

Something's Gotta Give

Christian Kane

Faded dreams and blue jeans
A Rangers cap with sweat rings
There's a hole in the sole of my favourite boots
Well I've been at it a long time
Working on that bottom line
And every shirt I've worn,
The collar's been blue.
One of these days I'm gonna jump right off that shelf
And hit the ground runnin'
At least that's what I keep telling myself.
Chorus:I've been sittin' on the fence for way too long
Warming that bench as chance moves on
And believe me, that ain't no way to live.
And this barely gettin' by is really gettin' old
And it's hard to turn a wrench on a rusty bolt
But someday something's gotta give.
Busted hands and broken land
And black gold turned to sand
And the whiskey's the only well that's running deep
Yeah the dust devils dancin' on the mesa again
At the mercy of that west Texas wind
And the tumbleweeds, they seem to know more than me.
Oh they always find their way right out of town
They never turn back,
They keep on rolling and they don't slow down.
Chorus: x3