

## Wade Bowen "Beat Me Down"

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There's a whole lot of nothing going on inside my head  
Feels like my brain is fried, feels like my soul is dead  
I've been working like a dog, putting way to big slave.  
But these wheels keep on humming underneath my bed.

Damn you, devil, in this road of loneliness  
You always knocked me down and I always got back up again.  
So  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on, beat me down.

Well, my momma has a nice way telling me I look like hell  
I guess it's from the alcohol, I guess I might, as well.  
Just pour me another glass, 'cause all the way, it seems to help.  
Say, I'm transforming, momma, say, I'm not all for yourself.

Damn you, devil, in this road of loneliness  
You always knocked me down and I always got back up again.  
So  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on, beat me down.  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on, beat me down.

So  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on, beat me down.  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on, beat me down.  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on, beat me down.  
Beat me down, beat me down  
Come on, come on.

Damn you, devil, in this road of loneliness  
You always knocked me down and I always got back up  
again.  
So beat me down.

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