybody wants to bring you down  
Don't go home and slash your wrists  
Come out fightin' with both your fists  
I know you don't believe me,  
But things sure could turn around

Seems like I've been down this lonesome road before  
Seems like I've been down this lonesome road before  
Sometimes I get to movin' and I fall down flat  
You know you I took a beatin' but I ain't dyin' yet  
Something keeps me gettin' up and coming back for more

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