Earle Steve "Good Ol' Boy (Gettin' Tough)"

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I got a job but it ain't nearly enough
A twenty thousand dollar pickup truck
Belongs to me and the bank and some funny talkin'
man from Iran
I left the service and got a G.I. loan
I got married bought myself a home
Now I hang around this one horse town and do the best
than I can
Gettin' tough
Just my luck
I was born in the land of plenty now there ain't enough
Gettin' cold
I've been told

Been goin' nowhere down a one-way track
I'd kill to leave it but ain't no turnin' back
Got the wife and the kids and what would everybody
say
My brother's standin' on a welfare line
And any minute now I might get mine
Meanwhile it's the I.R.S. and the devil to pay

Nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy

I hit the beer joints every Friday night Spend a little money lookin' for a fight It don't matter if I lose or win 'Cause Monday I'm back on the losin' end again

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