

# Robert Earl Keen, Dreadful Selfish Crime

Seems like yesterday I was here  
Dreamin' my life away and drinkin' beer  
Staying up till dawn strummin' on guitars  
Sleepin' all day long just like the big rock stars  
Barely livin' on money from tip jars

I had a little place just up the block  
Had me a French girlfriend I loved the way she talked  
We spent our afternoons watchin' the TV  
Findin' things to do that we could do for free  
When we split up she said you don't do enough for me

CHORUS:

I am guilty of a dreadful selfish crime  
I had robbed myself of all my precious time

Had my first gig here in the neighborhood  
We had a little band I thought was good  
Hocked my old shotgun bought a used P.A.  
We got a quart of rum drank it all that day  
When the big gig come we were just to drunk to play

CHORUS

Sometimes I can't believe those days are gone  
Most of my friends back then have moved along  
One's in Hollywood one's a millionaire  
Some are gone for good some still livin' here  
Me I'm just the same lost in a crowd  
Lookin' for the rain in a thunder cloud  
I have moved around but it don't matter though  
One thing I have found there are just two ways to go  
It all comes down to livin' fast or dyin' slow

CHORUS