

Working man

Edwin McCain

With brand new heart strings that shine like gold
And a neck and back that's new and strong
That sweet simple freedom he called his friend
Fretted easily as he played life songs
So don't leave those gold strings and the free wind sound
In a case with those who never understand
And just clear your head boy and you turn yourself around
Without your guitar, you're just another working man
So tell me the stories that shape your ways
Sweet memories you hold so dear
And though it seemed simple you know it makes me mile
Just to understand the path that brought you here