

Working Class Hero

Tommy Roe

Well, he works hard on the highway,
Underneath the burning sun,
And his hands are hard and calloused,
From the work that he has done.
He pulls a dragline cross the country,
On a flatbed trailer truck.
He picks cotton down in Texas,
In the fields where he grew up.

He doesn't have much education,
But he takes that in stride,
And he won't ask no one for nothing,
'Cause he's a man with a lotta pride.

He's a working class hero,
he's a man he's America.
He's a working class hero,
He's a man he's America.

You can see him on the scaffold,
Hanging twenty stories high,
He's the builder of the building,
That's growing in the sky,
And his spirits on the highway,
Where the sweat from his brow was shed,
And in the coal mines in Virginia,
Where he works until he's dead.

He doesn't have much education,
But he takes that in stride,
And he won't ask nobody for nothing,
'Cause he's a man with a lotta pride.

He's a working class hero,
he's a man he's America.
He's a working class hero,
He's a man he's America.

You can see him in the stockyards,
In Chicago, and St. Lou
And on the docks in San Francisco,
And down in Houston, too.
He's the man most like a mountain,
'Cause his shoulders are so strong,
He demands respect and gets it;
He won't let you do him wrong.

He doesn't have much education,
But he takes that in stride,
And he won't ask no one for nothing,
'Cause he's a man with a lotta pride.

He's a working class hero,
He's a man he's America.
He's a working class hero,
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