

# 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 Year's 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 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 gotta 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 Year's Eve  
I got a gig, baby, I got a gig  
I got a gig, baby, I got a gig  
I got a gig

---

Lyrics powered by [lyrics.tancode.com](http://lyrics.tancode.com)

written by HAYES CARLL  
Lyrics Â© BUG MUSIC

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>