

Lifetime to Prove

BR5-49

My pockets are empty though my wife has sent me
To the store for some cigarettes and bread
I started walking there got as far as the square
Then the smell of beer went to my head
The thing about beer it can make a man hear
Voices from days long since past
And with every third drink it'll make you think
That your youth will always last
No matter which way you move it takes a lifetime to prove
To yourself I could have been more

I got one foot in the door I just want one moreI thought of a time when my future was mine
It didn't matter what anyone said
I was handsome and strong and when I walked along
I stood erect and looked straight ahead
But then I lost my fight goin' to turned to might
Somewhere along the line I lost my will
And now I'm sittin' here my life full of beer
And I try to pretend it's not real
No matter which way you move it takes a lifetime to prove
To yourself I have been before

I got one foot in the door I just want one more
[guitar]

These days I barely survive on lot number five
In the mobile acres on the eastside of town
I swore this kind of life I'd never lead
I guess I let too many things get me down
If my pappy could see what they done to me
I swear he'd march down there and make it all right
But he's long since gone and I'm old enough now
I should be able to fight my own fight
No matter which way you move it takes a lifetime to prove
To yourself I could have been more

I got one foot in the door I just want one more