

Dyin' Ain't Much Of A Livin'

Jon Bon Jovi

A whiskey bottle comforts me
And tells me not to cry
While a full moon says a prayer for me
I try to close my eyes But the night's there to remind me
Of the guns and the early graves
The ghosts appear as I fall asleep
To sing an outlaw's serenade Dyin' ain't much of a livin'
When you're livin' on the run
Dyin' ain't much of a livin' for the young
Is it too late to ask for forgiveness
For the things that I have done
Dyin' ain't much of a livin' for the young The desert's been a friend to me
It covers me by night
And a snakebite's not my enemy
But it taught me how to fight All this fame don't bring you freedom
Though it wears a this disguise
When an outlaw is just a man to me
And a man has to die Dyin' ain't much of a livin'
When you're livin' on the run
Dyin' ain't much of a livin' for the young
Is it too late to ask for forgiveness
For the things that I have done
Dyin' ain't much of a livin' for the young Solo And I hope someone will pray for me
When it's my turn to die... pray for me Chorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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