

# These Days (I Barely Get By)

George Jones

I woke up this morning aching with pain  
Don't think I can work, but I'll try  
The car's in the shop so I thumbed all the way  
Oh these days I barely get by I walked home from work and it rained all the way  
My wife left and didn't say why  
She laid all our bills on the desk in the hall  
Oh these days I barely get by Put my only two dollars on my favorite horse  
He lost by a nose and I cried  
Oh, my boss says come winter we'll all be laid off  
Oh these days I barely get by These days I barely get by  
I want to give up, lay down and die  
Worst of all was when she told me goodbye  
Whoa these days I barely get by  
Whoa these days, one barely gets by

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