

Three Time Loser

David Allan Coe

Once I tried my hand at stealing
Trying to fill that empty feeling
Trying hard to keep from dealing drugs

I was much to young to take itBack when it was hard to make it
On the run with a gun or with a gang of thugsThree time loser, it's all behind me now

Twice I fell in love and married
Thinking that the past was buried

Funny how those women carried onSwearing that our love was dying
Like the weeping willow crying
Through the night and every fight

Until our love was goneFreedom lost and love gone sour
Losing minutes by the hour
Too afraid to let my sorrow show

Dying slow from too much drinkingQuitting when I started sinking
To the bottom of the bottle that's too far to go

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