

## **Chris Knight "Beckys Bible"**

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Let the beer bottle  
Rattle on my pistol  
On the seat of my Chevy pick up truck  
And I'm taking these gravel roads  
As fast as my truck will go  
I'm running like a scared white tail buck

It was a long night card game  
With Earl Ray and Bobby  
And some ol boy they worked with from Adair  
That boy didn't like me  
Then he said I was cheatin  
Gun shots rang out on the midnight air

I don't wanna see the day light  
But my Becky's alone tonight  
I wonder if she's waiting up for me

I'm gonna hide out in the bottom  
Where I hunted deer and turkey  
I know that swamp like the back of my hand  
Hell I was born and raised here  
Just wanted to be a good ol boy  
Never thought I'd ever be a wanted man  
But soon they gonna catch me  
Aint no way around that  
Cause I don't know any other place to hide  
I wonder if Becky's Bible is still in the glove box  
Cause I'm sure gonna need it if that boy died

I don't wanna see the daylight  
But my Beckys alone tonight  
I wonder if she's waiting up for me

Sometime tomorrow morning  
When I ought to be fishing  
They'll probably be hauling me in  
I'll be sittin in the jail house  
No need to be wishing  
I'll ever get to fish the green river again

I'll be prayin for some daylight

Cause my Becky's alone tonite  
I wonder if she's waiting up for me.

I Wonder if she's waiting up for me.

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