

She Put The Sad In All His Songs

Alabama

He was a good time, beer bar picker
Until the night she came along
He gave up his women and his liquor
And she put the sad in all his songs
Something about her made him sorry
She was holy in his eyes
She had him bound and hypnotized
She put the sad in all his songs
She put the blues in his guitar
She took what he had and she made it wrong
She put the sad in all his songs
She was a rattle snake that bit him
She was the blow from up behind
She thought the tear in his eye just might fit him
And he was the last thing on her mind
She put the sad in all his songs
She put the blues in his guitar
She took what he had and she made it wrong
She put the sad in all his songs
She put the sad in all his songs
She put the blues in his guitar
She took what he had and she made it all wrong
She put the sad in all his songs
She put the sad in all his songs
She put the blues in his guitar
She took what he had and she made it wrong
She put the sad in all his songs

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