

## The 33rd of August

David Allan Coe

Well, today there's no salvation  
The band's packed up and gone  
And I'm left standing with my penny in my hand  
There's a big crowd at the station  
Where the blind man sings his song  
But he sees, Lord, what they can't understand

It's the 33rd of August, Lord  
And I'm finally coming down  
Eight days from Sunday  
Finds me Saturday bound

Once I stumbled through the darkness  
Fell down to my knees  
A thousand voices screaming in my brain  
Woke up in a squad car  
Busted down for vagrancy  
And outside my cell, it sure as hell, it looked like rain

Now I've got my dangerous feeling  
Under lock and chain I've killed my violent nature with a smile  
Though the demons danced and sang their songs  
Within my fevered brain  
Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, were defiled

Yesterday's newspaper forecast no rain for today  
Yesterday's news was old news  
So I threw it away  
Some time's at night, Lord, you know  
I can still feel the pain  
And, outside my cell, it sure as hell, it looks like rain