

# Good ol boy

Steve Earle

I got a job but it ain't nearly enough  
A twenty thousand dollar pickup truck  
Belongs to me and the bank  
And some funny talkin' man from Iran I left the service, got a G.I. loan  
I got married, bought myself a home  
Now I hang around this one horse town  
And do the best that I can It's gettin' tough, just my luck  
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough  
Gettin' cold, I've been told  
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy Been goin' nowhere down a one-way track  
I'd kill to leave it but ain't no turnin' back  
Got a wife for the kids  
And what will everybody say My brother's standin' on a welfare line  
And any minute now I might get mine  
And meanwhile it's the I.R.S. and the devil to pay Well, gettin' tough, just my luck  
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough  
Gettin' cold, I've been told  
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy Well, I hit the beer joint every Friday night  
Spend a little money lookin' for a fight  
And it don't matter if I lose or win  
'Cause Monday I'm back on the losin' end again Gettin' tough, it's just my luck  
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough  
It's gettin' cold, I've been told  
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy Gettin' tough, just my luck  
I was born in the land of plenty, now there ain't enough  
We're gettin' cold, I've been told  
Well, nowadays it just don't pay to be a good ol' boy

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