Blue Collar Dreams

Aaron Bibelhauser

Blue Collar Dreams Aaron Bibelhauser (c)2015

With an aching back, blood, tears, and sweat
Blue collar dreams keep me in debt
Can't tell you why I don't leave this one horse town behind
My good intentions withered on the vine

Hustling for nickels, but I can't save a dime
I try to walk that straight and narrow line
Need a small vacation but I ain't got the time
Bright and early I'll be back to the grind

Paycheck to paycheck ain't the way things ought to be
Hard times, they seem to never end
Yesterday the groceries, today I'll pay the rent
By Friday all my money will be spent

(After last chorus)
Well I'll kick the can a little further down the line
My good intentions withered on the vine

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