

# Sleeping on the Blacktop

## Colter Wall

Sunshine beating on the good times  
Moonlight raising from the grave  
String band playing worn out honkey-tonks  
Pretty young thing going dancing in the rain  
High heel lady spitting at the nickajack  
Business man with a needle and a spoon  
Coyote chewing on a cigarette  
Pack o' young boys going howlin' at the moon  
Hey darlin'!  
Sleeping on the blacktop  
Hey darlin'!  
Running through the trees honey  
Hey darlin'!  
Leaving for the next town  
Lessen my sense catches up with me  
Three dead in a crash on the number 4  
Two witnesses blown up high  
Not sure who's will be done  
You can call me a sinner for wondering why  
Hey darlin'!  
Sleeping on the blacktop  
Hey darlin'!  
Running through the trees honey  
Hey darlin'!  
Leaving for the next town  
Lessen my sense catches up with me  
Corn liquor tastes sweeter in this town  
Could it be its the same as the last  
I swear I've seen ya face elsewhere before  
Just as familiar as a bottle and a glass  
Hey darlin'!  
Sleeping on the blacktop  
Hey darlin'!  
Running through the trees honey  
Hey darlin'!  
Leaving for the next town  
Lessen my sense catches up with me  
Hey darlin'!  
Sleeping on the blacktop  
Hey darlin'!  
Running through the trees honey  
Hey darlin'!  
Leaving for the next town  
Lessen my sense catches up with me

hhhhmmmmmmhhmmmmmm

Lessen my sense catches up with me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>