

Hayden Panettiere

"I Got A Gig"

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Eight line machine and a sailor's daughter
Somethin' makes 'em crazy growin' up on the water
Playin' for my supper six
Nights a week Hurricanes,
Easter and New Years Eve
Four tin walls now there ain't much left
Lookin' like a homeless
Cheers on
Meth Homer's in the corner, breakin' up a fight
Good Lord, I hope I get paid tonight I got a gig, baby

Burnt fried chicken and
Lone Star beer
Cops and the kids drink free 'round here
Girl, behind the bar is takin' what she's givin'
Lyin' about her past and tryin' to make a livin'
Broke pool table and some hard luck cues.
Go tell your mama, I done paid my dues
Every one around here knows my name
Six
Nights a week in the neon flame I got a gig, baby I got
a gig

There's an old lion tamer parked behind the bar
Hundred pounds of weed in a stolen car
Oil patch boys and girls who went to
College Rules you don't break and laws that ain't
acknowledged
Barefoot shrimper with a pistol up his sleeve
Some will go to
Heaven, some will never leave
Pills in the tip jar, blood on the strings
Oh Lord, I never thought I'd see these things I got
A gig, baby I got a gig

Eight line machine and a sailor's daughter
Somethin' makes 'em crazy growin' up on the water I'm
playin' for my supper six
Nights a week Hurricanes, Easter and New Years Eve I
got a gig

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