

Livin' Ain't Easy

The Menzingers

In vibrant hues and subtle brush strokes of memory
The life I've painted I've sold for a quick twenty
It's on display now for the privileged and the wealthy
God, I despise their reassuring, lying eyes
Our home stands tall behind that foreclosure sign
Everything in boxes from another lifetime
Continental breakfast in the lobby
But they're always out of coffee Only a fool would think living could be easy
Only a fool would think living could be easy This little motel room on I-80 west of nowhere
Why count the stars?
You'll never know where you are
Somewhere light years from the world you used to know
Like a lock that doesn't turn
Like a plant that doesn't grow
Long for the words with hearts and wings
From five states over, I'm running from everything
Continental breakfast in the lobby
But they're always out of coffee Only a fool would think living could be easy
Only a fool would think living could be easy Oh you know it breaks my heart
Watching your whole life fall apart
While bastards dance off with the night
As we try to break free with all our might Only a fool would think living could be easy
Only a fool would think living could be easy
Only a fool would think living could be easy
Only a fool would think living could be easy In vibrant hues and subtle brush strokes of memory
The life I've painted I've sold for a quick twenty

Songwriters

GREG BARNETT, JOSEPH GODINO, ERIC JOSEPH KEEN, THOMAS F. MAY Published by

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