

Tradesman

Zach Bryan

No one on this side of town
Knows a good place for a boy to drown
They look at me so strange when I talk
I wish I was a tradesman
Learnin' from some beat down old layman
On some hillside they ain't named yet
Sleepin' next to mountain fire smoke

And everyone lately's scarin' me
It's all backdoor deals and therapy
The only callous I've grown is in my mind
I wish I was a tradesman
Playin' with some tuned up tired string band
Somewhere out by the badlands
Way past closin' time

So if you wanna trade, I'd say its a hard earned mile
Wanna sweat like hell, throw a hammer down
And know that the old feelin' of a five o'clock smile
And know I didn't take no easy way out

There's somethin' more that I need
Than accolades and sympathy
Fatiguin' in the summer heat
While they smoke big cigars
So give me somethin' I can't fake
That rich boys can't manipulate
Somethin' real that they can't take
'Cause, Lord, I'm not your star

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