

# Takin' Up Space

## Van Zant

Written by Bobby Pinson and Billy Joe Walker That Friday night seemed just like any other

Friday night,  
Jimmy wasn't gonna play.  
Sittin' on the bench chompin' at the bit, knowin' he was better.  
Five, six, goin' on 6a.  
A man went down, Jimmy went in:  
Third an' long, first an' ten.  
Crowd went wild: "Touchdown."  
Jimmy said: "I came to win." If you're gonna go, go all the way.  
If you're gonna stay, stay in your ground.  
If you can't run with the big dogs, big dog,  
Let me walk you out.  
If you can't lead, let me buy you.  
If you won't follow, get out the way:  
You're takin' up space.  
Shelly had her Daddy's money waitin',  
All she had to do was share his chair.  
She had a dream that he didn't wanna chase her.  
She was a night-school millionaire.  
She worked two jobs to pay her way:  
Stayed up late to make the grade.  
Graduated, super-cool hearted.  
PhD the hard way. If you're gonna go, go all the way.  
If you're gonna stay, stay in your ground.  
If you can't run with the big dogs, big dog,  
Let me walk you out.  
If you can't lead, let me buy you.  
If you won't follow, get out the way:  
You're takin' up space. Instrumental Break.  
Life's too short to live in caution.  
Life's too long not to live it all. Oh, if you're gonna go, go all the way.  
If you're gonna stay, stay in your ground.  
If you can't run with the big dogs, big dog,  
Let me walk you out.  
If you can't lead, let me buy you.  
If you won't follow, get out the way:  
You're takin' up space.  
Oh, you're takin' up space.  
Get out the way!

