

## RATHER MAKE A LIVING

written by steve moakler and emily shackleton

DROVE OUT TO CALIFORNIA
PLAYED FOR A DOLLAR A DAY
TO SING MY SONGS WHILE A FEW SANG ALONG
WAS WORTH MORE THAN WHAT I GOT PAID

BUT I'VE GOT THIS CRAZY FEELING Everything's Gonna work out right The odds are stacked, but I won't look back I'm not going down without a fight

I'D RATHER MAKE A LIVING JUST BEING MYSELF I'D RATHER MAKE A LIVING BEING MYSELF THAN A KILLING BEING SOMEONE ELSE

I COULD TRADE THIS GUITAR

FOR A TIE WRAPPED AROUND MY NECK

GRAB A 401K, RENT WOULD NEVER BE LATE
I COULD CASH MY DREAMS FOR SOME CHECK

SOMETIMES IT AIN'T CLEAR WHERE TO GO WITHOUT A LADDER TO CLIMB OR A PATH TO FOLLOW BUT THESE DREAMS WON'T LET ME GO

I'D RATHER MAKE A LIVING
'CAUSE YOU CAN'T CALL IT LIVING IF YOU'RE SOMEONE ELSE

# DAMN. DO I THINK ABOUT YOU

written by steve moakler and chad cates

I DON'T CARE ABOUT POLITICS I DON'T CARE WHAT CAR I DRIVE When I Walk by Those Fancy Stores I Don't Wonder What's Inside

I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT MONEY OR IF I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE When I'M Talking to Jesus I Don't wonder IF He's There

I DON'T CARE MUCH IF I WIN OR LOSE I Don't worry where I'm headed to But Damn, do I think about you

I DON'T GIVE MUCH THOUGHT TO WHERE I LAY MY HEAD AT NIGHT I'M JUST DRIVING DOWN THIS HIGHWAY TRYING TO SHINE A LITTLE LIGHT THE WAY YOU SHINE A LITTLE LIGHT

#### CROOKED HEART

written by steve moakler and barry dean

I'M JUST TRYING TO WALK A STRAIGHT LINE
WITH A CROOKED HEART INSIDE
I DON'T DO WHAT I WANT TO
BUT I WANT TO ALL THE TIME
EVEN WITH MY BEST FOOT FORWARD
THAT LEAVES ONE LEFT BEHIND
TRYING TO WALK A STRAIGHT LINE
WITH A CROOKED HEART INSIDE

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I WAS A STICK JUST SCRATCHING THE DUST
TRYING TO MAKE A MARK THAT WOULD LAST
BUT THE WIND'S GONNA BLOW AND THE KID'S GONNA GROW
AND THAT LINE'S GONNA FADE SO FAST
NOW I'M STUBBORN ON A MISSION, TRYING TO DO IT DIFFERENT
BUT HONESTLY I KNOW

IT AIN'T BROKE, BUT IT BLEEDS, AND IT'S STARTING TO RUST
LIKE MY HAND-ME-DOWN CROSS ALL COVERED WITH DUST
I KNOW THAT IT WORKS 'CAUSE AT THE END OF THE DAY
I'VE GOT MY KNEES ON THE FLOOR AND I'M STARTING TO PRAY
I'VE GOT A RATTLE IN THE DASH, 'GOTTA LITTLE STASH
OF THINGS I CAN'T DUITE CHANGE

I TRY TO STAND ON A ROCK BUT I ALWAYS ROLL
I GOTTA SOUL FULL OF SLANT THAT I CAN'T LET GO
WITH A LITTLE MORE TIME I HOPE YOU SEE
A LITTLE MORE LIGHT THAN DARK IN ME
A LITTLE MORE LIGHT THAN DARK IN ME

#### HIIMRLE OPERATIONS

written by steve moakler and kyle jacobs

THERE'S LAUNDRY SPINNING IN MACHINES
AND HAMMERS BREAKING HEAVY THINGS
LUNCHES PACKED IN PAPER BAGS
AND DIRTY TABLES WASHED WITH RAGS

MIDNIGHT SHIFTERS STOCKING SHELVES
POURING ASPHALT HOT AS HELL
THAT MORNING PAPER'S AT YOUR DOOR
BEFORE YOUR FEET CAN HIT THE FLOOR

