

Slim Pickin's

Pure Prairie League

Most of our days are passin' lastin' just long enough
To up and make it rough on lady night and shadowy glances she's
castin'

Eight dollars for my labor is a good price sure looks nice to b
utter olcoms cup
Have to risk a bluff a little down on luck an sometimes the odd
s aren't worth chancin'

Slim pickins... don't it make your thoughts start to wander
Yes but soon they'll belong to her that lady in the night

Anna come hold me I feel dead my eyelids are such dead weights
but will not shut
Pass a bottle let the dog out my head's a-kickin'

Slim pickins... don't it make your thoughts start to wander
Yes but soon they'll belong to her that lady in the night

My companion for the moment my sidekick through the hours

We'll just roll it on round to the highway's end
Laughin' an fallin' the roadblocks go down
Been workin' our fingers to the bone... gonna find us a home

Most of our days are lastin' passin' from dawn to dusk
I don't ask too much just kickin' in the dust and let tomorrow
be tomorrow's unmaskin'

Slim pickins can't give it up I'm way too far under
To keep the clouds from your eyes I wouldn't be surprised
With the good things and bad times can find

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I wouldn't be surprised