

Emmylou Harris, I Ain't Living Long Like This

(Rodney Crowell)

You looked for trouble and you found it son
Straight down the barrel of a lawman's gun
You'd try to run but you don't think you can
You make one move and you're dead man, friend
I ain't living long like this
I can't live at all like this, can I baby
He slipped the handcuffs on behind my back
Then he left me freezing on a steel rail track
They got 'em all in the jailhouse, ain't they bay
I ain't living long like this
grew up in Houston off of Wayside drive
Son of a charhop in some all night dive
Dad drove a stock car to an early death
All I remember was a drunk man's death
I ain't living long like this
I can't live at all like this can I baby

We know the story how the wheel goes round
Don't let 'em take you to the man downtown
Can't sleep at all in the jailhouse, baby
I ain't living long like this
You live for angel, she's a roadhouse queen
Make Texas ruby look like Sandra Dee
You want to love her but you don't know how
You're at the bottom of the jailhouse now
I ain't living long like this
I can't live at all like this, can I baby

You know the story 'bout the jailhouse rock
Go on and do it, but just don't get caught
They got 'em all in the jailhouse, ain't they baby
I ain't living long like this