

Dying Isn't Cheap

Cody Jinks

There's an ashtray of crushed out cigarettes
And an empty bourbon bottle by his bed
A pile of change, a worn-out match book with a name
And a number scribbled on it that can't be read
Living all alone and in the red
I guess sometimes it's worse than being dead

And he said, dying isn't cheap
It's a mighty hefty cost
When you're doing it like me
You've already lost
If I had to buy my way to heaven
Guess I'd go to hell
Since the only thing she left me
Was this old soul to sell
Since she set me free
Living don't come easy and dying isn't cheap

He said, that woman she was everything
But I guess I wasn't everything to her
For that woman I gave anything
Now I'd give anything to drown the hurt
I guess I'll live forever missing her
Because the pills and top shelf whiskey just don't work

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