

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