

(Shawn Camp/Randy Hardison/Wynn Varble)

My oldest brother Tommy was a lineman rest his soul  
His job was hanging hot wires on them power company poles  
I said with all of that high voltage don't it scare you half to death?  
He said it makes me kinda nervous but I just can't help myself 'cause

It pays big money and boy I'm into that  
It pays big money if you're willin' to take a chance  
I'll tell you sonny you ought to see my bank account  
It paid big money but he sure can't spend it now

My dear departed cousin used to put in forty hours  
Changing all them light bulbs on them television towers  
Every morning bright and early he'd climb up in the sky  
And I didn't understand it so one day I asked him why, he said

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My late Uncle Charlie was demolition man  
And he traveled all over the country blasting holes in this great land  
And he carried a case of dynamite everywhere he went  
And he'd smoke them big long cigar's 'til it got the best of him, but

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Now the moral of this story  
Is don't go getting yourself killed  
And be kind to your rich relatives  
And they might just leave you in their will  
And that pays big money having foolish kin  
It pays big money, I guess I owe it all to them  
I'll tell you sonny you ought to see my bank account  
It pays big money think I'll go spend some of it now