

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 too young to take it Back when it was hard to make it
On the run with a gun or with a gang of thugs Three 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 on Swearing that our love was dying
Like the weeping willow crying
Through the night and every fight
Until our love was gone Freedom lost and love gone sour
Losing minutes by the hour
Too afraid to let my sorrow show
Dying slow from too much drinking Quitting when I started sinking
To the bottom of the bottle that's too far to go

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