

Diary of a Workingman

Blackfoot

In a room all alone waiting by the telephone
With a tear in his eye and a pen in his hand
So begins the diary of a working man

He'd been poor man all his life
And just when things were going right
Some stranger takes his woman away
He doesn't know if he'll see, oh, another day
Oh, another day

Time has come and he was right,
It was a cold and rainy night
And he thought for sure she would follow
But it won't be the same, no tomorrow

Now here's a man glory bound
In a pool of dreams about to drown
If he can just get through this night
Then maybe tomorrow things will work out right
Oh, will work out right

Well, with the pain in his blood
He'd love to take her if he could
And as he wakes with a scream
To only realize it's just reality

He woke with sweaty hands
Maybe there'll be a change in plans
With a tear in his eye and a gun in his hand
So ends the diary of a workingman