

# Gutter Town

## Hank 3

I've been all around Gutter Town  
Looking for a better frown  
Beating on misery's door.

Looking high and looking low  
I guess I'm one of those lost souls  
Who just don't quite fit in no more.

Drifting, used and feeling down  
Staring at another round  
Will not that time turn into day.

Taking good times when you're blue  
Well there'll be someone there for you  
When you're dying on your dying day.

(CHORUS)

Making it through is what I do to get over you  
Making it through is what I do to get over you

Racing down that reckless road  
Has hard advise that we all know  
Take what you can and learn from it.

I once saw a Satanist loose his life  
He was rolling the devil with his dice  
I guess he was ready to call their quits.

Fighting all night just to keep in line  
trying too hard not to loose my mind  
watching all the folks doing the same.

I've been all around Gutter Town  
looking for a better frown  
why can't no one here remember my name?

(CHORUS)

Making it through is what I do to get over you

Making it through is what I do to get over you

(instrumental)

I've had hard times trying to beat my wife,  
but I never really like the kind of trouble  
they got me in along the way.

So I got me a dog and I solved it all  
Now me and him are making up our own laws  
There's something about living this kind of way.

Had me a friend in Birmingham  
Got a twenty years sentence for a one night stand  
At least he did the time for his son.

I've done it more than once or twice  
And I've made it through my darkest nights  
You know I'll always be living on the run.

Making it through is what I do to get over you  
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