

# Jon Bon Jovi, Dyin' Ain't Much Of A Livin'

A whiskey bottle comforts me  
And tells me not to cry  
While a full moon says a prayer for me  
I try to close my eyes

But the night's there to remind me  
Of the guns and the early graves  
The ghosts appear as I fall asleep  
To sing an outlaw's serenade

Dyin' ain't much of a livin'  
When you're livin' on the run  
Dyin' ain't much of a livin' for the young  
Is it too late to ask for forgiveness  
For the things that I have done  
Dyin' ain't much of a livin' for the young

The desert's been a friend to me  
It covers me by night  
And a snakebite's not my enemy  
But it taught me how to fight

All this fame don't bring you freedom  
Though it wears a thin disguise  
When an outlaw is just a man to me  
And a man has to die

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And I hope someone will pray for me  
When it's my turn to die... PRAY FOR ME !!!

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