

BR5-49, Too Lazy To Work Too Nervous To Steal

Well I met you in the middle of a bar room fight
In a cheap hotel on the Missouri side
I had you out in my car in the parking lot

Early next morning we were driving east
Headed for the big city where I felt at least
We could enjoy the weather as long as we didn't talk

But I spoiled it by speaking my swirly head
And you rolled them eyes turned to me and said

[chorus]
There's only one thing you got wrong with you
It ain't the whole world looking at you
Why don't you find yourself a life that's real
Too lazy to work, too nervous to steal

Well we got to the city and you got a job
Delivering the L.L.B. catalogue
I was bored and restless, didn't know where to go

Late one evening after I got up
My guitar and I found our way into a club
I saw the queen of diamonds work that big dance floor

Well she looked at me but I couldn't go
That familiar face said, do you want to know

[chorus]
There's only one thing you got wrong with you
It ain't the whole world looking at you
Why don't you find yourself a life that's real
Too lazy to work, too nervous to steal

You gave me 24 hours to pack up my bags and glide
No one's got respect for a man going over the side

Well you went back to the station to make sure I was gone
That bus was on time you didn't have to wait long
I saw the bright lights of Nashville disappear behind me

Well that greyhound was cool under the summer heat
I could still see your face from my window seat
I was so happy to see your crooked smile of relief

But after miles and miles of that highway has droned
I hear the last thing you said when we were all alone

[chorus]
There's only one thing you got wrong with you
It ain't the whole world looking at you
Why don't you find yourself a life that's real
Too lazy to work, too nervous to steal

Too lazy to work, too nervous to steal
Yo-do-lay-dee-hee