

# 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)