

He wakes with the chickens and the Waco sun
He's got mouths to feed and cattle to run
Same as his daddy and his daddy done
It's all he's ever known
In this modern world movin' break-neck fast
He's a dyin' breed, a thing of the past
He'll be damned if he don't hit back
If you stand in his way
When there's nothin' more to say

So here's to the lifers
The struggle-and-strifers
Workin' long after the day is done
Here's to the broke-backs
The cowboys in old hats
The last of the Great Generation
It seems they still dream

She's a renaissance girl with a fire in her soul
She's got a pocket full of nothin', nobody tells her "no"
She flew into town twenty years ago
With a guitar and a song
She's been playin' them rooms but she ain't got far
Been livin' off tips in them Broadway bars
She's a troubadour queen but time left its mark
The scene's passed her by
In a world that's passed her by

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No, they don't give up and they don't give in
When things don't go their way
Yeah we're gettin' knocked down, yeah we're gettin' back up
Live to die another day

So here's to the lifers
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