

## Lost Cause Like Me

Jon Wolfe

Another bloody Mary morning and a cigarette  
I got a hole in my bucket where my shits are kept  
So, I think I'll just go hobo with a bottle of Juan lobo  
And hop a train out west

But I dig out my boots from a pile of dirty clothes  
And I wrangle on a shirt and faded jeans with a few good holes  
Find a mini nip of whiskey  
In my pocket with a fifty so I'm good to go  
Yeah I'm good to go

Maybe things are lookin' up, I could use a change of luck  
Though lord knows I bring it mostly on myself  
Singin' these old songs hauntin' every honky tonk  
From Dallas down to the Travis county jail  
Well my Mama prays I'll change like a farmer prays for rain  
In a July drought at night down on her knees  
Thank God her and Jesus won't let go of a lost cause like me

Well the mile markers passed are showin' round my eyes  
From way too much hard livin and too little livin right  
But I've got Ganga in my guitar  
Case where all my picks are that I can hit tonight  
Yeah I'll be a hit tonight

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Yeah thank God her and Jesus won't let go  
Of a lost cause like me  
All right