

Fit Against the Country

Horse Feathers

Common weather comes with a name
And our knees our hands got the shakes
'Cause when our backs about to break
We won't howl out or cry
We know we feel we try
In the middle of an everlasting fight

Every night we all go to a house we'll never own
Every night we are tired
We've been worked to the bone
But nearly everyday we earn a lower wage
Does it tell you what we're made of
Or are we just what we're paid?
It's a hard country we made
Here we are, far beyond our means
Learnin' how to trade love for things
There's a debt we can't pay
What kind of life's lived this way
See our hands they praise
Telling us we are to pray
Nearly every day it was a darker kind of way
The color we all knew this world
The deepest shade of gray

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Every night we are tired
We've been worked to the bone
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Does it tell you what we're made of
Or are we just what we're paid?
It's a hard country we made
We won't howl out or cry
We know we feel that we try
What kind of life's lived this way?
See our hands they praise