# Cold, Cold Ground

## Hank Williams Jr.

Oh the clock here in the barroom says its half past nine. Thats usually how long it takes me to drink my first bottle of wine.
Yes every fifteen minutes, I can drink another bottle down and get fifteen minutes closer to that cold,cold ground, to that cold cold ground.
Well I think I'll play the jukebox and light up another cigarette
They say for every puff of that loving smoke you get another minute closer to death.
Well I smoke two or three packs a day and my arithmatic is not to sound.
But I know I'm getting hours closer to that cold,cold ground.
To that cold, cold ground.
Now this morning I had me a woman and a love so nice and fine.
But this evening I watched her board that train and move on down the line.
Our love was so good but now she's gone and this is what I've found.
Her leaving sure brought me closer to that cold, cold ground.
To that cold, cold ground.
Well I'm standing in the back alley with a pistol in my hand.
I never thought a womens love could do this to a man.
I hear that hammr clickin',what a sweet, terrible sound.
Let my tombstone read "no liquor, no smoke, no drugs, but a woman's love put me in that cold, cold ground.Put me in that cold, cold ground.

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