

Hubbard Ray Wylie "The Beauty Way"

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My father made a pretty dam good living

Playin music on the beauty way

He's gonna die with some money in his pocket

Wish I could do the same today, little Darlin'"

Wish I could do the same today

Lil' white kid and a little transister tuned into Wolfman Jack.

I picked up a guitar, heard the sirens whisper

And I never looked back, little Darlin.

And I never looked back.

I worked the clubs along the San Gradey Crystal

Polished a diamond in the rough.

By the time I hit LA I was hotter than a pistol.

But you never have enough, little Darlin

You never really had enough.

I felt the lights on the big, big stages:

Fire bunin in my Soul.

I've had those nights where my guitar rages.

But it's not something you control, little Darlin'

It's not something you control.

break

Read tail diving for a rat on the sunset.

Coyote pickin thru the trash.

But I Wish I was lyin' like a cat in the sun instead of

Workin like a dog for the cash, little Darlin'

Workin like a dog for the cash

Sometimes I wish I could unplug this cord.

And my soul and all the money I could save

But every time I think quit this beauty way

I hear my bones just turning in their grave

little darlin.

bones just twirlin in their grave.

Hey hh hhh hey hey heyaaa he ahhh.

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