

# 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

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