

## William Elliott Whitmore

### "Does Me No Good"

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Can I forgive my past transgressions  
Can I forgive my own past sins  
That's not likely  
No I will never feel the same again

Well, it does me no good to say I'm sorry  
Although I am, for what it's worth  
But you can't hear me for you're resting  
Six feet under the cold black dirt

Oh, them daisies they sure look pretty  
Blooming down by your stone  
They remind me that life continues  
And I'll never be alone

I'd give my body, I'd give my soul  
For one more chance to make amends  
But that's not possible for my means could not justify  
my end  
It does me no good to sit and think of  
All the things that I done wrong  
It took me forever to remember what I should have  
known all along

Well if you can hear my last confession  
If you can hear my final plea  
Oh, although I never showed it  
Oh, you meant the world to me  
It does me no good to recollect on  
All that whiskey has done been spilt  
And my bow ain't gonna flow all the way down by them  
bricks of guilt  
/ ]

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