

Gin, Smoke, Lies

Turnpike Troubadours

Well in the early autumn wind
a lonely dove is flyin'
Mournin' for his one true love,
He can't be blamed for cryin'
He can't be blamed for cryin'
Well the rooster, he got 20 gals
bet he's happy as a lark...
Well he wake em in the mornin' time,
Put em all to bed at dark
Put em all to bed at dark

Well if you been true
Well if you been true
you better look me in the eyes
Cus all I smell is cheap perfume
and Gin... and smoke... and lies
Well where were you last Saturday
all dressed up so pretty?
With your blue-eyed ballroom boy
in Oklahoma City
in Okalhoma City
Well a spade is made for diggin' dirt
and an axe is made for choppin'
And darlin' my heart's hard as nails
they hammer in a hardwood coffin
In a hardwood coffin

Well if you been true
Well if you been true
You better look me in the eyes
All I smell is cheap perfume
and gin... and smoke... and lies
Well way down in the bottom land
a big black crow is laughin'
Noone dares to go down there
Wonder what has happened
Wonder what has happened
Well in the early Autumn wind
a lonely dove is cryin'
Mournin' for his one true love
He can't be blamed for cryin'
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Other Turnpike Troubadours songs