

Joe Ely, Hard Livin'

Well you can call out the sheriff and the highway patrol
There's a fool on the road careening out of control
Hard liquor, fast women, Lord, I can't leave 'em be
I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy to me.

I keep my engine revvin' and my beer on ice
My idea of heaven is a pair 'a dice
Come on seven come eleven, set this poor boy free!
I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy to me.

Bright lights, Saturday night
I had me a little you know I feel all right
My cupcake, she can shimmy and shake
Spends more money any fool can make

When my tires are flat and I'm out of gas
I promise myself I'll let the next one pass
I wish that a promise didn't break so easily
I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy to me.