

Blue Collar Man

Travis Tritt

I don't like hangin' out with a high dollar crowd
I ain't no socialite I'm a little too loud
I don't do garden parties sippin' hot tea
Down in some honky tonk, brother
That's the place for me

A hard days livin' is all that I understand
Well, I owe my soul to MasterCard
I'm a blue collar man

I bust my bottom every day eight to five
I come home draggin' feelin' barely alive
The kids are screamin', house is turned upside down
Need a bulldozer just to find my way around

Don't like caviar, we like our soup from a can
Yeah, I keep my life simple
I'm a blue collar man

Don't need computers handlin' my bank account
Balance my checkbook there's a zero amount
Four-carat diamond's not on my lady's hand
We live a life rich folks could never understand

I make my livin' with these two hard workin' hands
Won't ever be no millionaire
I'm a blue collar man

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I'm a blue collar man
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