

Willie Nelson, Most Unoriginal Sin

What there was left of us
Was all covered in dust and thick skin
A half eaten apple or the whole Sistine Chapel
Painted on the head of a pin
A life long love's worth gone up in a smurk
And you didn't even see her waltz in
Now this love is a ghost having played host
To the most unoriginal sin

At the wedding we smiled
As some devil played wild violin
Soon after the chapel she offered me that apple
One bite and I was gone with the wind
And you needed no proof
Cause the whole naked truth
Was wearin' only an infidel's grin
And a proud schoolboy's boast of having left his post
For the most unoriginal sin

(violin - guitar)

Now the jukebox is humming
All the venial shortcomings of men
Lord I found me this drink that can finally sink
All the skills that I've been wallowing in
Buddy once you get started
Once true love's departed
You do it over and over again
So tonight I will toast just whoever comes close
To the most unoriginal sin
So tonight I will toast just whoever comes close To the most unoriginal sin