

Hell In The Morning

I headed south to Nashville
Thought I'd paint that town
Hit every bar on Broadway
Got drunk on that twangy sound

Played air guitar at Tootsies
Ordered round after round
Thought I was Waylon or Willie
Then I woke up face to the ground

Chorus:
Nashville is hell in the morning, it's hillbilly
heaven at night
Southern Comfort and a steel guitar
Sure makes you feel alright
Till the sun punches through the blinds
Kiss ya like a rattle snake bite
Nashville's a Hell in the morning
But she still tastes good at night

Wish I could have been there
To see the man in black
As he stepped out on the Opry stage
With a guitar on his back
They heard that train a' comin
As the drinks begin to flow
Then the crowd went crazy
But the next day they'd all know

Chorus:
Nashville is hell in the morning, it's hillbilly
heaven at night
Southern Comfort and a steel guitar
Sure makes you feel alright
Till the sun punches through the blinds
Wake ya like a rattle snake bite
Nashville's a Hell in the morning
But she still tastes good at night

Bridge:
On a Sunday morning sidewalk
After Nashville's Saturday night
You vow you'll never drink again
Till you see those neon lights

Chorus:
Nashville is hell in the morning, but its hillbilly
heaven at night
Southern Comfort and a steel guitar
Sure makes you feel alright
Then the sun punches through the blinds

Hits ya like a rattle snake bite
Nashville's a Hell in the morning
But she still tastes good at night