

Billy Joel, New Mexico

Today I'm living like a rich man's son
Tomorrow morning I could be a bum
It doesn't matter which direction though
I know a woman in New Mexico

Worse comes to worse I'll get along
I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong

And if I don't have a car I'll hitch
I got a thumb and she's a son of a bitch
I do my writing on my road guitar
And make a living at a piano bar, oh

Worse comes to worse I'll get along
I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong

(Ooh ooh ooh) Lightning and thunder
Flashed across the roads we drove upon
Oh, but it's clear skies we're under
When we are together, when we sing this song

Worse comes to worse I'll get along
I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong

Oh, fun ain't easy if it ain't free
Too many people got a hold on me
But I know something that they don't know
I know a woman in New Mexico

Worse comes to worse I'll get along
I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong
(Ooh ooh ooh, ooh, ooh)