

Workin' Cheap

Waylon Jennings

Every since the day I was big enough to put my pants on by myself
You could find me somewhere with the radio turned on
Then one night I gave my heart to an old beat-up guitar
It never left my arms till I was almost grown

I had to try my hand as a workin' man tried to be my daddy's son
But my mind was packed and gone and headed south
Momma said I'll pray for you then she said goodbye
To the only one out of seven that didn't work out

Now I'm way down hear in Dixie playing honky tonk music
Keepin' some joint a jumpin' every night of the week
Lord knows it's hard to keep a dance hall woman happy
When you're drinkin' a little too much and you're workin' cheap

Well I ain't done a thing I can brag about to anyone back home
Just another night club singer with a real good band
If a jealous woman don't kill me and momma keeps on prayin'
Someday I might be more than what I am

Now I'm way down hear in Dixie...
When you're drinkin' a little too much and you're workin' cheap