

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Dreadful Selfish Crime

Seems like yesterday I was here
Dreamin' my life away and drinkin' beer
Staying up till dawn strummin' on guitars
Sleepin' all day long just like the big rock stars
Barely livin' on money from tip jars

I had a little place just up the block
Had me a French girlfriend I loved the way she talked
We spent our afternoons watchin' the TV
Findin' things to do that we could do for free
When we split up she said you don't do enough for me

CHORUS:

I am guilty of a dreadful selfish crime
I had robbed myself of all my precious time

Had my first gig here in the neighborhood
We had a little band I thought was good
Hocked my old shotgun bought a used P.A.
We got a quart of rum drank it all that day
When the big gig come we were just to drunk to play

CHORUS

Sometimes I can't believe those days are gone
Most of my friends back then have moved along
One's in Hollywood one's a millionaire
Some are gone for good some still livin' here
Me I'm just the same lost in a crowd
Lookin' for the rain in a thunder cloud
I have moved around but it don't matter though
One thing I have found there are just two ways to go
It all comes down to livin' fast or dyin' slow

CHORUS