

# Hard Livin'

[Keith Whitley](#)

Well, you can call out the sheriff and the highway patrol  
'Cause there's a fool on the road careenin' out of control  
Hard liquor, fast women, I just can't let him be  
Lord, I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy for me Well, I keep my motor runnin', got my beer on ice  
And my idea of heaven is a pair of dice  
Seven come on eleven, set this poor boy free  
Lord, I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy for me Bright lights, Saturday night  
Well, I musta had a couple, I'm a-feelin' alright  
My cupcake can shimmy and shake  
Spend more money than anybody makes Well, gimme some more high octane juice  
You know there ain't no cure, forget your honky tonk blues  
And if they come up with somethin' I'll develop an immunity  
Lord, I wish hard livin' didn't come easy for me Out on the town just a-foolin' around  
And I got my mind on the lost and found  
Step up, no need to be shy  
You know that every pretty woman's got a ticket to ride Well, my tires are flat and now I'm out of gas  
I always promised myself I'd let the next one pass  
Lord, I wish that that a promise didn't break so easily  
And I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy for me  
Hey, I wish hard livin' didn't come so easy for me

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