

# Jamey Johnson, High Cost Of Living

I was just a normal guy  
Life was just a nine to five  
With bills and pressure  
Piled up to the sky  
She never asked  
She knew I'd be  
Hangin' with my wilder friends  
Looking for some other way to fly

And three days straight was no big feat  
Could get by with no food or sleep  
And crazy was becoming my new norm

I'd pass out on the bedroom floor  
And sleep right through the calm before the storm

My life was just an old routine  
Every day the same damn thing  
I couldn't even tell I was alive

I tell you  
The high cost of livin'  
Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high

That southern Baptist parking lot  
Is where I'd go to smoke my pot  
Sit there in my pickup truck and pray  
Staring at that giant cross  
Just reminded me that I was lost  
And it just never seemed to point the way

As soon as Jesus turned his back  
I find my way across the track  
Lookin' just to score . . . another deal  
With my back against that damn eight ball  
I didn't have to think or talk . . . or feel

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My whole life went through my head  
Layin' in that motel bed  
Watchin' as the cops kicked in the door

I had a job and a piece of land  
My sweet wife was my best friend  
But I traded that for cocaine and a whore

With my new found sobriety  
I've got the time to sit and think  
Of all the things I had . . . and threw away

This prison is much colder than  
That one that I was locked up in just yesterday

My life is just an old routine  
Every day the same damn thing  
Hell I can't even tell if I'm alive

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