

Footlights

Merle Haggard

I live the kinda life most men only dream of
I make my livin' writin' songs and singin' them
But I'm forty-one years old
And I ain't got no place to go when it's over And I'll hide my age and make the stage and
And try to kick the footlights out again I throw my old guitar across the stage
And then my baseman takes the ball
And the crowd goes nearly wild
To see my guitar nearly fall After twenty years of pickin'
We're still alive and kickin' down the wall
Tonight we'll kick the footlights out
And walk away without a curtain call Tonight I'll kick the footlights out again
And try to hide the mood I'm really in
And put on our old Instamatic grin
Tonight I'll kick the footlights out again I live the kinda life most men only dream of
I make my livin' writin' songs and singin' them
But I'm fortysome years old
And I ain't got no place to go when it's over So I'll hide my age and make the stage
And try to kick the footlights out again

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