

## Three Time Loser

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Once I tried my hand at stealing  
Trying to fill that empty feeling  
Trying hard to keep from dealing drugs  
I was much too young to take it

Back when it was hard to make it  
On the run with a gun or with a gang of thugs

Three time loser, it's all behind me now  
Twice I fell in love and married  
Thinking that the past was buried  
Funny how those women carried on

Swearing that our love was dying  
Like the weeping willow crying  
Through the night and every fight  
Until our love was gone

Freedom lost and love gone sour  
Losing minutes by the hour  
Too afraid to let my sorrow show  
Dying slow from too much drinking

Quitting when I started sinking  
To the bottom of the bottle that's too far to go