

Trace Adkins, Working Man's Wage

I've seen mornings when a thousand bales of hay
Looked like a mountain to a boy my age
And I've seen my daddy in that hot southern sun
Move those mountains one by one
And I've seen that same man come home from the mill
Pull forty hours for a hundred-dollar bill
I've watched him struggle and I've watched him age
Raising a family on a working man's wage
I grew up on a working man's wage
Blood, sweat and tears on every dollar he made
For the little he earned there was so much he gave
And I hope I am worthy of a working man's wage
I pick this guitar six nights a week
Daddy can't believe they're paying me
It would be so easy to let it go to my head
But there's just one thing that I can't forget
I grew up on a working man's wage
Blood, sweat and tears on every dollar he made
For the little he earned there was so much he gave
And I hope I am worthy, I hope I am worthy
Of a working man's wage
I've seen mornings when a thousand bales of hay
Looked like a mountain to a boy my age