

I'm the last one standing' every Saturday night
All the rights feel long, wrongs feel right
But every Sunday morning I see the light again
When I'm up on the wagon I'm a helluva saint
But I'll be damned if there ain't another town to paint
Just down the road man it's a game that I can't win.

I need to find a little middle ground
Between let her rip and settling down
But I go from dry to drowned, lost to found
Stone cold sober to just plain stoned
Trying to live like my heroes did
Is the hardest kind of livin' there is
Been a tug o' war since I was a kid between Jesus and Jones.

I Wish I could find a gear between
"White Lightning" and John 3:16
But girl I can't promise anything right now
All I can say is I wanna change
And I'll keep the faith that you'll take the reins
And hold on tight and calm this crazy down.

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