

# The Fighters

## Locash

You ever see a lady with a sick baby  
Stayin' at home from work  
On a stayin' up all nighter  
That ain't just a momma, son  
That's a fighter

You ever see an old man with a lunch pail  
Five o'clock whistle blowin'  
And he's going on tired as Hell  
That ain't just an old man, son  
Yeah that's a fighter

This one's for the  
Blue collar  
80 hour week-ers  
Sweat stain, hard labor  
Haggard on the speakers  
Picking ourselves up out of the  
Hot August dust  
In God we trust  
Cold beer in the left hand  
Right one holding up a lighter  
This ones for you, yeah  
This ones for the fighters

You ever see an 18 wheeler cross country  
CB talkin'  
\_\_\_\_\_ pull old and  
Keepin' it going, drivin' it like its stolen  
Tryin' to get home on the midnight rider  
That ain't just a trucker, son  
That's a fighter

Talkin' about the farmers  
Old catters  
Ranchers

\_\_\_\_\_ looking for the answers  
Strong coffee waitin' for the golden sun risers  
Broken hearted, give it one more triers

You ain't just survivor

This one's for the  
Blue collar  
80 hour week-ers  
Sweat stain, hard labor  
Haggard on the speakers  
Picking ourselves up out of the  
Hot August dust  
In God we trust  
Cold beer in the left hand  
Friday night catchin' on fire  
This ones for you, yeah  
This ones for the fighters

This is for the  
2 outs in the bottom of the ninth-ers  
The down for the count-ers  
Coming back to life-ers  
The I have a dream-er  
Blind-faith believers  
The no-net, out walking on the wire

Blue collar  
80 hour week-ers  
Sweat stain, hard labor  
Haggard on the speakers  
Picking ourselves up out of the  
Hot August dust  
In God we trust  
Cold beer in the left hand  
Holdin' on a little tighter  
This ones for you, yeah  
This ones for the fighters  
This ones for the fighters  
This ones for you, yeah  
This is for the fighters  
This ones for the fighters  
This ones for the fighters

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