

# Travis Tritt, Hard Times And Misery

Another day on Highway 41  
It's a long black snake that runs to the sun  
My mama told me since the day I was born  
Son, down in the southland is where you belong  
So, I'm pitching nickels, pitching dimes  
Talking trash and drinkin' wine  
It's just another day in the life of me  
Hard times and misery  
I got a mansion looks like a shotgun shack  
I draw my money from a cotton sack  
But I finally found one thing that's free  
That's been hard times and misery  
Repeat Chorus  
Watermelon's are hanging on the vine  
Thirty some odd years of wasted time  
When I wake up, Lord, that's all I see  
It's hard times and misery  
But there's a train that runs through this town  
Every evening when the sun goes down  
Tomorrow night at 8:03  
No more hard times and misery  
Repeat Chorus