She Put The Sad In All His Songs

Alabama

He was a good time beer bar picker Until the night she came along He gave up his women and his liquor And she put the sad in all his songs.

Something about her made him sorry She was holy in his eyes She had him bound and hypnotized.

She put the sad in all his songs She put the blues in his guitar She took what he had and she made it wrong She put the sad in all his songs.

She was the rattlesnake that bit him She was the blow from up behind She thought the tear in his eye just might fit him And he was the last thing on her mind.

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