

# Raise Yer Glass

## The Bruisers

You got a grip on the American Dream  
Your hands are empty but that's not what you see  
Your pockets are empty and the landlords here  
You spent your money on piss warm beer  
To be someone and make the rules  
To hold the cards and throw down your tools  
To wash your hands clean and tuck in your shirt  
It's the American Dream it shouldn't have to hurt  
You got a job and that's what pays your way  
Got a family that's what makes you stay  
The mouths are fed, the roof don't leak  
You pat them on the head and kiss them on the cheek  
But you forgot their faces and the place you got  
Spend time thinking about what you haven't got  
Slaving every day but your hearts somewhere else

Trying to figure out where you lost yourself You never thought the dream would be so hard  
Thought you'd have the house with the pool in the yard  
The boss would give you just what you earned  
You'd count the blessings and the pay you earned  
But you punch in at 7 and out at 5  
The boss doesn't even know that you're alive  
You do your work and make your way home

But just look around you're not so alone Can't you see you're just a working man  
You'll never have more than you hold in your hand  
You work all your life for someone else  
You only have your family and yourself  
The working man, he's the only one  
With a legacy of pride in the work he's done  
Sweat and tears for the family that he loves  
His pride and his family will always be enough  
Can't you see that I'm a working man  
And we're all just working men  
Raise your glass to the working man alright

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