

# Trent Tomlinson, The Next Time

Woke up face down in a cheap motel  
Had a King James Bible, a musty smell  
An' a Jim Beam bottle layin' in the bed  
With a lipstick note sayin'  
I hope he ain't dead  
Call me later if you wanna party  
Signed, Susan  
I need to make a resolution

No more drinkin', no more sinnin'  
No more kissin' bow-legged women  
No more twos that look like tens  
'Til the drunk wears off an' the light sneaks in  
This time I've made up my mind  
I ain't gonna do that again  
No, no, 'til the next time

Well, a man's just made of flesh an' blood  
But that don't mean he gotta roll in the mud  
Sometimes I do an' I get concerned  
How weak I am, an' you think I'd learn  
To put temptation behind me  
Where that damned old whiskey can't ever find me

Yeah, no more drinkin', no more sinnin'  
No more kissin' bow-legged women  
No more two's that look like tens  
'Til the drunk wears off an' the light sneaks in  
This time I've made up my mind  
I ain't gonna do that again  
No, no, 'til the next time

Oooh, no more drinkin', no more sinnin'  
No more kissin' bow-legged women  
No more twos that look like tens  
'Til the drunk wears off, light sneaks in  
This time I've made up my mind  
I ain't gonna do that again  
No, no, 'til the next time

This time I've made up my mind  
I ain't gonna do that again  
No, no, 'til the next time  
Lord, till the next time  
I'm gettin' ready for the next time  
(Huh, huh, huh)