

Bishop Allen, Choose Again

Oh, I've been down to Memphis
It's where my family goes to die
And as they all end up there
So shall I

Used my lucky dollar
Struck up my last match
But the old man coming fast enough to catch

And if, at first, you don't choose right, choose again
Oh, my son, you're a sorry sight, choose again

Catch me in the movies
Sleeping in my dirty clothes
If you ask me what I'm watching
Who knows

Got me a rich uncle
Can't ask for a loan
So, I guess I gotta make that money on my own

And if, at first, you don't choose right, choose again
Oh, my son, you're a sorry sight, choose again

Heaven ain't got no place for me
But there's plenty of beds in hell
If you ask me how I'm doing
Not so well

Down with every symptom
Cherish every cough
And if you pass me that old bottle, I'll polish it off

And if, at first, you don't choose right, choose again
Oh, my son, you're a sorry sight, choose again
And if, at first, you don't choose right, choose again
All your troubles will hold you tight, choose again