

Billy Joel, Worse Comes To Worst

Today I'm livin' like a rich man's son
Tomorrow mornin' I could be a bum
It doesn't matter which direction though
I know a woman in New Mexico
Oh worse comes to worse I'll get along

I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong
And if I don't have a car I'll hitch
I got a thumb and she's a son of a bitch
I'll do my writing on my road guitar
And make a living at a piano bar
Oh worse comes to worse I'll get along
I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong

Oo lighting and thunder
Flashed across the roads we drove up on
Oh but it's clear skies we're under
When we are together, when I sing my song

Fun ain't easy if it free
Too many people got a hold on me
But I know a woman in New Mexico
Oh worse comes to worse I'll get along
I don't know how but sometimes I can be strong