

# **Livin' Ain't Easy**

**The Menzingers**

In vibrant hues in subtle brush strokes of memory  
The life I've painted I've sold for a quick twenty  
It's on display now for the privileged and the wealthy  
God, I despise their reassuring lying eyes  
Our home stands tall behind that foreclosure sign  
Everything in boxes for another lifetime  
Continental breakfast in the lobby  
But they're always out of coffee

Only a fool would think living could be easy  
Only a fool would think living could be easy

In this little motel room, I-80 west of nowhere  
Why count the stars? You'll never know where you are  
Somewhere light years from the world you used to know  
Like a lock that doesn't turn, like a plant that doesn't grow  
Long for the words with hearts and wings  
From five states over, I am running from everything  
Continental breakfast in the lobby  
But they're always out of coffee

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Oh you know what breaks my heart  
Watching your whole life fall apart  
While bastards dance off with the night  
As we try to break free with all our might

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