

High Cost Of Living

Jamey Johnson

I was just a normal guy
Life was just a nine to five
With bills and pressure
Piled up to the sky
She never asked
She knew I'd be
Hangin' with my wilder friends
Looking for some other way to fly

And three days straight was no big feat
Could get by with no food or sleep
And crazy was becoming my new norm

I'd pass out on the bedroom floor
And sleep right through the calm before the storm

My life was just an old routine
Every day the same damn thing
I couldn't even tell I was alive

I tell you
The high cost of livin'
Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high

That southern Baptist parking lot
Is where I'd go to smoke my pot
Sit there in my pickup truck and pray
Staring at that giant cross
Just reminded me that I was lost
And it just never seemed to point the way

As soon as Jesus turned his back
I find my way across the track
Lookin' just to score . . . another deal
With my back against that damn eight ball
I didn't have to think or talk . . . or feel

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Every day the same damn thing
I couldn't even tell I was alive

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My whole life went through my head
Layin' in that motel bed
Watchin' as the cops kicked in the door

I had a job and a piece of land
My sweet wife was my best friend
But I traded that for cocaine and a whore

With my new found sobriety
I've got the time to sit and think
Of all the things I had . . . and threw away

This prison is much colder than
That one that I was locked up in just yesterday

My life is just an old routine
Every day the same damn thing
Hell I can't even tell if I'm alive

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