

Alabama 3

"Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlife"

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Just pour the gasoline

She don't get up until the sun goes down
She don't come down until the sun comes up
Drinks her coffee from a broken cup in a jacket or
sunglasses
She didn't get to bed until ten a.m.
When the whiskey ran out she had enough of her
friends
Fussin' and fightin' she reminded them
She hadn't slept for a hundred hours, yeah

Sad eyed lady of the lowlife
Come on, burn awhile with me, yeah
Put the high life on the bonfire, baby
Lets go steal some gasoline

Just pour the gasoline

She got hot in the heat on a cemetr'y walk
When a preacher, he tried to kiss her
Well, she knew the light would burn bright again
She seen the angels in the disco
Ain't nobody gonna tell her when the fights are gonna
start
And the bell's gonna ring
She'll be swinging when the whole world ends
Looking for another tomorrow, yeah

Sad eyed lady of the lowlife
Come on, come on burn awhile with me, yeah
Put the high life on the bonfire baby
Lets go steal some gasoline

We'll build a fire an' light a match and watch the whole
thing burn
We'll sweep out the ashes as this old world turns
In the mornin' we'll be done, nothin' left
But in the mean just pour the gasoline

Just pour the gasoline
Just pour the gasoline

Sad eyed lady of the lowlife
Come on burn awhile with me, yeah
Let's put the high life on the bonfire baby
Let's go steal some gasoline

We'll build a fire, light a match and watch the whole
thing burn

Sad eyed lady of the lowlife
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