

Thin Line

honeyhoney

Thin line Walking a thin line Staying out late at night

I'm not happy Feeling low It's so hard these days to play my cards right

It's about time To start the show I got tickets for my friends that want to go

And I wish you'd come down Just come on by Oh, I need your easy roll around of a good time

'Cause I want whiskey when I'm sick And a man when I'm well But it's nice to have them both sometimes When I feel like raising hell

So don't try and save me I'll be just fine I'm getting used to walking on a thin line

Some days I try hard To watch my mouth To say the right things But the wrong just slip right out

Oh, I ain't no Southern belle No Georgia peach I guess all my good graces are too far out of reach

I sleep so deep each night I'm lying in the bed we made And when I get you off, babe Well you know it's give and take

So I don't feel bad When I get mine Oh, I'm getting used to walking on a thin line

Sometimes I'm doing things half-ass wrong Sometimes the words I sing are just some half-ass song I get lost and I get found Oh, and I'll be good until I need another round

'Cause I want whiskey when I'm sick And a man when I'm well But it's nice to have them both sometimes When I feel like raising hell

So don't try and save me I'll be just fine Oh, I'm getting used to walking on a thin line

No, don't try and save me I'll be just fine Oh, I'm getting used to walking on a thin line

Oh, I'm getting used to walking on a thin line