

# The Thirty-third Of August

Mickey Newbury

Well, today there's no salvation,  
The band's packed up and gone.  
Left me standin' with my penny in my hand.  
There's a big crowd at the station,  
Where a blind man sings his songs.  
He can see what I can't understand.

It's the thirty-third of August,  
And I am finally touchin' down.  
Eight days from Sunday, Lord.  
Saturday bound.  
Eight days from Sunday, Lord.  
And I'm Saturday bound.

Once I stumbled through the darkness,  
Tumbled to my knees,  
A thousand voices screamin' through my brain.  
Woke up in a squad car, busted down for vagrancy.  
And outside my cell it sure as hell,  
It looks like rain.

It's the thirty-third of August,  
And I am finally touchin' down.  
Eight days of Sunday,  
Saturday bound.

[Vocal stylings.]

Now I've put my angry feelings,  
Under lock and chain.  
Hide my violent nature with a smile.  
Though the demons dance and sing their songs,  
Within my fevered brain,  
Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, are defiled.

And it's the thirty-third of August,  
I am finally touching down.  
Eight days from Sunday,  
Saturday bound.

Eight days from Sunday, Lord.  
And I'm Saturday bound.