

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