

Textures

"Tryin' To Beat The Morning Home"

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Drunk and cold; can't get no help from nobody
I'd sell my soul to find one more drink left in that bottle
They say that I'm worthless, that all hope for me is
gone
Heaven help me; trying to beat the morning home

Lord, don't let the daylight show the shame that's on
my face
Just let me hide in my disgrace (Just let me hide in my
disgrace)

My woman's there. I'll be she's sitting there just waiting
She won't ask where, where I've been or why I'm
drinking
She knows it's hopeless, but she keeps hanging on
Heaven help me; (heaven help me) trying to beat the
morning home

Lord, I know I've tried, many times before
But this time I really mean it, so help me
Trying to beat the morning home

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