

Joe Santa Maria

"Lifestyle"

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You wake up in the morning and you're smokin' like a house on fire.
'Cause you've been out all night, and you're burnt down to the wire.
I really love you baby, but you put me through the fire.
Whoa.

Your lifestyle...is killin me. [x2]
And if I don't do somethin' 'bout it there'll be nothing left for me.
Whoa.

You're talkin' too much while you're driving in way too fast.
And you never make sense 'cause you're too busy havin' a blast.
I know we got no future 'cause you just can't remember the past.
Whoa.

Your lifestyle...is killin me. [x2]
And if I don't do somethin' 'bout it there'll be nothing left for me.
Whoa.

Pack my bags got one foot out the door.
'Cause I can't take one more night on the killin' floor.
I must be losin' my mind 'cause I think I'm comin' back for more.
Whoa.

Your lifestyle...is killin me. [x2]
And if I don't do somethin' 'bout it there'll be nothing left for me.
Whoa.

Stop...killin' me. [x4]

