

Willie Nelson "Most Unoriginal Sin"

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What there was left of us
Was all covered in dust and thick skin
A half eaten apple or the whole Sistine Chapel
Painted on the head of a pin

A lifelong love's work gone up in a smirk
And you didn't even see her waltz in
Now this love is a ghost
Having played host to the most unoriginal sin

At the wedding we smiled
As some devil played wild violin
Soon after the chapel she offered me that apple
One bite and I was gone with the wind

And you needed no proof
'Cause the whole naked truth
Was wearin' only an infidel's grin
And a proud schoolboy's boast
Of having left his post for the most unoriginal sin

Now the jukebox is humming
All the venial shortcomings of men
But I found me this drink that can finally sink
All the skills that I've been wallowing in

Buddy once you get started
Once true love's departed
You do it over and over again

So tonight I will toast
Just whoever comes close
To the most unoriginal sin
So tonight I will toast
Just whoever comes close
To the most unoriginal sin

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