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' downWork 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' downIt'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' downThere'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' downTradin' down
Tradin' down

Songwriters
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