Jamey Johnson "The High Cost Of Living"

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I was just a normal guy
Life was just a nine to five
With bills and pressure
Piled up to the sky
She never asked
She knew I'd be
Hangin' with my wilder friends
Looking for some other way to fly

And three days straight
Was no big feat
Could get by with no food or sleep
And crazy was becoming my new norm

I'd pass out on the bedroom floor And sleep right through the calm Before the storm

My life was just an old routine Every day the same damn thing I couldn't even tell I was alive

I tell you
The high cost of livin'
Ain't nothing like
The cost of livin' high

That southern Baptist parking lot Is where I'd go to smoke my pot Sit there in my pickup truck and pray Staring at that giant cross Just reminded me that I was lost And it just never seemed To point the way

As soon as Jesus turned his back I find my way across the track Lookin' just to score Another deal With my back against that damn Eight ball I didn't have to think or talk Or feel

My life was just an old routine Every day the same damn thing I couldn't even tell I was alive

I tell you
The high cost of livin'
Ain't nothing like
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My whole life Went through my head Layin' in that motel bed Watchin' as the cops Kicked in the door

I had a job and a piece of land My sweet wife was my best friend But I traded that for cocaine And a whore

With my new found sobriety I've got the time to sit and think Of all the things I had And threw away

This prison is much colder than That one that I was locked up In just yesterday

My life is just an old routine Every day the same damn thing Hell I can't even tell If I'm alive

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