

George Jones & Merle Haggard "Footlights"

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I live a kind of life
Most men only dream of
I make my living writing songs
And singin' them

I'm a whole lot older now
And there's still no place to go when it's over
So I'll hide my age and make the stage
And try to kick the footlights out again

I throw my old guitar across the stage
And watch my bassman takes the ball
And the crowd goes nearly wild
To see my guitar nearly fall

After twenty years of pickin'
We're still alive and kickin' down the wall
Tonight we'll kick the footlights out
Walk away without a curtain call

Tonight we'll kick the footlights out again
And try to hide the mood we're really in
Might not put on our old instamatic grins
Tonight we'll kick the footlights out again, kick 'em out

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