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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