

# Drinking Class

Lee Brice

We're up when the rooster crows  
Clock in when the whistle blows  
Eight hours ticking slow  
And then tomorrow we'll do it all over again I'm a member of a blue collar crowd  
They can never, nah they can't keep us down  
If you gotta, gotta label me, label me proud I belong to the drinking class  
Monday through Friday, man we bust our backs  
If you're one of us, raise your glass  
I belong to the drinking class We laugh, we cry, we love  
Go hard when the going's tough  
Push back, come push and shove  
Knock us down, we'll get back up again and again  
I'm a member of a good timing crowd  
We get rowdy, we get wild and loud  
If you gotta, gotta label me, label me proud I belong to the drinking class  
Monday through Friday, man we bust our backs  
If you're one of us, raise your glass  
I belong to the drinking class We all know why we're here  
A little fun, a little music, a little whiskey, a little beer  
We're gonna shake off those long week blues  
Ladies, break out your dancing shoes  
It don't matter what night it is, it's Friday  
It's Saturday and Sunday  
I just want to hear you say  
I just want to hear you sing it  
Y'all sing it with me  
We belong to the drinking class  
Monday through Friday, man we bust our backs  
If you're one of us, raise your glass  
We belong to the drinking class Yeah, we belong to the drinking class  
Monday through Friday, man we bust our backs  
And if you're one of us, raise your glass  
We belong to the drinking class

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>