

# Shuttin' Detroit Down

[John Anderson](#)

My daddy taught me in this country everyone's the same  
You work hard for your dollar and you never pass the blame  
When it don't go your way  
Now I see all these big shots whinin' on my evening news  
They say they're losin' billions and it's up to me and you  
To come runnin' to the rescue  
Well, pardon me if I don't shed a tear  
But they're sellin' make believe and we don't buy that here  
'Cause in the real world they're shuttin' Detroit down  
While the boss man takes his bonus pay and jets on out of town  
And DC's bailin' out them bankers as the farmers auction ground  
Yeah, while they're living it up on Wall Street in that New York City town  
Here in the real world they're shuttin' Detroit down  
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Well, that old man's been workin' in that plant most all his life  
Now his pension plan's been cut in half and he can't afford to die

And it's a cryin' shame 'cause he ain't the one to blame  
And when I look down and see those calloused hands  
Well, let me tell you friend it makes me fightin' mad  
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