

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
Yo.u 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
Cant 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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