

## Something's Gotta Give

Christian Kane

Faded dreams and blue jeans  
A Rangers cap with sweat rings  
There's a hole in the sole of my favourite boots  
Well I've been at it a long time  
Working on that bottom line  
And every shirt I've worn,  
The collar's been blue.  
One of these days I'm gonna jump right off that shelf  
And hit the ground runnin'  
At least that's what I keep telling myself.  
Chorus: I've been sittin' on the fence for way too long  
Warming that bench as chance moves on  
And believe me, that ain't no way to live.  
And this barely gettin' by is really gettin' old  
And it's hard to turn a wrench on a rusty bolt  
But someday something's gotta give.  
Busted hands and broken land  
And black gold turned to sand  
And the whiskey's the only well that's running deep  
Yeah the dust devils dancin' on the mesa again  
At the mercy of that west Texas wind  
And the tumbleweeds, they seem to know more than me.  
Oh they always find their way right out of town  
They never turn back,  
They keep on rolling and they don't slow down.  
Chorus: x3

Correct these lyrics

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