

Waiting Around To Die

Devil Makes Three

Sometimes I don't even know where this dirty road is taking me
Sometimes I don't even know the reasons why
I guess I'll keep on ramblin', lots of booze and lots of gambli
n'
It's easier than just waitin' around to die

I had a ma, I even had a pa
He hit her with a belt once cause she cried
Told him to take care of me, headed back to Tennessee
It was easier than just waitin' around to die

I came of age and I met a girl in a Tuscaloosa bar
She cleaned me out and hit it on the sly
I tried to kill the pain, I bought some wine and hopped to trai
n
Was easier than just waitin' around to die

A friend said he knew where some easy money was
We robbed a man and brother did we fly
They caught up with me, they drug me back to Muskogee
Four long years waitin' around to die

Now I'm out of prison, got me a friend at last
He don't drink or steal or cheat or lie
His name is morphine, he's the nicest thing I've seen
Together we're gonna wait around and die
Together we're gonna wait around and die