

# Allison Moorer, Cold, Cold Earth

(Allison Moorer)

The night was hot and steamy  
And crickets played their tune  
Everyone was sleeping  
Under an August moon

Except one man that sat awake  
Slowly going mad  
Regretting that he'd thrown away  
The only love he had

A slave to the bottle  
He'd driven his family to leave  
A wife and two daughters  
He treated so terribly

Drunk with grief and loneliness

He wasn't thinking straight  
He knew he couldn't live unless  
They pardoned his mistakes

He went into the city  
To try to make amends  
Asked his love for pity  
But she would not give in

Overwhelmed with sadness  
He reached for his gun  
And took her life along with his  
Before the morning sun

Now they are lying  
In the cold, cold earth  
Such a sad, sad story  
Such a sad, sad world