

## The Getting By

The Killers

When I get up, she swears that she don't hear it  
Says that I'm as quiet as a mouse  
I comb my hair and throw some water on my face  
And back out of the stillness of our house  
Lately, my patience is in short supply  
Nothing good seems to ever come from all this work  
No matter how hard I try

You know I believe in the Son, I ain't no backslider  
But my people were told they'd prosper in this land  
Still, I know some who've never seen the ocean  
Or set one foot on a velvet bed of sand  
But they've got their treasure laying way up high  
Where there might be many mansions  
But when I look up, all I see is sky

Maybe it's the getting by that gets right underneath you  
It'd swallow up your every step, boy, if it could  
But maybe it's the stuff it takes to get up  
In the morning and put another day in, son  
That holds you till the getting's good  
Green ribbon front doors, dishwater days  
This whole town is tied to the torso of God's mysterious ways

Maybe it's the getting by that gets right underneath you  
It'd swallow up your every step, boy, if it could  
But maybe it's the stuff it takes to get up  
In the morning and put another day in, son  
That keeps you standing where you should  
So put another day in, son, and hold on till the getting's good