

# Waiting Around To Die

*Townes Van Zandt*

Sometimes I don't know where this dirty road is taking me  
Sometimes I can't even see the reason why  
I guess I keep on gamblin', lots of booze and lots of ramblin'  
It's easier than just a-waitin' 'round to die

One-time friends I had a ma, I even had a pa  
He beat her with a belt once cause she cried  
She told him to take care of me, she headed down to Tennessee  
It's easier than just a-waitin' 'round to die

I came of age and found 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 a train  
Seemed easier than just a-waitin' 'round to die

A friend said he knew where some easy money was  
We robbed a man and brother did we fly  
The posse caught up with me, drug me back to Muskogee  
It's two long years, just a-waitin' 'round to die

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