

## 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'  
He can't be blamed for cryin'

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Other Turnpike Troubadours songs