

# Billy Joel, Worst Come To Worst

Today I'm livin' like a rich man's son  
Tomorrow mornin' I could be a bum  
It doesn't matter which direction, though  
I know a woman in New Mexico

Chorus:

Worse comes to worst  
I'll get along  
I don't know how, but sometimes  
I can be strong

Oh, and if I don't have a car, I'll hitch  
I got a thumb and she's a son of a bitch  
I do my writing on my road guitar  
And make a living at a piano bar, oh

Chorus

Lightning and thunder  
Flashed across the roads we drove upon  
Oh, but it's clear skies we're under  
When I am together, when I sing the song

Chorus

Oh, fun ain't easy if it ain't free  
Too many people got a hold on me  
But I know something that they don't know  
I know a woman in New Mexico

Chorus - Chorus - Chorus