

What do you want? Where do you find it?  
You can call it what you will  
The sound of heartbreak from a jail cell  
Finding work in bar all nights  
Jukebox letters and numbers  
The burning hearts and starving minds  
Souls in pain as if I'm punishment  
The ways and needs to survive

There's a passion that's put on the line  
Money to burn and fortunes to find  
Without a claim, without a stake  
I'm living only for today

There will be starts, there will be stumbles  
Our tongue out on the line to dry  
And a piece from wagers of working  
And hell breaks loose on Saturday night  
Aren't you happy? The least it's living  
Freedom to choose to stay down  
Always a wild wind blowing  
Just want a guitar and a radio

In the fields of the valley  
The sweet and toil along with the land  
No cup of gold, no candy mountain  
What better place to make a stand?