

## **AIN'T LIVIN' LONG LIKE THIS (RODNEY CROWELL, 1977)**

**Intro: D A**

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**A**

**I looked for trouble and I found it son. Straight down the barrel  
of a lawman's gun. Tried to run but I don't think I can  
You make one move and you're a dead man friend**

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**Chorus:**

**A**

**D**

**Ain't living long like this**

**A**

**Can't live at all like this, can I baby?**

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**E**

**He slipped the handcuffs on behind my back**

**E**

**And left me reeling on a steel reel rack**

**D**

**They got 'em all in the jailhouse baby (Chorus)**

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**A**

**Grew up in Houston off of Wayside Drive, son of a carhop and  
some all-night dives. Dad drove a stock car to an early death,  
All I remember was a drunk man's breath (Chorus)**

**E**

**You know the story how the wheel goes 'round**

**E**

**Don't let them take you to the man down town**

**D**

**Can't sleep at all in a jailhouse baby (Chorus)**

**I live with Angel she's a roadhouse queen,  
Makes Texas Ruby look like Sandra Dee  
I want to love her but I don't know how,  
I'm at the bottom in the jailhouse now**

**(Chorus)**

**You know the story about the jailhouse rock,  
Don't want to do it but just don't get caught  
They got 'em all in the jailhouse baby**

**(Chorus)**