

The Thirty-Third of August

Willie Nelson

Well today there's no salvation, the band's packed up and gone
Left me standin' with a penny in my hand
There's a big crowd at the station where a blind man sings his
songs
And he can see what I can't understand

It's the thirty-third of August and I'm finally touchin' down
Eight days from Sunday, Lord, I'm Saturday-bound

Once I stumble through the darkness, tumble to my knees
A thousand voices screamin' through my brain
Woke up in the squad car, busted down for vagrancy
And outside my cell, sure as hell, it looked like rain

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Eight days from Sunday, Lord, I'm Saturday-bound

Now I put my angry feelin' under lock and chain
I hide my violent nature with a smile
Though the demons dance and sing their songs within my fevered
brain
Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, are defiled

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