

Austin Cunningham, Here's to Ya, Roger

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Let That Poor Boy Sing
Here's to Ya, Roger

Well, my tailpipe, it was draggin', and my brakes would barely stop
So I pulled my old pickup in this automotive shop
I said, 'I'd like an estimate' to what appeared to be the boss
Then I sat down in the lobby, afraid to find out what it'd cost
The this guy said, 'Follow me, sir,' his arms all greasy black
He had his name stitched on his pocket, he had my truck up on the rack
He said, 'You need all four brake shoes, and your muffler's rotted out
But I overheard how broke you were, so I'll try to keep it down';

Chorus:

Here's to ya, Roger, and your two hard working hands
With dirt under your fingernails, you're the backbone of this land
And I know you'll keep me runnin' long as you can find the part
So here's to ya Roger, and your true blue collar heart

Well, he struck up a conversation as he set his hands to work
He cussed a bloody knuckle, then he called his boss a jerk
He said, 'We're supposed to get the most from the customers we can
And by the way, what do you do? You look like you're in a band'
Well, I told him I wrote songs, and he said, 'Man that's really cool'
And he got real excited and he put down his power tool
He said, 'You may not believe this, but I once met Brenda Lee'
Started whistling one of her songs
And said, 'I'll do the muffler free

Chorus

Well, as my truck descended, I went inside to pay the bill
He said, 'Don't bring up the muffler or he'll fire me sure as hell'
Back outside, I thanked him and I was down the road and gone
And I sure hope he don't lose his job when his boss man hears this song

Chorus