Workin' Man's Dollar

Chris LeDoux

Well, I'm just a workin' man's dollar
In the pocket of his old blue jeans
I ain't like my Wall Street brother
He's in a bank so shiny and cleanWell, I'm faded and I'm wrinkled
Tattered and stained with sweat
But I'm the first one called when Uncle Sam
Needs a hand with the national debtI've been wages for the farm hand
For drivin' an old John Deere
I've been laid on a bar in a tavern
To buy a workin' man an ice-cold beerI've been tipped to a truck-stop waitress
Taped where I was torn
And in the hand of a child I was laid on a plate
In a church on Sunday mornWell, they say I'm the root of all evil
I bring lust, power and greed
But this workin' man's dollar only buys the things
A workin' man really needsWell, they say I'm worth about fifty-cents
In this modern inflated age
But don't tell that to the young man slavin'
To make it on a minimum wageOr that single workin' mother
She's been scrapin' to make ends meet
To make a house a home, keep food on the table
And shoes on her baby's feetWell, I know my days are numbered
I'm gettin' threadbare and wearin' thin
And they'll replace me with another
But I'd do it all again'Cause I've seen this great big country
Passed from hand to callused hand
And I've got to say that I'm mighty proud
That I belong to the workin' manWell, they say I'm the root of all evil
I bring lust, power and greed
But this workin' man's dollar only buys the things
A workin' man really needs

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