

Waiting Around To Die

The Be Good Tanyas

Sometimes I don't know where
This dirty road is taking me
Sometimes I don't know the reason why
So I guess I keep a-gamblin'
Lots of booze and lots of ramblin'
But it's easier than just waitin' around to die

One time, friends, I had a ma
I even had a pa
He beat her with a belt once 'cause she cried
She told him to take care of me
She headed down to Tennessee
Well it's easier than just a waitin' around to die

Then I came of age and I found a girl
In a Tuscaloosa bar
She cleaned me out and hit in on the sly
I tried to kill the pain, I bought some wine
And hopped a train
Well it's easier than just a waitin' around to die

Then a friend said he knew
Where some easy money was
We robbed a man, and brother did we fly
But the posse caught up with me
And he dragged me back to Muskogee
And now it's two long years of waitin' around to die

Now I'm out of prison
And I got me a friend at last
And he don't steal or cheat or drink or lie
Well his name is Codeine
And he's the nicest thing I've seen
And together we're gonna wait around to die