

# Confessions of a Broken Man

Porter Wagoner

I'm just askin' you to listen not to understand these confessions of a broken man

I don't know where my story starts or I'd go back to them  
All I know it's a sad sad tale so for it has no end  
I know I drank too much though I didn't take thirst  
Oh, I'd have a beer or two and it just seemed to go from bad to worse

Then one day I noticed my money was goin' out faster than it was comin' in

And I got scared and I started gamblin' and I'm the kind that just never seems to win

I had a woman guess every man does and every man thinks his is the best mine was

Stuck by me through thick and thin till it just got too thin I guess

She walked in one day and said she had believed me

I could've sworn I saw big tear in her eye

I heard the other day that she got married again I hope he treats her better than I

Well, if you get me idea that I'm some son of a bum you're catchin' on pretty fast

And if you wonder if I've turned into a wino

For these are all my fingerprints on this glass

I've been sittin' in this bar since they opened up this mornin'

And it's almost time to close tonight

I guess it's about time to go find me a gutter tuck myself in tonight

Where does a man go when he's already on the bottom

It's really not much choice he's got

Either picks himself up and tries again or just lays back down to rot

No life starts out to be like mine pain is never planned

And yet here I sit with nothing in the world but these confessions of a broken man

I'm just askin' you to listen not to understand these confessions of a broken man