

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