

Steve Earle "Good Ol' Boy"

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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, got a G.I. loan
I got married, bought myself a home
Now I hang around this one horse town
And do the best that I can

It's gettin' tough, just my luck
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough
Gettin' cold, I've been told
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy

Been goin' nowhere down a one-way track
I'd kill to leave it but ain't no turnin' back
Got a wife for the kids
And what will everybody say

My brother's standin' on a welfare line
And any minute now I might get mine
And meanwhile it's the I.R.S. and the devil to pay

Well, gettin' tough, just my luck
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough
Gettin' cold, I've been told
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy

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

Gettin' tough, it's just my luck
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough
It's gettin' cold, I've been told
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy

Gettin' tough, just my luck
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough
We're gettin' cold, I've been told

Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy

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