

It's All Going to Pot

Willie Nelson & Merle Haggard

It's all going to pot
Whether we like it or not
As far as I can tell
The world's gone to hell
And we're sure gonna miss it a lot All the whiskey in Lynchburg, Tennessee
Just doesn't hit the spot
I gotta hundred dollar bill
You can keep your pills, friend
Cause it's all going to pot That cackle-bobble-head-in-a-box
Must think I'm dumb as a rock
Readin' the daily news
While I'm kickin' off my shoes
It's scarin' me outta my socks
The Red Headed Stranger I'm not
But buddy, let me tell you what
Ask ol' Will, he'll tell ya here's the deal
Friends, it's all goin' to pot Well, it's all going to pot
Whether we like it or not
Best I can tell
The world's gone to hell
And we're all gonna miss it a lot All the whiskey in Lynchburg, Tennessee
Just doesn't hit the spot
I gotta hundred dollar bill
You can keep your pills, friend
Cause it's all goin' to pot Well I thought I had found me a girl
Sweetest little thing in the world
But all my jokes went up in smoke
When I caught her makin eyes at Merle
He said, sweet little honey
With her eye on your money
She's gonna take every penny you got
I said she's never gonna get it
Cause I've already spent it
Merle, It's all goin' to pot It's all going to pot
Whether we like it or not
Best I can tell
The world's gone to hell
And we're all gonna miss it a lot All the whiskey in Lynchburg, Tennessee
Just couldn't hit the spot
I gotta hundred dollar bill
You can keep your pills, friend
It's all going to pot

I gotta hundred dollar bill
You can keep your pills, friend
Cause it's all goin' to pot
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>