

Victim Of Life's Circumstances

Delbert McClinton

Six-O-Five A M on Sunday Mornin'
I was supposed to left for Memphis late last night
I stopped at one of them old highway places
And because of it I sleep in Tyre County Jail tonight
I started out the night with good intentions
But I ended up gettin' sideways drinkin' wine
Well, the last thing I remember we was roarin'
Then somethin' hit my head and knocked me from my
concious mind

I'm a victim of life's circumstances
I was raised around barrooms, Friday night dances
Singin' them old country songs
Half the time endin' up someplace I don't belong

I said, Jailor, hey, what y'all got me charged with
He looked at me and he half-way closed one eye
He said you mean to say you don't remember
Cuttin' up some honky with that bone-handled knife

I'm a victim of life's circumstances
I was raised around barrooms, Friday night dances
Singin' them old country songs
Half the time endin' up someplace I don't belong
Yeah, half the time endin' up someplace I don't belong