

## Alabama 3 "Old Purple Tin [9% Of Pure Heaven]"

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I lived with my mamma  
'Til I was sixteen  
Old time religion  
The sweetest of dreams

And now that I'm again  
And conscience is dead  
In my left hand the Bible  
In my right hand an old purple tin

I went to the doctor  
'Cause I was unwell  
He said, "My boy  
You all shot to hell"

"I go'n write you a prescription  
For some pure heroin"  
But I traded that sucker  
For a six pack of that old purple tin

The old purple tin  
The old purple tin  
Sweet testament Lord  
To the state that I'm in

I drunk it all day  
I drunk it all night  
The old purple tin  
Oh Lord, lights up my life

I am in prison  
The light never shines  
I can't see my Bible  
So dark is the night

I'm waiting for letters  
That never get sent  
All my brothers and sisters  
On the corner with that old purple tin

The old purple tin  
The old purple tin

Sing it now  
Sweet testament Lord  
Sweet nine percent, Lord

To the state that I'm in  
I have drunk it all day  
I have drunk it all night  
The old purple tin

Oh, Lord, lights up my life  
Lights up my life  
Lights up my life  
Lights up my life

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