

Waylon Jennings, 33rd Of August

Today there's no salvation band's packed up and gone
I'm left standing with my penny in my hand
Down at railroad station a blind man sings his song
I think he sees things I don't understand
It's the 33rd of August and I'm finally touching down
Eight days from Sunday finds me Saturday bound

I stumbled through the darkness tumble to my knees
A thousand voices screaming in my brain
Wound up in a squad car busted down for vacancy
Outside my cell it's sure as hell looks just like rain
It's the 33rd of August...

I've put my dangerous feelings under lock and chain
Killed my violent nature with a smile
Let the demons danced and sang their songs within my fevered brain
Not all my God like thoughts were defiled
It's the 33rd of August...