

**Travis Tritt****"Lord Have Mercy on a Working Man"**

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(Kostas)

All around I hear the sound of money  
But I ain't got a nickel to my name  
And everywhere I look I see temptation  
She stands on every corner and calls my name.

Won't you tell me if you can  
'Cause life's so hard to understand  
Why's the rich man busy dancing  
While the poor man pays the band  
Oh, they're billing me for killing me  
Lord, have mercy on the working man.

Uncle Sam's got his hands in my pockets  
And he helps himself each time he needs a dime  
Them politicians treat me like a mushroom  
'Cause they feed me bull and keep me in the blind.

Won't you tell me if you can  
'Cause life's so hard to understand  
Why's the rich man busy dancing  
While the poor man pays the band  
Oh, they're billing me for killing me  
Lord, have mercy on the working man.

Hey, St. Peter, look down for a minute  
And see this little man about to drown  
There's quicksand all around and man I'm in it  
Please help me up Lord, 'cause I'm going down.

Won't you tell me if you can  
'Cause life's so hard to understand  
Why's the rich man busy dancing  
While the poor man pays the band  
Oh, they're billing me for killing me  
Lord, have mercy on the working man.

Won't you tell me if you can  
'Cause life's so hard to understand  
Why's the fat man busy dancing

While the thin man pays the band  
Oh, they're billing me for killing me  
Lord, have mercy on the working man.

Please Lord, have mercy on the working man.  
Please Lord, have mercy on the working man...

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