

I Can't Help Myself

Corey Smith

Oh I got one hand on the bottle, and the other on the wheel
And I'm tearin' up a gravel road, just north of Sandersville
I'm headin' down the holler, heard there's a party goin' on,
Stole some moonshine from my dad, and half of it's already gone.

Oh Lord, oh Lord, help me make it through the night

Cuz I just can't help my self,

Oh I try, I try but I can't turn it around,

Oh no I just can't help myself.

Oh I picked up the preacher's daughter; she's as fine as she is wild,
And when her daddy's not around, she don't act like a preacher's child

And I knew what she was after when asked me for the ride

Yea daddy's little angels got fire in her eyes

Oh Lord, or Lord, help me make it through the night

Cuz I just can't help myself.

Oh I try, I try, but this girl's all over me,

Oh and I just can't help myself.

Aw help me now.

Well I'll be in church tomorrow, I've got a lot to pray about

Sin to be forgiven and demons to cast out.

And if I die come Monday, I know I'll be heaven bound

And I'll be white as snow until the weekend rolls around

Oh Lord, or Lord, help me make it through the night

Oh cuz I just can't help myself.

Oh I try, I try, but I can't turn it around,

Oh no I just can't help myself.

Oh no I just can't help myself.

Oh I just can't help myself

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