

I Gotta Change (Or I'm Gonna Die)

Ron Pope

Pain pills started for a backache
Doctor dropped me like a lead weight
Now I cop off the interstate
'Bout 15 miles from here

I'm not the type you would expect
I work harder than a son of a bitch
Trying to raise up these three kids
And keep 'em clothed and fed

What's a man worth if he can't work?
Was I really made as a rich man's hammer?
Is this all there'll ever be for me?

I gotta change or I'm gonna die, I wanna live so I'm gonna try
Give it my best, this ain't a test I plan to fail
Where I come from, they'll break a man
What I got now, I built with these hands
I'm not afraid to get a little dirt beneath my nails
This ain't a test I plan to fail

Oxys beat me like I owed them money
Still on my feet and I feel like running
Maybe somewhere it's always summer
And leave these cares behind

But I've got folks who depend on me
I rise in the dark cause I still believe there's
Something good I just can't see yet
Up around the bend

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I used to never take an Advil
But if I don't earn we don't pay bills
Inside I'm screaming like an anvil
When iron and hammer meet

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