

Merle Haggard, Footlights

I live the kinda life most men only dream of
I make my livin' writin' songs and singin' them
But I'm forty-one years old and I ain't got no place to go
When it's over
So I hide my age and make the stage and
Try to kick the footlights out again
I throw my old guitar across the stage and
Then my bassman takes the ball
And the crowd goes nearly wild to see
My guitar nearly fall
After twenty years of pickin' we're still alive
And kickin' and kickin' down the wall
Tonight we'll kick the footlights out
And walk away without a curtain call
Tonight we'll kick the footlights out again
And try to hide the mood we're really in
Might not put on our old Instamatic grin
Tonight we'll kick the footlights out again
I live the kinda life most men only dream of
And I make my livin' writin' songs and singin' them
But I'm fortysome years old and I ain't got no place to go
When it's over
So I hide my age and make the stage and
Try to kick the footlights out again