

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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