

# High Cost Of Living

Jamey Johnson

I was just a normal guy, life was just a nine to five  
With bills and pressure piled up to the sky  
She never asked, she knew I'd be hanging with my wilder friends  
Looking for some other way to fly And three days straight was no big feat  
To get by on no food or sleep and crazy was becoming my new norm  
I'd pass out on the bedroom floor  
And sleep right through the calm before the storm My life was just an old routine  
Every day the same damn thing  
I couldn't even tell I was alive  
I tell you the high cost of livin'  
Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high That Southern Baptist parking lot is where I'd go to smoke my pot  
Sit there in my pickup truck and pray  
And staring at that giant cross just reminded me that I was lost  
And it just never seemed to point the way As soon as Jesus turned his back I'd find my way across the track  
Lookin' just to score another deal  
With my back against that damn eight ball  
I didn't have to think or talk or feel My life was just an old routine  
Every day the same damn thing  
I couldn't even tell I was alive  
I tell you the high cost of livin'  
Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high My whole life went through my head  
Layin' in that motel bed watchin' as the cops kicked in the door  
I had a job and a piece of land, my sweet wife was my best friend  
But I traded that for cocaine and a whore With my new found sobriety I've got the time to sit and think  
Of all the things I had and threw away  
This prison is much colder than  
That one that I was locked up in just yesterday My life is just an old routine  
Every day the same damn thing  
Hell, I can't even tell if I'm alive  
I tell you the high cost of livin'  
Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high  
I tell you the high cost of livin'  
Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high Just leave that stuff alone

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