

Travis Tritt "Blue Collar Man"

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{All right merely make sure that I got strong wood
(What?)
Ha ha ha strong wood }

I don't like hangin' out with a high dollar crowd
I ain't no socialite, I'm a little too loud
I don't do garden parties sippin' hot tea, ya
Down in some honky tonk brother that's the place for
me

A hard days livin' is all that I understand
Well I owe my soul to Mastercard
I'm a blue collar man, brother

I bust my bottom every day eight to five
I come home draggin' feelin' barely alive
The kids are screamin' house is turned upside down
Need a bulldozer just to find my way around

We don't like caviar, we like our soup from a can, yeah
Yeah, keep my life simple
I'm a blue collar man

Voo
Aa

Don't need computers handlin' my bank account
Balance my checkbook there's a zero amount
Four carat diamond's not on my lady's hand
We live a life rich folks could never understand

I make my livin' with these two hard workin' hands,
yeah
Won't ever be no millionaire
I'm a blue collar man

Won't ever be no millionaire
I'm a blue collar man on earth
One two three four
Yeah yeah
Blue collar blue collar blue collar man
Aa aa aa aa

Oo oh oo oo
Oh oo oo oh
I'll bring blue collar man
Aa aa oh
Yeah yea yea
Suin'

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