

# Nights When I Am Sane

Mickey Newbury

Well it's cold on this mountain,  
When the winter comes on.  
The dew in the meadow,  
Is sprinkled along.  
This road down to Nashville,  
Like crystal and stone.  
It's a place where a man,  
Sells his soul for a song.

God knows, I loved her,  
Too much, I can see.  
Much more than she could have  
Ever loved me.  
If I was the last man,  
In East Tennessee...

Well, at times I feel I need the rain.  
At times I need the sun.  
Pleasure is a thread of pain,  
When it is undone.  
My moments of insanity,  
Are never like a chain.  
I only know I am not free,  
The nights when I am sane.

So do not be concerned, my love,  
If you see me cry.  
For the laughter does not choose,  
To free the happiness inside.  
Just as there may seem to be,  
A smile that's out of place.  
It only means there is a pain,  
That hurts too much to face.

It's cold on this mountain,  
Winter's come on.  
The dew in the meadow,  
Is sprinkled along.  
This road down to Nashville,  
Like crystal and stone...

I'm just one man,  
Sometimes I wish I was three.  
I could take a forty-four,  
Pistol to me.  
Put one in my brain,  
Just for her memory,  
One more for my heart,  
And I would be free.

One more for my heart,  
I would be free.