

Tuckered Out

Clint Black

I've seen more than a Little Texas, and a Playboy always knows
A man does what he Wills as long as he stays on his toes
He can Russell up a fortune, any man could strike it Rich
But I'm doing good to keep it Strait and keep my wheels out of
the ditch
Ain't no Foster for the Desert Rose, the babblin' Brooks are D
unn
That Crystal ball won't even book me one day in the Sun

I'm Haggard, worn and Waylon from the bottom of my Restless He
art
Don't know Wy the Black cloud's tailin' me, there seems to be
no Parton from the dark
And I've had it to the Gills of knowin' what the Nitty Gritty'
s all about
Bein' McEntired and Loveless I can't Lovett if I'm all Tuckere
d out

Well, I never meant to set out like a half-cocked Gatlin gun
No highway Head Hunter's gonna let this Rabbitt run
I ain't Raven 'bout The Ride, I probably got no fate to Seal
If I can't roll through Alabama half Asleepin' At The Wheel
All my Paycheckes are like dried up Wells and way too small to
Cash
Or I'd find a roadside motel, lay some money down to Crash

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