

7 Months, 39 Days

Hank Williams III

Well, I'm leavin' Mississippi
And I'm looking for higher ground
Said, "7 long months, 39 days to turn my ways around"

Well, I ain't proud of the things I've done
So I've got to change it now
I said, "7 long months, 39 days to turn my ways around"

I got an 18 wheeler and a worn out dog
And I ain't got nothing to say to the law
I got 10 more miles and I'm hittin' that county line
And I ain't got no more worries on my mind

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Well, my worn out jeans didn't fit no more
Had long hair on my back
I guess that's not the best 'pearance
To that judge in black

So he picked up his pen and he put me away
For a little stretch of time
I said, "7 long months, 39 days and never did a crime"

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