

Working Man

Larry Fleet

Four AM, Lord, don't it come way too soon
You'd think by now, it'd be something you'd be used to
So put on your coffee, turn on the news
It's gonna be hot as hell, but at least the skies are blue
Clocking in more hours, but you do what ya gotta do

I know you're tired, I know you're hurting
I know you're broke down to the bone
But your bills are paid
And there's smiling faces waiting on you at home
It ain't always easy, it ain't ever like you planned
Oh but man, ain't it working, working man

Now you're going home while the suns going down
You're still miles away, but you can already hear the sound
Of a little voice, saying "Daddy come out and play"
So you steal a couple more minutes from a damn good day
You're clocking in, wore out, wouldn't want it any other way

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Oh but man, ain't it working, working man

It's the sweat and blood and bruises
Calloused hands, hard as can be
There's bread on the table
There's presents under the tree

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