

# Clay Walker, Countrified

This working all day aint gettin me nowhere  
breakin my back wont to get it done  
wish I had a dime wish i had a dollar,  
for every dream that I gave up on, that I gave up on.  
This hammer Im swingin is startin to feel heavy  
I clench my fist when I punch the clock  
a little for the bank leaves nothing for my baby  
stretchin my paycheck around the block