

Skin of My Teeth

Corey Smith

Another Sunday morning, hungover and blue
Smellin' like cigarettes and beer
My mouth is dry, got bloodshot eyes
And my head splittin' in two
Church bells ringin' in my ear The high steeple, crowds are fillin' up, those sanctuary pews
But I'm just gonna hang around my crib
Cause I don't like dressin' up
I don't own a pair of Sunday shoes
And I refuse to be another hypocrite Oh when I'm out drinkin', I wear a cross
I'm not really a righteous man, oh but I'm not lost
And when I meet my maker, I know he's gonna smile at me
And I'll make it to heaven by the skin of my teeth My grandma told me "Boy, you better straighten up
Cause you're swervin down a bumpy road."
She said "Put that damned old bottle down and pick your Bible up
Get back in church, put on a choir robe"
Oh but I can't see myself fallin' in line behind the preacher
Hell, he's probably more messed up than me
Always talkin' 'bout damnation, cursin' every unbeliever
Who's he to judge? Who's he to condemn me? When I'm out drinkin', I wear a cross
I'm not really a righteous man, oh but I'm not lost
And when I meet my maker, I know he's gonna smile at me
And I'll make it to heaven by the skin of my teeth Half a loser, I'm half a winner
I'm half a saint, and I'm half a sinner
I feed my soul on Sunday dinner
I'm every man of god
When times get hard, I hit my knees
And I praise the lord when he blesses me
I do my best to keep him pleased
I'm every man of god
I'm every man of god When I'm out drinkin', I wear a cross
I'm far from a righteous man, oh aren't we all
And when I meet my maker I know he's gonna smile at me
And I'll make it to heaven by the skin of my teeth
When I'll make it to heaven by the skin of my teeth
By the skin of my teeth

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