

## **Livin' Within My Means**

**C.W. McCall**

Well, I was a poor boy  
Just a-kickin' around  
Eighteen, with a head full a' dreams  
Took some money back then  
Did a year in the pen  
For not livin' within my means  
I worked ev'ry day  
I did my time the hard way  
I walked out a' that place feelin' clean  
I got a job, a guitar  
I bought an old beat-up car  
Started livin' within my means  
Fell in love with a beautiful lady, of sorts  
But she was ruthless, restless, and mean  
She left me one day  
And now I've had to pay  
For not lovin' within my means  
Then I took to drinkin'  
To drive her from my mind  
And it helps me forget her, it seems  
I just drink now and then  
Only now I'm drunk again  
For not drinkin' within my means  
Now I know that I'm dyin'  
But I don't worry none  
'Cause I know my soul He'll redeem  
But what bothers me  
Unless they bury me free  
Is I won't even die within my means  
But when the dyin's all over  
An' I come back again  
Say "to hell" with self-pride and esteem  
I'll get born in my teens  
An' I'll stick to my dreams  
Try dreamin' within my means