

## **Black Clint "Tuckered Out"**

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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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