

# Made In the USA

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We worked real hard night and day  
But still we found it wasn't enough  
We slid into desperate straits  
And eventually they took all our stuff

The car went first, and then my bike  
The washer and dryer were next  
I guess my one unforgivable gripe  
Was when they took away our hope chest.

We lost our house, no alibi  
That was the price that we paid  
We'll pick ourselves up, and we'll never say die  
Cuz unlike our stuff, we were made  
In the USA.

10 hour days and 7 day weeks  
Left me with no time for my kids  
But you never heard me make a peep  
It was better than a life on the skids

But so much for loyalty  
It don't matter bout the years that I gave  
They treat the lowest cost as royalty  
They said my job just couldn't be saved.

They outsourced, I got laid off  
They said I had too high of a wage  
They gave the same old free trade talk  
There's just no room for stuff that gets made  
In the USA.

Tell me where do we go from here  
As for me, I'm in favor of beer, made here.

Instrumental

When times get tough we tend to turn  
To all the things that we trust  
But what do you do, when you keep getting burned  
And everything keeps going bust

Eventually we'll get back on our feet  
We don't mind if we work and we slave  
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep  
Cuz there's one last thing that gets made

And eventually we'll get back on our feet  
We'll work, we'll sweat and we'll slave

We'll pull ourselves up off this scrap heap  
Cuz we're the last thing that still gets made  
In the USA.