

# Better Class of Losers

[Randy Travis](#)

I'm getting out of this high-rise penthouse suite  
Where we pretend life's rosy and sweet  
I'm going back to the folks that I used to know  
Where everyone is what they seem to be And these high class friends that you like to hang around  
When they look my way they're always looking down  
And I'm tired of you spending every dime I make  
To finance this way of life I've learned to hate I'm going back to a better class of loser  
This uptown living's really got me down  
I need friends who don't pay their bills on home computers  
And they buy their coffee beans already ground  
But you think it's disgraceful that they drink three dollar wine  
But a better class of loser suits me fine But you say the grass is greener on the other side  
But where I stand I can't see grass at all  
And the concrete and the steel that change the way you feel  
And it takes more than caviar to have a ball I'm going back to a better class of loser  
This uptown living's really got me down  
I need friends who don't pay their bills on home computers  
And they buy their coffee beans already ground  
And you think it's disgraceful that they drink three dollar wine  
But a better class of loser suits me fine  
Yes a better class of loser just suits me fine

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