

My pockets are empty though my wife has sent me  
To the store for some cigarettes and bread  
I started walking there got as far as the square  
Then the smell of beer went to my head  
The thing about beer it can make a man hear  
Voices from days long since past  
And with every third drink it'll make you think  
That your youth will always last  
No matter which way you move it takes a lifetime to prove  
To yourself I could have been more  
I got one foot in the door I just want one more

I thought of a time when my future was mine  
It didn't matter what anyone said  
I was handsome and strong and when I walked along  
I stood erect and looked straight ahead  
But then I lost my fight goin' to turned to might  
Somewhere along the line I lost my will  
And now I'm sittin' here my life full of beer  
And I try to pretend it's not real  
No matter which way you move it takes a lifetime to prove  
To yourself I have been before  
I got one foot in the door I just want one more  
These days I barely survive on lot number five  
In the mobile acres on the eastside of town  
I swore this kind of life I'd never lead  
I guess I let too many things get me down  
If my pappy could see what they done to me  
I swear he'd march down there and make it all right  
But he's long since gone and I'm old enough now  
I should be able to fight my own fight  
No matter which way you move it takes a lifetime to prove  
To yourself I could have been more  
I got one foot in the door I just want one more