First of October

Mike Ethan Messick

there ain't nothing so hot
as this ole gravel lot
and the engine just burns in my hand
ya the motor aint run since 20 ought 1,
but its hotter than my skin can stand
and this 10w30 clean up to my elbow has seen more than its share of miles too

chorus
and its the 1st of October and i'm 2 months sober 2000 mile south of you

I was living in Lufkin when my land lady died,
she was buried at Johns holy cross
I got lost in the shuffle
could have stayed for free
but it wasn't worth the nothing it cost
cause that room where we slept
holds the ghost since you left
its the ghost of what I put you through

chorus
and its the 1st of October and i'm 2 months sober 2000 mile south of you

well I bummed around Coushatta drinkin free cuba libres
and bet my ass on a fist full of dice
and I thought about them soldiers with blood on there spears casting lots for the garments of Christ.
ya I through my drink
in the ole washroom sink
like only the guilty men do

chorus
well its the 1st of October and I'm 2 months sober 2000 mile south of you

bridge
well I hope Colorado's full of angles
and I hope it fits your sole just like a glove
may you never endure
not being sure if its you or the bottle that I love

well there's no need to morn when from this world im torn
you know I never set out to make you cry.

you can bury me feet first for all that I care
just tell'em I was a stand up guy.
and if that's good for a smile I can rest for awhile
knowing ive done you right before im through

chorus
well its the 1st of October and I'm 2 months sober 2000 mile south of you
baby im to many miles south of you

Lyrics Submitted by richard Walker

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/