

## Keith Whitley "Hard Livin'"

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Well, you can call out the sheriff and the highway patrol  
Cause there's a fool on the road careenin' out of  
control  
Hard liquor fast women I just can't let 'em be  
Lord, I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy for me.

Well, I keep my motor runnin' got my beer on the ice  
And my idea of heaven is a pair of dice  
Seven come on eight set this poor boy free  
Lord, I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy for me.

Bright lights Saturday night  
I had a couple and I'm feeling alright  
My cupcake she can wiggle and shake  
Spend more money than anybody make.

So give me a shot of that octane juice  
You know where ain't no cure for the honky tonk blues  
And if they come up with somethin' I'll develop an  
immunity  
And I wish hard livin' didn't come easy for me.

--- Instrumental ---

Out on the town just a foolin' around  
Hey, I got my mind on the lost and found  
Step up no need to be shy  
All right pretty women you got the ticket to ride.

When my tires are flat and I'm out of gas  
I promise myself I'll let the next one pass  
Lord, I wish that a promise didn't break so easily  
And I wish hard livin' didn't come easy for me.

Hey, I wish hard livin' didn't come easy for me...

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