

Alabama 3, Sad Eyed Lady Of The Low Life

just pour the gasoline
she don't get up until the sun goes down
she don't come down until the sun comes up
drinks her coffee from a broken cup
in a jacket or sunglasses
she didn't get to bed until ten a.m.
when the whiskey ran out she had enough of her friends
fussin' and fightin' she reminded them she hadn't slept for a hundred hours, yeah
sad eyed lady of the lowlife
come on, burn awhile with me, yeah
put the high life on the bonfire baby
lets go steal some gasoline
just pour the gasoline
she got hot in the heat on a cemetr'y walk
when a preacher, he tried to kiss her
well she knew the light would burn bright again
she seen the angels in the disco
ain't nobody gonna tell her when the fights are gonna start and the bells gonna ring
she'll be swinging when the whole world ends
looking for another tomorrow, yeah
sad eyed lady of the lowlife
come on, come on burn awhile with me, yeah
put the high life on the bonfire baby
lets go steal some gasoline
we'll build a fire an'light a match and watch the whole thing burn
we'll sweep out the ashes as this old world turns
in the mornin we'll be done nothin left
but in the mean just pour the gasoline
just pour the gasoline
just pour the gasoline
sad eyed lady of the lowlife
come on burn awhile with me, yeah
let's put the high life on the bonfire baby
let's go steal some gasoline
well build a fire light a match and watch the whole thing burn
sad eyed lady of the lowlife
come on, come on burn awhile with me, yeah
put the high life on the bonfire baby
lets go steal some gasoline
just pour the gasoline