NOW WE ALL WAKE UP TO DIFFERENT SITUATIONS
WITH DIFFERENT COLLARS FOR OUR OCCUPATIONS
BUT EVER SINCE THE WORLD'S BEEN IN ROTATION
IT'S BEEN RUN BY HUMBLE OPERATIONS

MY DADDY WAS A WORKING MAN
KEPT HIS FAMILY FED WITH CALLUSED HANDS
HE WASN'T TOO PROUD TO SWEAT OR BLEED
AND HE MADE DAMN SURE THAT I COULD SEE

SO PUT YOUR SHOVEL IN THE DIRT, SWEAT ON YOUR SHIRT

UP BEFORE THE SUN, MAN, JUST TO GET IT DONE
HARD WORKING LADIES FEEDING LITTLE BABIES

WORKING FOR THE MAN, DOING ALL THEY CAN
PUT IN OVERTIME FOR A NICKEL AND A DIME
IF YOUR BACK IS SORE KEEP YOUR HEAD HELD HIGH
YOU DON'T GIVE UP, YOU DON'T GIVE IN
AND YOU BUILT THE WORLD WE'RE LIVING IN

SO GIVE IT UP

### I'VE GOT YOU TO LOVE

written by steve moakler and connie harrington

I'VE GOT A LITTLE BACKYARD WHERE THE GRASS IS GREEN GOT A NEW AGE INSTANT COFFEE MACHINE I'VE GOT A LITTLE BIT OF MONEY FOR A FRIDAY NIGHT FLAG OUT FRONT RED, BLUE, AND WHITE YEAH. I'M FREE. AND THAT WOULD BE ENOUGH

BUT I'VE GOT YOU TO LOVE, I'VE GOT YOU TO HOLD ME
MY OWN CINDERELLA LIVING IN MY STORY
AND I CAN'T PUT IT DOWN, NO, I CAN'T GET ENOUGH
SO, IF YOU SEE ME SMILING IT'S BECAUSE
I'VE GOT YOU TO LOVE

I GOT THIS SIX STRING AND PICKUP TRUCK
AND BUDDIES THAT WILL BE THERE WHEN I GET STUCK
YEAH, I'VE GOT CENTRAL HEAT AND AIR
AND MY SOUL'S ALL SET WITH THE MAN UPSTAIRS
YEAH, I'M FREE, AND THAT WOULD BE ENOUGH

BABY, THERE YOU GO, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU
YOU GOT ME SPUN AROUND, I WANT TO SLOW 'EM DOWN
ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU DO

I'M THE LUCKY ONE, ALWAYS BUZZING ON
THE FACES YOU MAKE
LIKE A HUNDRED LITTLE PICTURES, SOMEBODY OUGHTA TAKE
YEAH YOU'RE MINE ALL MINE

