

Hayden Panettiere

"Sit In With The Band"

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I been drinking all day for a livin'
Been dreaming bout movin' on
Seems like every little thing I
Do they been putting in a country song
And I saw you on the TV man is that some kind of joke
You been making a killing off the shoes I'm filling
While I'm sitting here gone broke

So as long as we're trading favors
A little pleasure for my pain
Let me stand up there just one time
And here 'em call my name

My friends all think I'm crazy
And my mamma wouldn't understand
But just one time before I die
I want to sit in with the band

Well I know it must be something
Your talent or your style
Your hundred dollar blue jeans
Or your million dollar smile
But I don't need me no gold records
I don't need no limousines
I don't need to tear up my dressing room
With no Beaumont beauty queens

And I don't care if it's backwoods country
I don't care if it's rock and roll
I don't care if it's humming through my old tin roof
Or playin' on the radio
My friends all think I'm crazy
And my mama wouldn't understand
But just one time before I die
I want to sit in with the band

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