

# The Week Of Living Dangerously

Steve Earle

Well I got out of work and I headed for the neighborhood beer joint  
I sat around and had a beer with the boys like I always do  
Well I didn't have nothin' to say anyway there ain't no point  
There's something 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue Well it was well after dark so I knew my wife  
and kids were waitin'  
And I guess I took a left where I generally take a right  
Well I filled her up with gas and checked the oil at the Texaco station  
I threw the car seat in the dumpster and I headed out into the night Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh  
There's somethin' 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue Well I headed south on 35 hell bent for vinyl  
I hadn't never had her up past 55 before  
Well somethin' 'bout that little red line always looked so final  
Buddy you'd be surprised how fast a Chevrolet truck can go Now down in Mexico they've got a little place  
called Boystown  
Where a man's still a man if you know what I'm talkin' about  
Well I walked into the Cadillac bar and I laid my cash down  
I said, "There's plenty more where that came from and the lights went out" Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh  
There's somethin' 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue Well I woke up in a county jail 'cross the line in  
Laredo  
I had a headache and a deputy staring at me through the door  
He said, "Now how you got across that river alive, I don't know  
But your wife just made your bail so now you're really dead for sure" Now my wife, she called my boss and she  
lied and so I got my job back  
And the boys down at the plant, they whisper and stare at me  
Well my wife can find a lot of little jobs to keep me on the right track  
That's a small price to pay for a week of living dangerously Woo ohh ooh ooh ooh wee  
That's a small price to pay for a week of living dangerously

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