This Life

Tucker Beathard

New town, new crowd
A thousand miles from my last stage
Free girls, free drinks
Living like a line out of "Turn the Page"

And miles mixed with come down highs
And nights without any sleep
The wear and tear is hard to hide
Even bloodshot eyes can see

This life is gonna kill me somehow
It's gonna chew me up and spit me right out
Yeah something's gotta give, to get in my head
That I ain't got an 'S' painted on my chest
And if I don't give a damn enough to straighten up
How I been living then eventually
This life is gonna kill me

You can say, that I'm
My own worst enemy
You can say, a good time
Is like a bad friend that I still keep

There's a little kid hanging in a picture frame
That never thought by twenty one
He'd break down somewhere so damn lost
He'd let roll off his tongue

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