

## 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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