

Waylon Jennings, Time Between Bottles Of Wine

With iron in my brain I'd laid down to rest
Not carin' if I live or die
Woke up a freezin' with rain pourin' down
So hard I can't open my eyes.
I been chased from the yard with dogs at my heels
Searchin' for shelter at times
But there's nothing so hard for a man on the bum
As the time between bottles of wine.
The time between bottles of wine.
Beggin' for pennies just one sweet taste
Of the nectar that kills the man's soul
Sweet piece of mind excuses my pride
Just somethin' that keep out the cold.
It's too late for me to start living again
The good life is too far behind
I never remembere the things that I've had
Till the time between bottles of wine.
The time between bottles of wine.
--- Instrumental ---
If mama could see me she wouldn't believe
I even resemble her son
She would throw her life to make me a man
And she's proud the child that she's done.
What one love created another destroyed
The story is older than time
The tale of a man who just can't stand
The time between bottles of wine.
The time between bottles of wine.
The time between bottles of wine.
The time between bottles of wine...