

## Had A Thing

Curtis Grimes

Had a thing for whiskey, women, and weed  
Seemed to be 'bout all I'd ever need  
Three vices with a vice grip on wouldn't numb the pain for me  
I had a thing for whiskey, woman, and weed

I had a thing for a guitar and old dive bars  
They can pay the rent or tear a home apart  
I was out there riding fences, while she was mendin' a broken heart  
I had a thing for a guitar and old dive bars

I had all I ever wanted, thought I wanted a whole lot more  
It takes a heavy toll on a lone star troubadour  
When the price you pay ain't worth the things you lose along the way  
You come crawlin' back to lay in the bed you made

I had a thing for sad old country songs  
Tuggin' on your heart strings one by one  
Puttin' into words the way it feels to be alone  
I had a thing for sad old country songs

I had all I ever wanted, thought I wanted a whole lot more  
It takes a heavy toll on a lone star troubadour  
When the price you pay ain't worth the things you lose along the way  
You come crawlin' back to lay in the bed you made

I had a thing for Jesus and amazing grace  
The devil tried his best but couldn't shake my faith  
On an altar down in Austin, that old preacher knew what to say  
To bring me back to Jesus and amazing grace  
To bring me back to Jesus and amazing grace