

## Lynyrd Skynyrd "Talked Myself Right Into It"

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(johnny vanzant -- robert white johnson -- donnie vanzant -- pat buchanan)

Alarm clock rings about a quarter after five  
I've been up all night  
Raisin' hell with some friends of mine  
I take one good look in the mirror  
But only one things gettin' clearer  
The way I live, I'm lucky to be alive

There I go lying to myself  
Said I wasn't gonna do it  
Next thing you know, here I go again  
Talked myself right into it

Supposed to be to work an hour ago  
When I pass that boss stormin' down the road  
Now there's an angel on my shoulder  
Thinnkin' she can win me over  
Devil's got my number don't you know

There I go lying to myself  
Said I wasn't gonna do it  
Next thing you know, here I go again  
Talked myself right into it

Maybe, maybe have I gone to far this time  
Maybe, maybe is my conscience workin' overtime  
Nah

There's a knockout georgia peach givin' me the eye  
Well if the truth beknown I'm just a little shy  
Turns out she wasn't alone  
She had a six foot chaperone  
But that didn't slow me down  
Don't ask me why

There I go lying to myself  
Said I wasn't gonna do it  
Next thing you know, here I go again  
Talked myself right into it

I got no one to blame except myself  
I said I wasn't gonna do it  
Next thing you know here I go  
Talk myself right into it  
Talk myself, talk myself right into it  
Talk myself, talk myself, talk myself right into it  
Said I wasn't gonna do it  
Here I go again baby

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