### ON YOUR SIDE

written by steve moakler

SILENCE UNDERCOVER SADNESS
BROKEN STATIC TURNED TO MADNESS
CAUGHT YOURSELF TRYING TO KEEP YOUR COOL
BUT IT'S LONG GONE

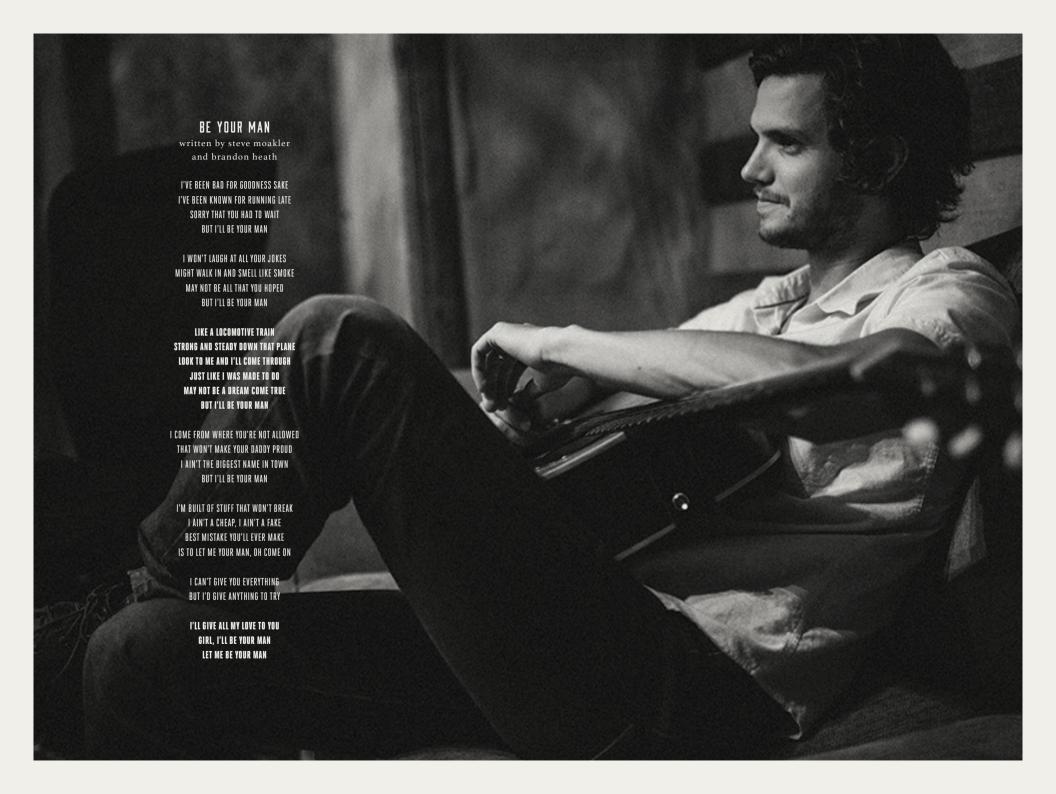
TOSSING, TURNING, BUT YOU'RE TIRED ALL THE SECRETS HAVE EXPIRED ON THE WRONG END OF A BAD DEAL AND IT'S HARD, HARD

KEEP ON KNOCKING, BUT THE DOORS DON'T OPEN TRY TO STOP IT, BUT THE HURT KEEPS GOING WITH EVERY BREATH YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES YEAH, I'VE BEEN ON YOUR SIDE OF A BROKEN HEART

TELLING GOD YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIM AND THAT HIS SCALES DON'T LOOK TOO EVEN NO ONE'S SEEN WHAT YOU'VE SEEN NOTHING SAYS WHAT YOU MEAN

I'VE BEEN DOWN I'VE BEEN REAL FAR DOWN I'VE BEEN DOWN WHERE YOU'RE STANDING RIGHT NOW

ASKING JESUS FOR A SIGN OR TO GET IT OFF YOUR MIND YEAH. YOUR BROKEN HEART



# RISER

written by steve moakler and travis meadows

LAY YOUR PRETTY HEAD DOWN ON MY SHOULDER
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANYMORE
THIS OLD WORLD IS COLD AND GETTING COLDER
BUT I KNOW HOW TO LOCK AND BOLT THE DOOR

I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD YOU THROUGH THE WINTER
I'M MEAN ENOUGH TO STARE YOUR DEMONS DOWN
HARD TIMES PUT THE SHINE INTO THE DIAMOND
BUT I WON'T LET THAT KEEP US IN THE GROUND

'CAUSE I'M A RISER
I'M A GET UP OFF THE GROUND DON'T RUN AND HIDER
WHEN PUSHING COMES TO SHOVE, HEY, I'M A FIGHTER
WHEN DARKNESS HITS THE TOWN, I'M A LIGHTER
A GET OUT ALIVER, OF THE FIRE
SURVIVOR

IF WE AIN'T GOT THE MONEY, I CAN MAKE IT
I AIN'T AFRAID OF WORKING TO THE BONE
IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, I CAN FAKE IT
I'LL PRAY 'TIL JESUS ROLLS AWAY THE STONE

I'M A TRYER I'm a get down low so I can lift you higher an army couldn't keep down my desire





