

I Got A Gig

Hayes Carl

Eight line machine and a sailor's daughter
Somethin' makes 'em crazy growin' up on the water
Playin' for my supper six nights a week
Hurricanes, Easter and New Year's Eve
Four tin walls now there ain't much left
Lookin' like a homeless Cheers on meth
Homer's in the corner, breakin' up a fight
Good Lord, I hope I get paid tonight
I got a gig, baby

Burnt fried chicken and Lone Star beer
Cops and the kids drink free 'round here
Girl, behind the bar is takin' what she's givin'
Lyin' about her past and tryin' to make a livin'
Broke pool table and hard luck cues
Go tell your mama, I done paid my dues
Every one around here knows my name
Six nights a week in the neon flame
I got a gig, baby, I got a gig

There's an old lion tamer parked behind the bar
Hundred pounds of weed in a stolen car
Oil patch boys and girls who went to college
Rules you don't break and laws that ain't acknowledged
Barefoot shrimper with a pistol up his sleeve
Some will go to Heaven, some will never leave
Pills in the tip jar, blood on the strings
Oh Lord, I never thought I'd see these things
I gotta gig, baby, I got a gig

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I'm playin' for my supper six nights a week
Hurricanes, Easter and New Year's Eve
I got a gig, baby, I got a gig
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