

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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