

Ain't That Tough

Soul Asylum

A sweet scent of discontent
Rising in the air
You don't get old, you just get passive
And then you stand and stare

Hey, nobody's keeping you from stopping

(Chick-a, chick-a, chick-a, chick-a, chick-a)

Like a plug without a socket
Your finger trigger's itching
But you forgot to cock it

And now, things didn't turn out the way you thought they would be
No, you can't take that out on me
If you can find a better way
Then I ain't standing in your way, oh no

I'm fed up with holding out
I called your bluff, now let it out
You were thinking it was never, never, never enough
It ain't bad luck, it's just that you ain't that tough

(Ain't that tough, ain't that tough) (×4)

A graveyard of bottles
And a throttle pointing for your lips
If you're so brave
Why's a .45 hang from your hips?

No, nobody's keeping you from stopping

(Chick-a, chick-a, chick-a, chick-a, chick-a)

You're always threatening to kill yourself
Well, why don't you just do it right here, right now?

I didn't turn out the way you thought I would be
No, you can't take that out on me
I thought I was talking to someone else
I guess I was talking to myself, oh no

I'm fed up with holding out
I called your bluff, now let it out
You were thinking it was never, never, never enough
It ain't bad luck, it's just you ain't that tough

Last time I talked to you
You were talking just like me
Now you're talking like some hollywood actress
Hey, what the hell's that supposed to mean?

Last time I talked to you
You turned and walked away
And why the brawl on the grave
What the fuck (gibberish)

You ain't that tough (x4)