

Primordial

"Those Damn Blue Collar Tweakers"

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I've seen them out at Soco
They're pounding sixteen penny nails
The truckers on the interstate
Have been known to ride the rails
The sweat is beating on the brow
Can't keep these fellas down
'Cause those damned blue-collared tweakers
Are runnin' this here town

I knew a man who hung drywall
He hung it mighty quick
A trip or two to the blue room
Would help him do the trick
His foreman would pat him on the back
Whenever he would come around
'Cause these dammed blue-collar tweakers
Are beloved in this here town

Now the union boys are there
To protect us from all the corporate type
While curious George's drug patrol
Is out here hunting snipe
Now they try to tell me different
But you know I ain't no clown
'Cause those damned blue collar tweakers
Are the backbone of this town

Now the flame that burns twice as bright
Burns only half as long
My eyes are growing weary
As I finalize this song
So sit back and have a cup of joe
And watch the wheels go round
'Cause those damned blue collar tweakers
Have always run this town!

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