

## Primus

# "Those Damned 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 o' joe  
And watch the wheels go round  
'Cause those damned blue-collar tweakers  
Have always run this town

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