

Hard Times And Misery

Travis Tritt

Another day on Highway 41
It's a long black snake that runs to the sun
My mama told me since the day I was born
Son, down in the southland is where you belong

So, I'm pitching nickels, pitching dimes
Talking trash and drinkin' wine
It's just another day in the life of me
Hard times and misery

I got a mansion looks like a shotgun shack
I draw my money from a cotton sack
But I finally found one thing that's free
That's been hard times and misery

So, I'm pitching nickels, pitching dimes
Talking trash and drinkin' wine
It's just another day in the life of me
Hard times and misery

Watermelon's are hanging on the vine
Thirty some odd years of wasted time
When I wake up, Lord, that's all I see
It's hard times and misery
But there's a train that runs through this town
Every evening when the sun goes down
Tomorrow night at 8:03
No more hard times and misery

So, I'm pitching nickels, pitching dimes
Talking trash and drinkin' wine
It's just another day in the life of me
Hard times and misery