

All My Troubles

Black Oak Arkansas

Got up this morning
Got into my car
Turned on the motor
But it would not start
Late for work
Feelin' tired
Worst of all
I got myself fired
Lost my job
Got my pay
Lost it all
On the ace of spades

But all my troubles
Would be through
If I could make love with you

Things got bad
Out of work
I robbed a store
And I shot the clerk
Woman sweet woman
I done my best
But that got me surrounded
I been shot in my chest
I can hear 'em comin'

Bustin' down the door
If I could only
See you once more

All my troubles
Would be through
If I could make love with you

There's a reason for this story
Morals to my sons
Ya better know what's right
Ya better know what's wrong
When it rains it pours
That's nature's way
We're all little children
That forgot how to play
There ain't but one thing
I got left to say
Somethin' don't come from nothin'
You always gotta pay

But all my troubles
Would be through
If I could make love with you