

The 33rd of August

David Allan Coe

Well, today there's no salvation
The band's packed up and gone
And I'm left standing with my penny in my hand
There's a big crowd at the station
Where the blind man sings his song
But he sees, Lord, what they can't understand

It's the 33rd of August, Lord
And I'm finally coming down
Eight days from Sunday
Finds me Saturday bound

Once I stumbled through the darkness
Fell down to my knees
A thousand voices screaming in my brain
Woke up in a squad car
Busted down for vagrancy
And outside my cell, it sure as hell, it looked like rain

Now I've got my dangerous feeling
Under lock and chain I've killed my violent nature with a smile
Though the demons danced and sang their songs
Within my fevered brain
Not all my God-like thoughts, Lord, were defiled

Yesterday's newspaper forecast no rain for today
Yesterday's news was old news
So I threw it away
Some time's at night, Lord, you know
I can still feel the pain
And, outside my cell, it sure as hell, it looks like rain