

The Workin' Kind

Marshall

Sometimes they heal sometimes they hurt
They're calloused with scars they'll never lose
When times get tough, I fold them at church
Now there ain't much that they can't do
I love the feel of yours in mine
My hands, are the workin' kind
They got worn down soles and torn up leather
They're covered in dirt and clay
They're Roughed up and a barely held together
But they'll never walk away
A better pair I'll never find
Now my boots, are the workin' kind
If push comes to shove, my boots will stand their ground
My hands will always pull their weight
But when it comes to you and I, we're more than a 9 to 5
You know I'll do whatever it takes, to make this work
Well I know that you've had your doubts
And we've seen our share of hard times
But I meant every word of my vows
If you look hard enough you'll find
A simple truth deep in my eyes
That my love, Is the workin' kind
My love, Is the workin' kind

Published by

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