

## Too Lazy To Work Too Nervous To Steal

BR5-49

Well I met you in the middle of a bar room fight  
In a cheap hotel on the Missouri side  
I had you out in my car in the parking lot

Early next morning we were driving east  
Headed for the big city where I felt at least  
We could enjoy the weather as long as we didn't talk

But I spoiled it by speaking my swirly head  
And you rolled them eyes turned to me and said

There's only one thing you got wrong with you  
It ain't the whole world looking at you  
Why don't you find yourself a life that's real  
Too lazy to work, too nervous to steal

Well we got to the city and you got a job  
Delivering the L.L.B. catalogue  
I was bored and restless, didn't know where to go

Late one evening after I got up  
My guitar and I found our way into a club  
I saw the queen of diamonds work that big dance floor

Well she looked at me but I couldn't go  
That familiar face said, do you want to know

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You gave me 24 hours to pack up my bags and glide  
No one's got respect for a man going over the side

Well you went back to the station to make sure I was gone  
That bus was on time you didn't have to wait long  
I saw the bright lights of Nashville disappear behind me

Well that greyhound was cool under the summer heat  
I could still see your face from my window seat  
I was so happy to see your crooked smile of relief

But after miles and miles of that highway has droned  
I hear the last thing you said when we were all alone

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