

Alabama 3, Old Purple Tin [9% Of Pure Heaven]

I lived with my mamma
'Til I was sixteen
Old time religion
The sweetest of dreams
And now that I'm again
And conscience is dead
In my left hand the Bible
In my right hand an old purple tin
I went to the doctor
'Cause I was unwell
He said, "My boy
You all shot to hell"
&"I go'n write you a prescription
For some pure heroin"
But I traded that sucker
For a six pack of that old purple tin
The old purple tin
The old purple tin
Sweet testament Lord
To the state that I'm in
I drunk it all day
I drunk it all night
The old purple tin
Oh Lord, lights up my life
I am in prison
The light never shines
I can't see my Bible
So dark is the night
I'm waiting for letters
That never get sent
All my brothers and sisters
On the corner with that old purple tin
The old purple tin
The old purple tin
Sing it now
Sweet testament Lord
Sweet nine percent, Lord
To the state that I'm in
I have drunk it all day
I have drunk it all night
The old purple tin
Oh, Lord, lights up my life
Lights up my life
Lights up my life
Lights up my life