

# A Million Ways To Die

## Alan Jackson

Cowboys and pioneers, come lend your eyes and ears.

I've got the need to testify.

Don't try to fill your nest out in the open west

'cuz there's a million ways to die.Six bullets in the gut or just a paper cut  
...too many ways to quantify.

They'll cut your ankle off to cure a minor cough

'cuz there's a million ways to die.[Chorus]It's a hundred and one in the shade of the sun.

If you fall asleep, you fry.[Chorus]You can live like a saint but there just really ain't  
no avoiding a million ways to die.[Chorus]Smallpox and bigger pox, and deadly tomahawks  
...or God forbid you steal a pie.They'll blast you into shards for bein' good at cards.

'cuz there's a million ways to die.Out on the desert plains it hardly ever rains

and you can hear coyotes cry.They'll eat you up and then they'll crap you out again  
'cuz there's a million ways to die.[Chorus]With a whoosh and a whack there's a knife in your back  
'cuz you got a fancy tie...[Chorus]It's a kick in the pants but you don't have a chance  
of escaping a million ways to die.[Chorus]

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