

Pot Can't Call The Kettle Black

Jerry Jeff Walker

Lace your shoes with country blues
Ramble down that dusty ole road

Take your money down in the town
Gonna get rich in the game
Come on home drunk at day break
You got no room to complain

Cause the pot can't call the kettle black
Cause the train's all runnin' on the same ole track
Can't feel nothing but your life flyin' by
You got trouble on your hands, trouble on your mind

Grandpa had him a wanderin' eye
He must a passed it on down to me
None of the girls are pretty as Suzanne
But I like some that I see

Cause the pot can't call the kettle black
Cause the train's all runnin' on the same ole track
Can't feel nothing but your life flyin' by
You got trouble on your hands, trouble on your mind

Bottom of the bottle sure makes you feel good
I'd like you better that way
So clap your hands and make up a song
I hear every word that you say

Cause the pot can't call the kettle black
Cause the train's all runnin' on the same ole track
Can't feel nothing but your life flyin' by
You got trouble on your hands, trouble on your mind

What in the world can a poor boy do
But let his ole ramblin' roll