

Van Zant, Takin' Up Space

Written by Bobby Pinson and Billy Joe Walker

That Friday night seemed just like any other
Friday night, Jimmy wasn't gonna play.
Sittin' on the bench chompin' at the bit, knowin' he was better.
5'6" goin' on six eight.
A man went down, Jimmy went in:
Third an' long, first an' ten.
Crowd went wild: "Touchdown."
Jimmy said: "I came to win."

If you're gonna go, go all the way.
If you're gonna stay, stand your ground.
If you can't run with the big dogs,
Big dog, Let me walk you out.
If you can't lead, let me by you.
If you won't follow, get out the way:
You're takin' up space.

Shelly had her Daddy's money waitin',
All she had to do was share his chair.
She had a dream that he didn't want her chasin'
She was a night-school millionaire.
She worked two jobs to pay her way:
Stayed up late to make the grade.
Graduated, Summa Cum Laude.
PhD the hard way.

If you're gonna go, go all the way.
If you're gonna stay, stand your ground.
If you can't run with the big dogs,
Big Dog, Let me walk you out.
If you can't lead, let me by you.
If you won't follow, get out the way:
You're takin' up space.

Instrumental Break.

Life's too short to live in caution.
Life's too long not to live it all.

Oh, if you're gonna go, go all the way.
If you're gonna stay, stand your ground.
If you can't run with the big dogs,
Big Dog, Let me walk you out.
If you can't lead, let me by you.
If you won't follow, get out the way:
You're takin' up space.
Oh, you're takin' up space.