

Steve Earle, Good Ol' Boy (Gettin' Tough)

I got a job but it ain't nearly enough
A twenty thousand dollar pickup truck
Belongs to me and the bank and some funny talkin' man from Iran
I left the service and got a G.I. loan
I got married bought myself a home
Now I hang around this one horse town and do the best than I can
Gettin' tough
Just my luck
I was born in the land of plenty now there ain't enough
Gettin' cold
I've been told
Nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy
Been goin' nowhere down a one-way track
I'd kill to leave it but ain't no turnin' back
Got the wife and the kids and what would everybody say
My brother's standin' on a welfare line
And any minute now I might get mine
Meanwhile it's the I.R.S. and the devil to pay
I hit the beer joints every Friday night
Spend a little money lookin' for a fight
It don't matter if I lose or win
'Cause Monday I'm back on the losin' end again