

Lord Have Mercy On The Working Man

Travis Tritt

All around I hear the sound of money
But I ain't got a nickel to my name
And everywhere I look I see temptation
She stands on every corner and calls my name

Now won't you tell me if you can
'Cause life's so hard to understand
Why's the rich man busy dancing
While the poor man pays the band
Oh, they're billing me for killing me
Lord have mercy on the working man

Uncle Sam's got his hands in my pockets
And he helps himself each time he needs a dime
Them politicians treat me like a mushroom
'Cause they feed me bull and keep me in the blind

Now won't you tell me if you can
'Cause life's so hard to understand
Why's the rich man busy dancing
While the poor man pays the band
Oh, they're billing me for killing me
Lord have mercy on the working man

Hey, St. Peter, look down for a minute
And see this little man about to drown
There's quicksand all around and man I'm in it
Please help me up, Lord, 'cause I'm going down

Now won't you tell me if you can
'Cause life's so hard to understand
Why's the rich man busy dancing
While the poor man pays the band
Oh, they're billing me for killing me
Lord have mercy on the working man

Won't you tell me if you can
'Cause life's so hard to understand
Why's the fat man busy dancing
While the thin man pays the band
Oh, they're billing me for killing me
Hey, Lord have mercy on the working man

Please Lord have mercy on the working man
Please Lord have mercy on the working man