

Manifesto No. 4

Shooter Jennings

It's a high, lonesome summertime,
A life of tribulation, but I'll be fine.
There's one thing, Jesus, if you don't mind:
Turn my water to wine.

Oh, turn my water to wine,
the fountain of love's like turpentine.
Just one thing Jesus and I'll be fine:
Turn my water to wine.

There's thunder in my belly,
and lightening in my mind,
a liquor in the barrel, but the barrel run dry.

There's a woman in the park,
Makin' love to the dark.
Funny how a house can burn with just one spark.

Just one spark, just one spark.

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One note rings,
From national strings.
Funny what comfort a melody brings.

My pockets is shy,
My throat is dry.
So damn low, I wanna be high.

I wanna be high, I wanna be high.
I wanna be high, I wanna be high.

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