

Takers, The "Social Smoker"

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Well you say your just a social smoker,
And only drinks whiskey, that's 10 years and older,
now.
And paying rent is just money wasted,
But growing roots won't get you the places you belong,
Where my ears stay ringing til dawn.
It doesn't pay,
But I can say...

There was this one time,
Back when I could steal the show.
And I don't call it bad luck,
To be better off as broke,
And I don't have to hang, on to
A life that I didn't choose,
In dusty old boots,
At least I tried, I tried,
And I don't care if you're scared
To call my house a home,
'Cause there was this one time,
Back when I could steal the show.

You're self made in the ways of wisdom,
And talk about times
the ways you never lived them back then.
You justify just to find a reason,
A nine to five won't stop this beatin' heart
From playin' in a Honkey-tonk bar,
Before I go,
Just want you to know...

There was this one time,
Back when I could steal the show.
And I don't call it bad luck,
To be better off as broke,
And I don't have to hang, on to
A life that I didn't choose,
In dusty old boots,
At least I tried, I tried,
And I don't care if you're scared
To call my house a home,

'Cause there was this one time,
Back when I could steal the show
I could steal the show,
You never stole the show
You social smoker

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