

# Becky's Bible

Chris Knight

Let the beer bottle  
Rattle on my pistol  
On the seat of my Chevy pick up truck  
And I'm taking these gravel roads  
As fast as my truck will go  
I'm running like a scared white tail buckIt was a long night card game  
With Earl Ray and Bobby  
And some ol boy they worked with from Adair  
That boy didnt like me  
Then he said I was cheatin  
Gun shots rang out on the midnight air  
I dont wanna see the day light  
But my Becky's alone tonight  
I wonder if shes waiting up for meI'm gonna hide out in the bottom  
Where I hunted deer and turkey  
I know that swamp like the back of my hand  
Hell I was born and raised here  
Just wanted to be a good ol boy  
Never thought I'd ever be a wanted manBut soon they gonna catch me  
Aint no way around that  
Cause I dont know any other place to hide  
I wonder if Becky's Bible is still in the glove box  
Cause I'm sure gonna need it if that boy diedI dont wanna see the daylight  
But my Beckys alone tonight  
I wonder if she's waiting up for me  
Sometime tomorrow morning  
When I ought to be fishing  
They'll probably be hauling me in  
I'll be sittin in the jail house  
No need to be wishing  
I'll ever get to fish the green river againI'll be prayin for some daylight  
Cause my Becky's alone tonite  
I wonder if she's waiting up for me.I Wonder if shes waiting up for me.

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