Dang Me

Johnny Rivers

Well, here sitta' high, gettin' ideas,
Ain't nothin' but a fool'd live like this;
Out all night, n' running wild;
Woman setting home with a month-old child.

Dang me,
Dang me;
They ought to take a rope and hang me;
High from the highest tree,
Woman wouldja' weep for me?

Just sitting 'round drinking with the rest of the guys,
Six rounds bought, n' I bought five;
Spent the groceries and half the rent;
Like fourteen dollars and 27 cents.

So dang me,
Dang me;
They ought to take a rope and hang me
High from the highest tree,
Woman wouldja' weep for me?

They say roses are red, and violets are purple;
Sugar's sweet and so is maple surple.
I'm the seventh out of seven sons;
My pappy was a pistol, I'm a son of a gun.

I say dang me,
Dang me;
They ought to take a rope and hang me
High from the highest tree,
Woman wouldja' weep for me?

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MILLER, ROGER
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/