

## **Hank Williams Jr. "Cold, Cold Ground"**

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Oh the clock here in the barroom says its half past nine.  
Thats usually how long it takes me to drink my first  
bottle of wine.

Yes every fifteen minutes, I can drink another bottle  
down and get fifteen minutes closer to that cold,cold  
ground, to that cold cold ground.

Well I think I'll play the jukebox and light up another  
cigarette

They say for every puff of that loving smoke you get  
another minute closer to death.

Well I smoke two or three packs a day and my  
arithmetic is not to sound.

But I know I'm getting hours closer to that cold,cold  
ground.

To that cold, cold ground.

Now this morning I had me a woman and a love so nice  
and fine.

But this evening I watched her board that train and  
move on down the line.  
Our love was so good but now she's gone and this is  
what I've found.

Her leaving sure brought me closer to that cold, cold  
ground.

To that cold, cold ground.

Well I'm standing in the back alley with a pistol in my  
hand.

I never thought a womens love could do this to a man.

I hear that hammr clickin', what a sweet, terrible sound.

Let my tombstone read "no liquor, no smoke, no drugs,  
but a woman's love put me in that cold, cold ground. Put  
me in that cold, cold ground.

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