

Up to No Good Livin'

[Chris Stapleton](#)

Wish I could come home from workin'
And not have ya checkin' my breath
I'm tired of her turning her questions
Into the Gettysburg Address There's no reason why she shouldn't trust me
The fact that she don't makes me mad
Can't count all the times that I begged her
Honey, just let my past be the past I used to drink like a fish and run like a dog
Done a whole lotta shit not permitted by law
People call me the Picasso of painting the town
And I've finally grown up
I finally changed from that someone I was to somebody I ain't
But she finds it hard to believe that she's turned me around
Though I'll probably die before I live all mine
Up to no good livin' now Gave up on bringing her flowers
And that just kept making things worse
I ain't been guilty of nothin'
Of being the man she deserves I used to drink like a fish and run like a dog
Done a whole lotta shit not permitted by law
People call me the Picasso of painting the town
And I've finally grown up
I finally changed from that someone I was to somebody I ain't
But she finds it hard to believe that she's turned me around
You know I'll probably die before I live all mine
Up to no good livin' now I used to curse like a sailor and howl at the moon
And I woke up some mornings with I don't know who
But I never dreamed back then that I'd have to pay for it now
You know I'll probably die before I live all mine
Up to no good livin' now
Yeah I'd hate to die before I live all mine
Up to no good livin' now

Songwriters

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