

Blake Babies, I'll Take Anything

Feel like a slob who lives for the day,
When a winning ticket pay is made.
Caught with my butt hanging out of my pants.
Waiting for some kind of lucky chance.
But nothing ever comes to those who wait.
That's why I'm wasting away in front of that empty plate.
I say, "I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger, today."

I look out of the window from my bed.
I weigh all my options, but not one comes out ahead.
You'd think there'd be something.
Oh, I'll take anything.

I look up to the heavens and over at the phone.
Most of what I had is gone,
But I still got my TV,
It makes me feel I'm not alone.
I say, "Nothing's good and nothing's bad.
Everything's just kinda' sad.
I kinda' hope for an accident,
So I can go to sleep."

I look at all my buddies and what's left of the family.
They're not what I wanna' be.
Not whom I wanna' see.
You'd think there'd be something.
Oh, I'll take anything.

Wasn't always this way.
I used to know how to use the day.
Maybe I can shake this funk
And get out before I'm sunk.

Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo.

You'd think there'd be something,
Oh, I'll take anything.