

Cecil Brown

Hank Williams III

Well, my name is Cecil Brown
And I'm from a little town
And people don't think much of me

I never understood
Why they thought I was no good
But this is how it seems

The feelings of this worn out cowboy
Will make you feel so cold
I've traveled up and down so many
Kind of lonesome roads

I once took the high road
And it took me straight to hell
And I stood there all by myself

'Cause all alone's where
I feel like I belong
'Cause it don't matter who is right or wrong

The feelings of this worn out cowboy
Will make you feel so cold
I've traveled up and down so many
Kind of lonesome roads

Pickin' up the pieces of my broken family
Is not an easy sight to see
And as the leaves have changed
It helps ease the pain and sufferin' they left for me

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Will make you feel so cold
I've traveled up and down so many
Kind of lonesome roads