

Waitin Around To Die
Townes Van Zandt

C#m
Sometimes I don t know where
F#m
this dirty road is taking me
C#m **G#7**
sometimes I can t even see the reason why
C#m
I guess I keep a-gamblin
F#m
lots of booze and lots of ramblin
C#m **G#7** **C#m**
it s easier than just waitin around to die

C#m **F#m**
One-time friends I had a ma, I even had a pa
C#m **G#7**
He beat her with a belt once cause she cried
C#m
She told him to take care of me
F#m
She headed down to Tennessee
C#m **G#7** **C#m**
It s easier than just a-waitin round to die

C#m **F#m**
I came of age and found a girl in a Tuscaloosa bar
C#m **G#7**
She cleaned me out and hit it on the sly
C#m
I tried to kill the pain
F#m
I bought some wine and hopped a train
C#m **G#7** **C#m**
Seemed easier than just a-waitin round to die

C#m **F#m**
A friend said he knew where some easy money was
C#m **G#7**
We robbed a man and brother did we fly
C#m
The posse caught up with me
F#m
Drug me back to Muskogee
C#m **G#7** **C#m**
It s two long years, just a-waitin round to die

C#m **F#m**

Now I m out of prison, I got me a friend at last

C#m

G#7

He don t steal or cheat or drink or lie

C#m

His name s codeine

F#m

He s the nicest thing I ve seen

C#m

G#7

C#m

Together we re gonna wait around and die

C#m

G#7

C#m

Together we re gonna wait around and die