High Cost of Living

Jamey Johnson

I was just a normal guy Life was just a nine to five With bills and pressure Piled up to the sky She never asked She knew I'd be

Hangin' with my wilder friends

Looking for some other way to flyAnd three days straight was no big feat Could get by with no food or sleep

And crazy was becoming my new normI'd pass out on the bedroom floor And sleep right through the calm before the stormMy life was just an old routine

Every day the same damn thing

I couldn't even tell I was alive

I tell you

The high cost of livin'

Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' highThat southern Baptist parking lot

Is where I'd go to smoke my pot

Sit there in my pickup truck and pray

Staring at that giant cross

Just reminded me that I was lost

And it just never seemed to point the wayAs soon as Jesus turned his back

I find my way across the track

Lookin' just to score . . . another deal

With my back against that damn eight ball

I didn't have to think or talk . . . or feelMy life was just an old routine

Every day the same damn thing

I couldn't even tell I was alive

I tell you

The high cost of livin'

Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' highMy whole life went through my head Layin' in that motel bed

Watchin' as the cops kicked in the doorI had a job and a piece of land My sweet wife was my best friend

But I traded that for cocaine and a whoreWith my new found sobriety
I've got the time to sit and think

Of all the things I had . . . and threw awayThis prison is much colder than That one that I was locked up in just yesterdayMy life is just an old routine

Every day the same damn thing Hell I can't even tell if I'm aliveI tell you

The high cost of livin'

Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' highI tell you

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Ain't nothing like the cost of livin' high Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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