

The Week of Living Dangerously

Steve Earle

Well I got out of work and I headed for the neighborhood beer joint

I sat around and had a beer with the boys like I always do
Well I didn't have nothin' to say anyway there ain't no point
There's something 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue

Well it was well after dark so I knew my wife and kids were waitin'

And I guess I took a left where I generally take a right
Well I filled her up with gas and checked the oil at the Texaco station

I threw the car seat in the dumpster and I headed out into the night

Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh

There's somethin' 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue

Well I headed south on 35 hell bent for vinyl

I hadn't never had her up past 55 before

Well somethin' 'bout that little red line always looked so final

Buddy you'd be surprised how fast a Chevrolet truck can go

Now down in Mexico they've got a little place called Boystown

Where a man's still a man if you know what I'm talkin' about

Well I walked into the Cadillac bar and I laid my cash down

I said, "There's plenty more where that came from and the lights went out"

Woo ooh ooh ooh ooh

There's somethin' 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue

Well I woke up in a county jail 'cross the line in Laredo

I had a headache and a deputy staring at me through the door

He said, "Now how you got across that river alive, I don't know
But your wife just made your bail so now you're really dead for sure"

Now my wife, she called my boss and she lied and so I got my job back

And the boys down at the plant, they whisper and stare at me

Well my wife can find a lot of little jobs to keep me on the right track

That's a small price to pay for a week of living dangerously

Woo ohh ooh ooh ooh wee

That's a small price to pay for a week of living dangerously