

## Jesus and Jones

Trace Adkins

I'm the last one standing' every Saturday night  
All the rights feel long, wrongs feel right  
But every Sunday morning I see the light again  
When I'm up on the wagon I'm a helluva saint  
But I'll be damned if there ain't another town to paint  
Just down the road man it's a game that I can't win.

I need to find a little middle ground  
Between let her rip and settling down  
But I go from dry to drowned, lost to found  
Stone cold sober to just plain stoned  
Trying to live like my heroes did  
Is the hardest kind of livin' there is  
Been a tug o' war since I was a kid between Jesus and Jones.

I Wish I could find a gear between  
"White Lightning" and John 3:16  
But girl I can't promise anything right now  
All I can say is I wanna change  
And I'll keep the faith that you'll take the reins  
And hold on tight and calm this crazy down.

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