

# Blackfoot, Diary Of A Workingman

In a room all alone waiting by the telephone  
With a tear in his eye and a pen in his hand  
So begins the diary of a working man

He'd been poor man all his life  
And just when things were going right  
Some stranger takes his woman away  
He doesn't know if he'll see, oh, another day  
Oh, another day

Time has come and he was right,  
It was a cold and rainy night  
And he thought for sure she would follow  
But it won't be the same, no tomorrow

Now here's a man glory bound  
In a pool of dreams about to drown  
If he can just get through this night  
Then maybe tomorrow things will work out right  
Oh, will work out right

Well, with the pain in his blood  
He'd love to take her if he could  
And as he wakes with a scream  
To only it's just reality

He woke with sweaty hands  
Maybe there'll be a change in plans  
With a tear in his eye and a pen in his hand  
So ends the diary of a workingman