

# Travis Tritt, Blue Collar Man

(Travis Tritt, Gary Rossington)

I don't like hangin' out with a high dollar crowd  
I ain't no socialite I'm a little too loud  
I don't do garden parties sippin' hot tea  
Down in some honky tonk brother  
That's the place for me  
A hard days livin' is all that I understand  
Well I owe my soul to MasterCard  
I'm a blue collar man  
I bust my bottom every day eight to five  
I come home draggin' feelin' barely alive  
The kids are screamin', house is turned upside down  
Need a bulldozer just to find my way around  
Don't like caviar, we like our soup from a can  
Yeah I keep my life simple  
I'm a blue collar man  
Don't need computers handlin' my bank account  
Balance my checkbook there's a zero amount  
Four-carat diamond's not on my lady's hand  
We live a life rich folks could never understand  
I make my livin' with these two hard workin' hands  
Won't ever be no millionaire  
I'm a blue collar man  
Won't ever be no millionaire  
I'm a blue collar man  
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