

# Jesus and Jones

## Trace Adkins

Iâ€™m the last one standingâ€™ every Saturday night  
All the rights feel long, wrongs feel right  
But every Sunday morning I see the light again  
When Iâ€™m up on the wagon Iâ€™m a helluva saint  
But Iâ€™ll be damned if there ainâ€™t another town to paint  
Just down the road man itâ€™s a game that I canâ€™t win.

I need to find a little middle ground  
Between let her rip and settling down  
But I go from dry to drowned, lost to found  
Stone cold sober to just plain stoned  
Trying to live like my heroes did  
Is the hardest kind of livinâ€™ there is  
Been a tug oâ€™ war since I was a kid between Jesus and Jones.

I Wish I could find a gear between  
â€œWhite Lightningâ€• and John 3:16  
But girl I canâ€™t promise anything right now  
All I can say is I wanna change  
And I'll keep the faith that you'll take the reins  
And hold on tight and calm this crazy down.

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