

# Working Man's Wage

Trace Adkins

I've seen mornings when a thousand bales of hay  
Looked like a mountain to a boy my age  
And I've seen my daddy in that hot southern sun  
Move those mountains one by one

And I've seen that same man come home from the mill  
Pull forty hours for a hundred-dollar bill  
I've watched him struggle and I've watched him age  
Raising a family on a working man's wage

I grew up on a working man's wage  
Blood, sweat and tears on every dollar he made  
For the little he earned there was so much he gave  
And I hope I am worthy of a working man's wage

I pick this guitar six nights a week  
Daddy can't believe they're paying me  
It would be so easy to let it go to my head  
But there's just one thing that I can't forget

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And I hope I am worthy, I hope I am worthy  
Of a working man's wage

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