

Something's Gotta Give

Ella Fitzgerald & Nelson Riddle and His 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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