

Brian Houser

"County Line Road"

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No one sings the song of the workingman no more.
No one sings of the simple dreams he labors each day
for.

I'm looking for one real life troubadour,
'Cause no one sings the song of the workingman no
more.

Last fall a couple of men from up north bought the
company that I work for
And the first thing they did was fire a bunch of my
friends.

They had a lot of talk about the bottom line
And when they got done everything would be fine,
And we could all get back to working like a team again.
But no one sings the song of the workingman no more.
No one sings of the simple dreams he labors each day
for.

I'm looking for one real live troubadour,
'Cause no one sings the song of the working man no
more.

Some of those folks broke down in tears
'Cause that had been their life for many a year
And as we watched them go our hearts just about sank.
But not our new owners though, not the vice president
and the CEO,

They turned around and put millions in the bank.
They say don't bite the hand that feeds you, but I know
right from wrong.

I work hard for my paycheck but their money don't buy
my tongue.

I see the rich man gain from the poor mans pain then
they shuffle him out the door,
And no one sings the song of the workingman no more.
No one sings the song of the workingman no more.
No one sings of the simple dreams he labors his whole
life for.

I'm looking for just one American troubadour,
'Cause no one sings the song of the working man,
Of the working man no more.

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