

Manntis

"Working Man"

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All of his life he's been a working man
Up every morning in the dark and rain
Every Friday night he gets his take home pay
And he hands it all over and he don't complain

All of his life he's been a working man
He never pushed paper but he used his hands
And all that he was his father's way
So he'll walk in his footsteps to his dying day

Put your hands together for the working man
Puts food on the table for his wife and weans
My daddy spent his life as a working man
And he worked for a year for his week in Spain

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