She Put The Sad In All His Songs

Michael Johnson

He was a good time beer bar picker
Only until she came along
Gave up his women and his liquor
She put the sad in all his songs

Something about her made him sorry
She was homely in his eyes
She had him bound and hypnotized

She put the sad in all his songs
She put the blue in his guitar
She took what he had and the dreams are gone
She put the sad in all his songs

She was the rattlesnake that bit him
It was a blow from out behind
She thought the tear in his eye just might fit him
He was the last thing on her mind

She put the sad in all his songs
She put the blue in his guitar
She took what he had and the dreams are gone
She put the sad in all his songs

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