# The Getting By

**Justin Moore**

I can barely even sip this whiskey
But I know it's gonna help me when it hits me
You're a goodbye wrecking ball, I'm all in pieces
I can't quit losing weight and I ain't sleeping

I'm getting through the bottles up on the shelf
Getting through the hung-up, going through hell
Getting to the light behind those curtains
Getting to the other side of this hurting
Getting drunk, getting stoned
Getting over you getting gone
Girl, it's killing me, but I'm
Getting used to getting through the getting by

Mama called me up, said she's been praying
Musta heard what the folks 'round here have all been saying
I could find a brand new town, but I don't want to
'Cause I'm getting on down the road up on this barstool

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Yeah, the getting by

Gonna drown this drowning pain
In a sea of neon smoke
If I can't save myself
Don't throw me a rope

Yeah, I'm getting through the bottles up on the shelf
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