

# 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