

# 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