

A Sense of Humor

David Allan Coe

By David Allan Coe
Every night another woman
 Every day a different town
 If I'm not accused of speeding
 I'm accused of coming down
 With a legal dose of something
 That you heard was going 'round
And you wondered why I lost my sense of humor
Every song another record
 Every day just like a clock
 Knowing well I've had to take it
 Till I make it to the top
 With the devil right behind me
 And my heart about to stop
Then you wondered why I lost my sense of humor
Twenty years I was in prison
 More than that I was alone
 Some lily-white reporter
 Thinks it's time that I was stoned
 Without sin, he wrote the story
 And it chilled me to the bone
Then he wondered why I lost my sense of humor
I shaved my beard and cut my hair off
 It don't matter anyhow
 It was truth that told the answers
 To the questions up till now
 "Crucify him," someone shouted
 From the safety of the crowd
Then they wondered why I lost my sense of humor
Hey, take them crosses from my doorstep
 There's no reason to my rhyme
 Everybody knows somebody
 Will take care of me in time
 I made friends of all you stand for
 But the blind can't lead the blind
Just be glad I haven't lost my sense of humor
Just be glad I haven't lost my sense of humor
 'Cause if I ever catch you I'm gonna kick your ass

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