

# J.J. Cale, Sporting Life Blues

I'm getting tired  
Of hanging 'round  
Think I will marry  
And settle down  
'cos this old nightlife  
This old sportlife  
Is killing me

I've got a letter  
From my home  
Most of my friends are  
Dead and gone  
I begin to worry  
I begin to wonder  
'bout days to come  
My mother used to  
Talk to me  
I was young and foolish  
And could not see  
Now I've got no mother  
My sisters and brothers  
Don't care for me  
I swear I'm gonna  
Change my ways  
I'm getting older  
Everyday  
When I was young and foolish  
It was so easy  
To run and play

I'm getting tired (I'm getting tired)  
Of hanging 'round (of hanging 'round)  
Think I will marry (think I will marry)  
And settle down (and settle down)  
'cos this old nightlife  
This old sportlife  
Is killing me  
This old nightlife  
This old sportlife  
Is killing me