Tired Weak Legs

Scrapomatic

Knocked to pieces, throwin' stones
And all this sweetness, not my own
Save me a seat on the way down
I'm tired

Send the preacher to the trees
Please don't stop me, even if I beg
I'm a sinner on my knees
And I'm done to this dirty chain (?)

Tired weak legs lead me home
Tired weak legs take me home
Save me a seat on the way down
I'm tired

Must a woman always choose
Between the bible or the bed
You say I'm bitter if I lose
Or there's voices in my head

Tired weak legs lead me home
Tired weak legs take me home
Save me and guide my feet
My only carriage, though tired and weak

No I won't return
I don't want to run this race in vain
Restore me to life again

Tell the children on the way
It's impossible to be new
They'll be graded every day
In the battle of the blues

Tired weak legs lead me home
Tired weak legs take me home
Save me a seat on the way down
I'm tired
I'm so tired

Lyrics submitted by tyler brown.

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