

Tim Easton

"Lexington Jail"

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Well, I don't have a nickel
To put in your cup
And I don't have ten dollars
Just so you can fix up

I'm a travelin' myself
I don't appreciate
Your empty gas tank lines
I get back home tomorrow
Or maybe just lay down and die

I might have a true love
But I'm just looking for a roof
I never lasted in a lie to her
But I might not tell the truth to you

And the truth about my home
Is that it's just easier to lie
Well, a home is where I lay my head
Or maybe where I just lay down and die

I went to see some friends
Down Kentucky way
Spent the night getting sober
In the Lexington jail

And when they let me go
I just stood with my hands to the sky
I'll be in Tennessee tomorrow
Or maybe just lay down and die

Said I don't have two nickels
To put in your cup
And I don't have ten dollars
Just so you can fix up

I'm a-travelin' myself
I don't appreciate
Your empty gas tank lines
All lies

I get back home tomorrow

Maybe just lay down and die
I get back home tomorrow
Maybe just lay down and die
I get back home tomorrow
Maybe just lay down and die

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