Hard Times and Misery

Travis Tritt

Oh
WohAnother day on highway forty one
It's a long black snake that runs to the sun
My Mama told me since the day I was born
"Son, down in the Southland is where you belong"So, I'm pitchin' nickels, pitchin' dimes
Talkin' trash and drinkin' wine
It's just another day in the life of me
Hard times and misery
Yo, yo
Ah haaWell, I got a mansion looks like a shotgun shack
I draw my money from a cotton sack
But I finally found one thing that's free
That's been hard times and miserySo, I'm pitchin' nickels, pitchin' dimes
Talkin' trash and drinkin' wine
It's just another day in the life of me
Hard times and misery
Ohh, yea
Yea, yea
Say, ahh
OwwWatermelon's are hangin' on the vine
Thirty some odd years of wasted time
When I wake up, Lord, that's all I see
It's hard times and misery
Aw, but there's a train that runs through this town
Every evening when the sun goes down
Tomorrow night at eight o' three
No more, hard times and miseryNo more pitchin' nickels, pitchin' dimes
Talkin' trash and drinkin' wine
It's just another day in the life of me
(No more)
Hard times and misery
Just another day in the life of Travis Tritt
No more hard times and misery
No more
So I found
Ow

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