

Blue Collar Boys

Luke Combs

We were just river kids
Pickin' up stones like David did
Watchin' them longnecks break off of Freight Train Bridge
We went to church in a Detroit car
Our daddies drank draft at the local bar
With an achin' back just like old Granddad did

And we like cold keg beer and fixin' up trucks
Old bird dogs and the woman we love
Maxwell House steamin' out of a coffee cup
We say our prayers, send 'em to the sky
Bust our backs, barely getting by
Carolina to California up to Illinois
Yeah, there's guys like us
Blue collar boys

We're the white paint peeling off a picket fence
The rust stains covering a Craftsman wrench
When the sun's coming up you can bet we're clocking in
Cash our paycheck, two day break, and do it again

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We're worn out boots and old Levi's
The wind behind the stars and stripes

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