

## Shrinks And Pills

Charles Wesley Godwin

Another ten-to-two on a weekend night  
My voice is worn and my hands are ripe  
I been singing my songs all night long  
Telling these folks about things gone wrong  
I scream and cry and cuss and moan  
Echoes through the holler with a lonesome tone  
With a lonesome tone

They think they know a thing or two about me  
But truth be told, there ain't much to see  
I'm just waiting on the boss to throw a few bills  
So I can fill up my tank and eat my fill  
Then I pack up a case and away I run  
Try to make it home 'fore the morning sun  
'Fore the morning sun

And I do [?] for the rest of my days  
Despite the fact that it's short on pay  
'Cause I ain't no good with hammers and nails  
And these songs save a fortune on shrinks and pills  
On shrinks and pills

I do [?] for the rest of my days  
Despite the fact that it's short on pay  
'Cause I ain't no good with hammers and nails  
But these songs save a fortune on shrinks and pills  
On shrinks and pills  
I do the best [?] for the rest of my days  
Despite the fact that it's short on pay  
'Cause I ain't no good with hammers and nails  
But these songs save a fortune on shrinks and pills  
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