

## A3 (Alabama 3) "The Old Purple Tin (9% Of Pure Heaven)"

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I lived with my momma,  
'til I was sixteen,  
Old time religion,  
The sweetest of dreams,  
And now that I'm aging,  
In conscience is dim,  
In my left hand the Bible,  
In my right an old purple tin

I went to the doctor,  
'cause I was unwell,  
He said "My Boy,  
You all shot to hell.  
I'm gon' write you a prescription,  
For some pure heroin"  
But I traded that sucker,  
For a 6 pack of that old purple tin

The old purple tin,  
The old purple tin,  
Sweet testament Lord,  
To the state that I'm in,  
I've drunk it all day,  
And I've drunk it all night,  
The old purple tin,  
Oh Lord, lights up my life  
I am in prison,  
The light never shines,  
I can't see my Bible,  
So dark is the night,  
I'm waiting for letters,  
That never get sent,  
All my brothers and sister,  
On the corner with that old purple tin

The old purple tin,  
The old purple tin,  
[Sing it now]  
Sweet testament Lord,  
[Sweet 9% Lord]  
To the state that I'm in,  
I have drunk it all day,

I have drunk it all night,  
The old purple tin,  
Oh Lord, lights up my life  
It lights up my life,  
It lights up my life,  
Lights up my life.

[Spoken]Good night Larry.

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