

Elvie Shane, Forgotten Man

Go to bed early, wake up at dawn
Swinging from the hip and punching at the clock
Build a hell of a life what more could you want
Than a week's paid vacation and a pick up loan

I got a little white house with a flag in the front
Way that it is, is the way that it was
Dirt turns to mud here, steel turns to rust
The color of my neck's still the same as my blood

Daddy spent his whole life working for a dollar
Name on his patch, more like a badge of honor
Sent me off to school, tried to turn me to a scholar
Can't unpaint the blue on my collar

Gas is getting too damn high
And land is too
Can't get your hands on an acre, that ain't handed down to you
Towers moving in, sending rent through the roof
But we can't lay down, so we lace up our boots

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Here's to their backs giving out and callous cracked hands
The bank pissed away your retirement plans
But I'm still holding that flame
'cause I still give a damn
About that beaten down forgotten man

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