

Victim Of Life's Circumstances

Vince Gill

It's 6:05 a.m. on Sunday mornin'
And I was supposed to left for Memphis late last night
But I stopped at one of them old highway places
And 'cause I did, I'll sleep in Tarrant County Jail tonight
Well, I started out tonight with good intentions
But I ended up gettin' sideways drinkin' wine
Well, the last thing I remember we was rollin'
Somethin' hit my head and knocked me from my conscious mind
And I'm a victim of life's circumstances
Well, I was raised around bar rooms and Friday night dancers
Singin' them old country songs
And half the time ending up some place I don't belong, alright

I said, "Jailor, hey, what y'all got me charged with?"
Well, he looked at me and halfway closed one eye
Well, he said to me, "To say, you don't remember
Cuttin' up some fool with that bone handled knife?"
And I'm a victim of life's circumstances
Well, I was raised around bar rooms and Friday night dancers
Singin' them old country songs
And half the time ending up some place I don't belong
And I'm a victim of life's circumstances
Well, I was raised around bar rooms and Friday night dancers
Singin' them old country songs
Half the time ending up some place I don't belong

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