## HAVE IT SO BAD

written by steve moakler and steve diamond

ALWAYS ONE FOOT IN, ALWAYS ONE FOOT OUT
I COULDN'T MAKE THREE WORDS COME OUTTA MY MOUTH
UP UNTIL RIGHT NOW, I'VE BEEN WAITING IN LINE
'CAUSE IT FEELS SO GOOD TO HAVE IT SO BAD THIS TIME

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID, BUT YOU GOT IT DONE
I CAN FEEL YOUR HEART BEATING IN MY BLOOD
I'M COMING OVER RIGHT NOW, SO MEET ME OUTSIDE
'CAUSE IT FEELS SO GOOD TO HAVE IT SO BAD THIS TIME

THROWN LIKE A STONE, LIGHT AS A FEATHER
NOW I KNOW TO NEVER SAY NEVER
DOWN ON MY KNEES, IT HURTS SO RIGHT
'CAUSE IT FEELS SO GOOD TO HAVE IT SO BAD THIS TIME

I'M A LITTLE TONGUE TIED, I'M A LITTLE ALL YOURS
I'M GONNA KISS YOU RIGHT NOW ON YOUR DADDY'S FRONT
PORCH
I DON'T WANNA LET GO, DON'T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT
'CAUSE IT FEELS SO GOOD TO HAVE IT SO BAD THIS TIME

IT FEELS SO GOOD TO LOSE MYSELF IN SOMEONE ELSE I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FEEL THE WAY I DO

# WIDE OPEN

written by steve moakler and travis meadows

THERE'S A ROAD THAT'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT OUTTA THIS TOWN AND A SONG THAT YOU'LL NEVER WANT TO TURN BACK DOWN AN ENDLESS SKY RUNNING OUT OF GROUND AND IT'S WIDE OPEN

THERE WITH ALL THOSE THINGS YOU NEVER SAID BEFORE
AN ARIZONA WIND ON A CANYON FLOOR
LIKE THE EYES OF A CHILD IN A CANDY STORE
IT'S WIDE OPEN

BREATHE, BREATHE, FILL YOUR LUNGS WITH BETTER AIR
REACH, REACH, LIKE YOU KNOW IT'S WAITING THERE
I'VE FOUND THAT LETTING GO OF WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING
LEAVES YOUR HEART AND ARMS A LITTLE MORE
WIDE OPEN

THERE'S A HOPE IN A MOTHER THAT THE WAR CAN'T KILL
AND A HIGH THAT YOU'RE NEVER GONNA FIND IN A PILL
SO TAKE A LONG LOOK AROUND FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL
AIN'T IT SO WIDE OPEN

# HOLIDAY AT SEA

written by steve moakler

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN, I WON'T BE WRITING SONGS 'CAUSE I'LL HAVE MORE THAN JUST A GLIMPSE Of all that my heart longs

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN, I WON'T SAY, "I LOVE YOU"
I'LL JUST LOOK AT YOU WITH MY FATHER'S EYES
AND YOU'LL KNOW THAT I DO

I'LL BE ON A HOLIDAY AT SEA HOISTING THE SAILS UP WITH SINNERS LIKE ME SINGING, "ALL HAIL TO THE KING" FOREVER I'LL BE ON HOLIDAY AT SEA

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN, I'LL HAVE MORE THAN HALF A HEART
'CAUSE GLORY FOR ETERNITY WILL BE ALL THAT I WANT
WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN, NO, I WON'T BE ALONE
I'LL BE WITH THE MAN WITH THE HOLES IN HIS HANDS
BESIDE THE HIGHEST THRONE

HALLELUJAH, ENDLESS HORIZON Hallelujah, endless horizon

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN, I'LL UNDERSTAND THE PAIN and I'll hurt for those who have not come yet but I won't hurt the same

JUST HOISTING THE SAILS UP, THE WIND ROLLING FREE
WON'T YOU COME ON WITH ME

# produced by MIKE WRUCKE engineered and mixed by MIKE WRUCKE second engineer and additional engineering by NICK KALLSTROM mastered by RICHARD DODD recorded and mixed at WRUCKE STRIKE STUDIOS in brentwood, tennessee

#### musicians

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b3 organ PHIL MADEIRA

b3 organ TONY HARRELL

pedal steel GREG LEISZ

background vocals on "on your side" NATALIE HEMBY

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