

## Sit In With The Band

Hayes Carll

I been drinking all day for a livin'  
Been dreaming bout movin' on  
Seems like every little thing I  
Do they been putting in a country song  
And I saw you on the TV man is that some kind of joke  
You been making a killing off the shoes I'm filling  
While I'm sitting here gone broke

So as long as we're trading favors  
A little pleasure for my pain  
Let me stand up there just one time  
And here 'em call my name

My friends all think I'm crazy  
And my mamma wouldn't understand  
But just one time before I die  
I want to sit in with the band

Well I know it must be something  
Your talent or your style  
Your hundred dollar blue jeans  
Or your million dollar smile  
But I don't need me no gold records  
I don't need no limousines  
I don't need to tear up my dressing room  
With no Beaumont beauty queens

And I don't care if it's backwoods country  
I don't care if it's rock and roll  
I don't care if it's humming through my old tin roof  
Or playin' on the radio  
My friends all think I'm crazy  
And my mama wouldn't understand  
But just one time before I die  
I want to sit in with the band