

# 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