

Waiting Around to Die

The Be Good Tanyas

Sometimes I don't know where
This dirty road is taking me
Sometimes I can't even see the reason why
I guess I keep a-gamblin'
Lots of booze and lots of ramblin'
It's easier than just waitin' around to die

One time, friends, I had a ma
I even had a pa
He beat her with a belt once 'cause she cried
She told him to take care of me
Headed down to Tennessee
It's easier than just waitin' around to die

I came of age and I found a girl
In a Tuscaloosa bar
She cleaned me out and hit in on the sly
I tried to kill the pain, bought some wine
And hopped a train
Seemed easier than just waitin' around to die

A friend said he knew
Where some easy money was
We robbed a man, and brother did we fly
The posse caught up with me
And drug me back to Muskogee
It's two long years I've been waitin' around to die

Now I'm out of prison
I got me a friend at last
He don't drink or steal or cheat or lie
His name's Codine
He's the nicest thing I've seen
Together we're gonna wait around and die
Together we're gonna wait around and die

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