

# Tradin' Down

**Pat Benatar**

We paint this town in shades of gray  
And the walls look high 'til you step away  
Ain't it funny how you can look around  
Never see the truth 'til it knocks you down  
Never see the light 'til you're tradin' down  
Work hard labor for your daily bread  
While the golden dream spins around your head  
Time gets money, money buys you time  
For the foolish things that you left behind  
(Workin', workin' overtime)  
Workin', workin' overtime and tradin' down  
It's gonna be alright, he said  
It's gonna be alright  
There's nothing that's here for us  
That we won't mind missin'  
Never see the light 'til you're tradin' down  
There's no future for the workin' man  
See him growin' old in the promised land  
Nothin' to show for the wasted years  
But a heart full of hollow and a taste of tears  
Pushin' Monday to the wall and tradin' down  
Tradin' down  
Tradin' down

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