

# Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge, From The Bott

You ask me if I'm happy now  
That's good as any joke I've heard  
It seems that since I've seen you last  
I done forgot the meaning of the words  
If happiness is empty rooms  
And drinkin' in the afternoon  
Well I suppose I'm happy as a clown  
But if it's got a thing to do  
With smilin' of forgettin' you  
Well I don't guess that I could say I am

Did you ever see a down and outer waking up alone  
Without a blanket on to keep him from the dew  
When the water from the weeds has soaked the paper  
He's been puttin' in his shoes to keep the ground from comin' through  
And his future feels as empty as the pocket in his pants  
Because he's never seen a single dream come true  
That's the way that I've been feelin' since the day I started falling  
>From the bottle to the bottom stool by stool  
Learnin' hard to live with losin' you

You wonder if I'm better off  
With freedom now to do the things I choose  
With all my times my own and  
I got nothin' left but sleepin' time to lose  
There's no one here to carry on  
If I stay out the whole night long  
or give a tankerous damn if I don't call  
I'm livin' like I wanted to  
And doin' things I wanna do  
And nothin' means a thing to me at all

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