

# I Got a Gig

Hayes Carll

Eight line machine and a sailor's daughter Somethin' makes 'em crazy growin' up on the water Playin' for my  
supper six nights a week Hurricanes, Easter and New Years Eve Four tin walls now there ain't much left  
Lookin' like a homeless Cheers on meth Homer's in the corner, breakin' up a fight Good Lord, I hope I get paid  
tonight I got a gig, baby Burnt fried chicken and Lone Star beer  
Cops and the kids drink free 'round here Girl, behind the bar is takin' what she's givin'  
Lyin' about her past and tryin' to make a livin'  
Broke pool table and some hard luck cues Go tell your mama, I done paid my dues Every one around here  
knows my name Six nights a week in the neon flame I got a gig, baby I got a gig There's an old lion tamer  
parked behind the bar Hundred pounds of weed in a stolen car Oil patch boys and girls who went to college  
Rules you don't break and laws that ain't acknowledged Barefoot shrimper with a pistol up his sleeve Some will  
go to Heaven, some will never leave Pills in the tip jar, blood on the strings Oh Lord, I never thought I'd see  
these things I got a gig, baby I got a gig Eight line machine and a sailor's daughter Somethin' makes 'em crazy  
growin' up on the water I'm playin' for my supper six nights a week Hurricanes, Easter and New Years Eve I  
got a gig

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