

# 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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