

Livin' Within My Means

C.W. McCall

Well, I was a poor boy
Just a-kickin' around
Eighteen, with a head full a' dreams
Took some money back then
Did a year in the pen
For not livin' within my means
I worked ev'ry day
I did my time the hard way
I walked out a' that place feelin' clean
I got a job, a guitar
I bought an old beat-up car
Started livin' within my means
Fell in love with a beautiful lady, of sorts
But she was ruthless, restless, and mean
She left me one day
And now I've had to pay
For not lovin' within my means
Then I took to drinkin'
To drive her from my mind
And it helps me forget her, it seems
I just drink now and then
Only now I'm drunk again
For not drinkin' within my means
Now I know that I'm dyin'
But I don't worry none
'Cause I know my soul He'll redeem
But what bothers me
Unless they bury me free
Is I won't even die within my means
But when the dyin's all over
An' I come back again
Say "to hell" with self-pride and esteem
I'll get born in my teens
An' I'll stick to my dreams
Try dreamin' within my means