

## This Life

## Devil Makes Three

Well, broken down outside Bakersfield  
man it started to snow.  
Sleepin' sittin' up in the front seat  
cold wind, it blows.  
Well now, people if you feel for your mortal souls  
get a job workin' at the grocery store.

'Cause,  
CHORUS  
this life, it ain't right for everybody.  
Everbody'd do it now, if it was easy.  
This life, it ain't right for everybody,  
but it sure's been good to me.

Drivin' thirty-five miles an hour  
'cross that Texas heat,  
engine burnin' like the fires of Hell  
just to melt the shoes of my feet.  
Well, it's three mechanics in a hundred miles  
and nothin's wrong.  
Didn't get nothing' outta that trip but another song.

Well,  
CHORUS

Yes,  
BRIDGE  
I been up in the apple trees,  
I been down in the ditches on my bended knees.  
"May I help you, sir?  
What do ya need?"  
Oh,  
been 'round a corner or two,  
sold everything but my clothes and shoes.  
Did a thousand jobs that I never wanted to do.  
I ain't settlin' down here,  
I'm just passin' through.

Up to Vancouver where the  
buildings scrape the sky.  
They wanted to fight that night,  
can't say the reason why.  
Well, it's flyin' fists, broken bottles,  
swings a heat into the crowd.  
They had to bring the paddywhack in just to settle everybody down.

Well,  
CHORUS

Because,  
BRIDGE

CHORUS

Yeah, it sure's been good to me.