

Joe Ely**"I Keep Gettin' Paid The Same"**

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I'm a working
On the line
Six days at a time
With a shovel and a spade
I'm digging for the shade
But I keep getting paid the same

1)

Been working for a man and he likes my style
The more I sweat the more he smiles
The more I sweat the deeper I get
He's driving this poor boy wild

I can't live no good on what I get paid
I know trouble's just a poor man's claim to fame
But the prices keep rising every day
And I keep getting paid the same

2)

I get up every mornin' 'bout half past six
Drink a pot a' coffee just to load a ton of bricks
Long about noon, I'm thinkin' that soon
You're gonna work this poor boy sick.

I can't buy beans on what I get paid
I was cooking biscuits when the bill collector came
And the prices keep rising everyday
And I keep getting paid the same

3)

I lay down my hammer when the whistle sounds
I bury my shovel in the deep deep ground
I run to my home to see my honey comb
When that evening sun goes down

I can't live to good on what I get paid
My roof's got a hole and It's looking like rain
And the prices keep rising everyday
And I keep getting paid the same

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