

**Brian Houser****"The Song Of The Workingman"**

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Darlin', if you're gonna love me then you should know  
That my life's been rocky like the County Line Road.  
Out to the west in the river bottom low,  
Lies an old strip of mud called the County Line Road.  
It's bent and broke; it's lean and mean.  
But that stretch of road is a lot like me.  
I said that stretch of road is a lot like me.  
I can sing you a song that's soft and low,  
Like the hoot owls down on the County line Road.  
The winds of fortune ain't blowin' today.  
I'm stuck in the water, I'm drifting away.  
You could be my anchor, I could hold on to you.  
Darlin' if you want you can hold on too.  
I said Darlin' if you want you can hold me too.  
I'll keep you warm so girl take hold.  
There's a cold wind blowin' on the County Line Road.  
And the hoot owl hangs in the shadows, and the moon,  
she hangs low,  
And my heart is hanging with them tonight down along  
the County Line Road.  
Look a little closer and you will see,  
That the County Line's left a few miles on me.  
Sometime my pain makes me feel so low,  
Lower than the ruts in the County Line Road.  
Lower than the ruts in the County Line Road.  
I'm stuck in the mud and no one to pull,  
In the old river bottom on the County Line Road.  
Darlin' I sure love you but I've got to go,  
I hear the coyotes callin' on the County Line Road.

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