

Cya "Sin Waden"

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He pushed me 'round now I'm drawin' the line
He lived his life now I'm gonna go and live mine
I'm sick of wastin' my time

Well now I've been good for way too long.
Found my red dress now I'm gonna throw it on
'Bout to get too far gone

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Need a little bit more of my twelve-ounce nutrition
One more helpin' of what I been havin'
I'm takin' my turn on the sin wagon

On a mission to make something happen
Feel like Delilah lookin' for Samson
Do a little mattress dancin'
That's right I said mattress dancin'

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Need a little bit more of what I been missin'
I don't know where I'll be crashin'
But I'm arrivin' on a sin wagon

When it's my turn to march up to glory
I'm gonna have one hell of a story
That's if He forgives me
Oh Lord please forgive me

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Need a little bit more of that sweet salvation
They may take me with my feet draggin'
But I'll fly away on a sin wagon

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