

## Waylon Jennings

### "The Thirty Third of August"

Visit "[The Thirty Third of August](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Today there's no salvation band's packed up and gone  
I'm left standing with my penny in my hand  
Down at railroad station a blind man sings his song  
I think he sees things I don't understand.

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

I stumbled through the darkness tumble to my knees  
A thousand voices screaming in my brain  
Wound up in a squad car busted down for vacancy  
Outside my cell it's sure as hell looks just like rain.

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

I've put my dangerous feelings under lock and chain  
Killed my violent nature with a smile  
Let the demons danced and sang their songs within my  
fevered brain  
Not all my God like thoughts were defiled.

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

Visit [Waylon Jennings](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.