

# Something's Gotta Give

[Ella Fitzgerald & the Nelson Riddle Orchestra](#)

Faded dreams and blue jeans  
A rangers cap with sweat rings  
There's a hole in the sole of my favorite boots  
Well, I've been at it a long time  
Working on that bottom line  
And every shirt I've worn, the collar's been blue  
One of these days I'm gonna jump right off that shelf  
And hit the ground running  
At least that's what I keep telling myself  
I've been sitting on the fence for way too long  
Warming that bench as chance moves on  
And believe me, that ain't the way to live  
And this barely getting by is really getting old  
And it's hard to turn the wrench on a rusty bolt  
But someday, something's gotta give  
Busted hands and broken land  
And black gold turned to sand  
And the whiskey is the only well that's running deep  
And the dust devils dancing on the mesa again  
At the mercy of that west Texas wind  
The tumble weeds, they seem to know more than me  
Oh, they always find their way right out of town

They never turn back  
They keep on rolling and they don't slow down  
I've been sitting on the fence for way too long  
Warming that bench as chance moves on  
And believe me that ain't the way to live  
And this barely getting by is really getting old  
And it's hard to turn the wrench on a rusty bolt  
But someday, something's gotta give  
Ooh, I've been sitting on the fence for way too long  
Warming that bench as chance moves on  
And believe me, that ain't the way to live  
Yeah well, this barely getting by is really getting old  
And it's hard to turn the wrench on a rusty bolt  
But someday, something's gotta give  
Man, I've been sitting on the fence for way too long  
Warming that bench as chance moves on

And believe me, no, that ain't the way to live  
And this barely getting by is really getting old  
And it's hard to turn the wrench on a rusty bolt  
    But someday, says something's gotta give  
    Well, something's gotta give

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