

Different Mold

Whiskey Myers

Last note of the evening lingers in my ringing ear
Like a thunder cloud roaring cross the pasture near
Light up a lonely smoke I found in a crushed pack on the floor
My heart sinks as the crowd walked by slowly toward the door
Winding road and showed out shows are things I've come to love
Cause I'm as free as the wind that flies with lonesome dove
Ramblin on with my life like an outlaw from the old
Not caring if I'm pleasing you
Cause I'm cut yeah
I'm cut from a different mold
I ain't got no bills to pay I don't care where I'm going next
People like to hear me play hell maybe I'll get a check
Money's dessert on top of a meal I ate for free
Playin for people listening is payment enough for me
[Chorus]
Yeah I'm cut from a different mold
I'm cut from a different mold yeah
[Chorus]