

Lynyrd Skynyrd, Talked Myself Right Into It

(Johnny Van Zant - Robert White Johnson - Donnie Van Zant - Pat Buchanan)

Alarm clock rings about a quarter after five
I've been up all night
Raisin' hell with some friends of mine
I take one good look in the mirror
But only one things gettin' clearer
The way I live, I'm lucky to be alive

There I go lying to myself
Said I wasn't gonna do it
Next thing you know, here I go again
Talked myself right into it

Supposed to be to work an hour ago
When I pass that boss stormin' down the road
Now there's an angel on my shoulder
thinnkin' she can win me over
Devil's got my number don't you know

There I go lying to myself
Said I wasn't gonna do it
Next thing you know, here I go again
Talked myself right into it

Maybe, maybe have I gone to far this time
Maybe, maybe is my conscience workin' overtime
Nah

There's a knockout Georgia Peach givin' me the eye
Well if the truth beknown I'm just a little shy
Turns out she wasn't alone
She had a six foot chaperone
But that didn't slow me down
Don't ask me why

There I go lying to myself
Said I wasn't gonna do it
Next thing you know, here I go again
Talked myself right into it

I got no one to blame except myself
I said I wasn't gonna do it
Next thing you know here I go
Talk myself right into it
Talk myself, talk myself right into it
Talk myself, talk myself, talk myself right into it
Said I wasn't gonna do it
Here I go again baby