

Falls Whiskey "Working Man"

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I drive a beat up truck with the tires pumped up
I've got my hands around a motor all day
I've got my name on my shirt
A little grease, a little dirt
But it's okay she likes it that way
Yeah, oh, whoa, I'm a working man

I work on pistons and rings, carburetors and sing a
little
Walk This Way, on the radio
I like my beer in a can, football and chewing Red Man
A little sweat on my brow and I'm right at home
And, oh, whoa, I'm a working man

But you know when we're all alone
These hands of stone turn soft and slow
And though I look rough outside she knows
What's inside of this heart of mine
And oh that's working man

Each day I work like a dog, I like to cruise on my hog
I gotta a tattoo that says, life ain't easy
And on the weekends at dawn I get up mow the lawn
Fix the dryer and the faucet that's leaking
And, oh, whoa, I'm a working man

But you know when we're all alone
These hands of stone turn soft and slow
And though I look rough outside she knows
What's inside of this heart of mine
And oh that's working man

And though the days are long I got to carry on
Got a lot of mouths to feed and at the end of the day
It's worth the price I pay just to hear my baby say
She loves me

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