

Workin' Man's Dollar

Ned LeDoux

I'm just a working man's dollar, in the pocket of his old blue jeans
I ain't like my wall street brother, he's in a bank so shiny and clean
I'm faded and I'm wrinkled, tattered and stained with sweat
But I'm the first one they call when Uncle Sam needs a hand with the national debt

I've been wages for the farm hand, driving that old John Deere
Been laid on a bar in a tavern, to buy the working man an ice-cold beer
Been tipped to a truck stop waitress, taped where I was torn
And in the hand of a child I was laid on a plate in a church on a Sunday morn

They say I'm the root of all evil I bring lust power and greed
But this working man's dollar only buys the things...
A working man really needs

They say I'm worth about 50 cents in this modern inflated age
But don't tell that to the young man slaving, making only minimum wage
Now that single working mother, she's been scraping to make ends meet
To make a house a home keep food on the table and shoes on the baby's feet

I know my days are numbered, I'm getting threadbare and wearing thin
And they'll replace me with another but I'd do it all again
Cause I've seen this great big country pass from hand to calloused hand
And I've got to say I'm mighty proud I belong to that working man

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