

Mel Tillis, Your Kind Of Living

Your kind of living has got me to wishing that I had never even heard your name
While my name you're wearing with barroom trash a sharing
Dragging it down down down just as low as you can
Your kind of living has got me to giving consideration to leavin' this old town
Your kind of living I want to leave behind while I've still got my right mind
[piano + guitar]
Your barroom friends can't help what's left of the woman I once loved
Behind my back I'm a leaving all the troubles you're giving
Cause I'm tired tired tired of your kind of living
Your kind of living...