

Clint Black "Tuckered Out"

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Tuckered Out
(Clint Black/Hayden Nichols)

I've seen more than a Little Texas, and a Playboy
always knows
A man does what he Wills as long as he stays on his
toes
He can Russell up a fortune, any man could strike it
Rich
But I'm doing good to keep it Strait and keep my
wheels out of the ditch
Ain't no Foster for the Desert Rose, the babblin' Brooks
are Dunn
That Crystal ball won't even book me one day in the Sun

I'm Haggard, worn and Waylon from the bottom of my
Restless Heart
Don't know Wy the Black cloud's tailin' me, there seems
to be no Parton from
the dark
And I've had it to the Gills of knowin' what the Nitty
Gritty's all about
Bein' McEntired and Loveless I can't Lovett if I'm all
Tuckered out

Well, I never meant to set out like a half-cocked Gatlin
gun
No highway Head Hunter's gonna let this Rabbitt run

I ain't Raven 'bout The Ride, I probably got no fate to
Seal
If I can't roll through Alabama half Asleepin' At The
Wheel
All my Paycheckes are like dried up Wells and way too
small to Cash
Or I'd find a roadside motel, lay some money down to
Crash

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