

## **Takers, The**

### **"Taker Easy"**

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Well my weekdays are bitter and painful,  
And my weeknights are restless at best,  
And I pay out of pocket for doctors,  
To check out the pains in my chest,  
And the postman brings logs for the fire,  
Threw a match on my old mailbox,  
If the lights are still on this Friday,  
I'm gonna drink 'til the turn 'em off...

'Cause I was born a sad old singer of songs,  
Like a slow movin' outlaw, I'll behind them bar before  
long,  
If I turn away from the music,  
I reckon I'll just hop on a train,  
But tonight I'm gonna taker easy,  
Fake a smile,  
While I go insane...

My neighbors are drunkards and fighters,  
And my guitar stays out of tune,  
They're both a part of the choir,  
That sings me to sleep every noon,  
I'd make it if I had the money,  
But my rent won't be paid in dreams,  
So I'll cut the smoke with mu heartbreak,  
And I'll play 'til my fingertips bleed...

And the hard times way heavy on my breath,  
Turnin' out my pockets just to find there's nothin' left,  
There's no rhyme or reason, I'm traveling down this  
road,  
But there's a righteous pride inside me, that just won't  
let it go...

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