

## Kevin Coyne

### "My Kind Of Song"

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#### MY KIND OF SONG

Stuck in traffic on my way out of town  
The music's playing but it's way down  
It's awful pretty but it don't say a thing to me  
The singer don't know the working mans blues  
And he wants to sound like he was born to lose  
But all I hear is a poor man melody  
My kind of song sing's about the facts of life  
I want words of wisdom and don't care how they rhyme  
If it's got the heart to tell the truth I'll sing along  
Call it what you want but that's my kind of song  
My heroes talk about the real things  
Johnny Walker verses King James  
The price of cheating or the cost of a happy home  
They made music that could make me feel  
Tears of laughter to ice cold chills  
So don't water down what I was raised up on  
At the end of the second time through Chours Put  
I'm talking strait to jones that's my kind of song

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