

# Foghat, Ain't Livin' Long Like This

R. Crowell - Jolly Cheeks Music - BMI

I looked for trouble and I found it son,  
Straight down the barrel of a lawman's gun.  
I'd try to run but I don't think I can,  
You make one move and you're a dead man, friend.

Ain't livin' long like this,  
Can't live at all like this, can I baby?  
He slipped the handcuffs on behind my back,  
Then left me freezin' on a steel rail rack.  
Can't sleep at all in the jailhouse baby,  
Ain't livin' long like this.

Grew up in Houston on the wayside drive,  
Son of a car hop in some all nite dive.  
Dad drove a stock car to an early death,  
All I remember was a drunk man's breathe.

Ain't livin' long like this,  
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,  
They got 'em all in the jailhouse baby.  
Ain't livin' long like this,  
Can't live at all like this, can I baby? Ah take it!

{Erik - Solo}

I live for Angel, she's a road house queen,  
Makes Texas Ruby look like Sandra Dee.  
I want to love her but I don't know how,  
I'm at the bottom of a jailhouse now.

Ain't livin' long like this,  
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 baby.  
Oh, ain't livin' long like this.  
Oh no!

{Erik - Solo}