

Years In The Making

Bryan Martin

Well I could take the glory
But I'll tell y'all the story about a man
Who was headed down the drain
Wallowing in misery
His own penitentiary
Built out of nothing but pain
With his hand on the gun
Told the devil, "I'm done"
As he tossed in the keys
Let me tell y'all a secret
It's too good to keep it
Y'all that man was me
And it goes

You can hear it in the songs I sing
It's a desperate, aching thing
'Cause I've been down
I've been kicked around
I've been broken off and I'm still breaking
But like the bellow of a hound
In the bottoms I've found
This sound
Well it was years in the making

Well the days got long and the life piled on
And those demons didn't come cheap
So I laid there to die on them ole crossties
But no one came for me
So I stopped that train, nearly went insane
There in the dark alone
I said one last prayer, watched it vanish in the air
And I heard that whistle moan
And it moaned like

And you can hear it in the songs I sing
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'Cause I've been down
I've been kicked around
I've been broken off and I'm still breaking
But like the bellow of a hound
In the bottoms I've found
This sound
Well it was years in the making

Now when the jury bell rings and the black coal sings
And the dark cloud brings the rain
When the sun ain't found in the midnight hour
Runs out of things to say, and it goes

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