

# 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 sold 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  
Winding road and sold 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  
Yeah  
Winding road and sold out shows are things I've come to  
love  
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  
yeah

Songwriters

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