

Randy Travis, Better Class Of Loser

I'm getting out of this high-rise penthouse suite
Where we pretend life's rosy and sweet
I'm going back to the folks that I used to know
Where everyone is what they seems to be
And these high-class friends that you like to hang around
When they look my way they're always looking down
I'm tired of spending every dime I make
To finance this way of life I've learned to hate

(Chorus)

I'm going back to a better class of loser
This up-town living's really got me down
I need friends who don't pay their bills on home computers
And who buy their coffee beans already ground
You think it's disgraceful that they drink three-dollar wine
But a better class of loser suits me fine
You say the grass is greener on the other side
From where I stand I can't see grass at all
And the concrete and the steel won't change the way you feel
It takes more than caviar to have a ball

(Repeat chorus)

You think it's disgraceful that they drink three-dollar wine
But a better class of loser suits me fine