

## **Delbert McClinton**

# **"Victim Of Life's Circumstances"**

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Six-O-Five A M on Sunday Mornin'  
I was supposed to left for Memphis late last night  
I stopped at one of them old highway places  
And because of it I sleep in Tyre County Jail tonight  
I started out the night with good intentions  
But I ended up gettin' sideways drinkin' wine  
Well, the last thing I remember we was roarin'  
Then somethin' hit my head and knocked me from my  
conciuous mind

I'm a victim of life's circumstances  
I was raised around barrooms, Friday night dances  
Singin' them old country songs  
Half the time endin' up someplace I don't belong

I said, Jailor, hey, what y'all got me charged with  
He looked at me and he half-way closed one eye  
He said you mean to say you don't remember  
Cuttin' up some honky with that bone-handled knife

I'm a victim of life's circumstances  
I was raised around barrooms, Friday night dances  
Singin' them old country songs  
Half the time endin' up someplace I don't belong  
Yeah, half the time endin' up someplace I don't belong

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