

# Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Blue Collar

Walk your street and I'll walk mine  
And should we meet? Would you spare me some time?  
'Cause you should see my world  
Meet my kind, before you judge our minds  
Blue collar  
Sleep your sleep, I'm awake and alive  
I keep late hours, your nine to five  
So I would like you know  
I need the quiet hours to create in this world of mine  
Blue collar  
I'd like you to know at four in the morning  
Things are coming mine, all I've seen, all I've done  
And those I hope to find  
I'd like to remind you at four in the morning  
My world is very still  
The air is fresh under diamond skies makes me glad to be alive  
You keep that beat and I keep time  
Your restless face is no longer mine  
I rest my feet, while the world's in heat  
And I wish that you could do the same  
Blue collar  
Blue collar