

Hank Williams Iii

"Cecil Brown"

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Well my name is Cecil Brown
And I'm from a little town
And people don't think much of me
I never understood
Why they thought I was no good
But this is how it seems
The feelings of this worn out cowboy
Will make you feel so cold
I've traveled up and down so many
Kind of lonesome roads
I once took the high road
And it took me straight to hell
And I stood there all by myself
Cause all alone's where
I feel like I belong
Cause it don't matter
Who's right or wrong
The feelings of this worn out cowboy
Will make you feel so cold
I've traveled up and down so many
Kind of lonesome roads
Pickin' up the pieces
Of my broken family
Is not an easy sight to see
And as the leaves have changed
It helps ease the pain
And sufferin' they left for me
The feelings of this worn out cowboy
Will make you feel so cold
I've traveled up and down so many
Kind of lonesome roads

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