

Lord, I'm Tryin'

Donovan Woods

Lord, I'm tryin'
And you know where I been
She was not my wife then
Well now we're here
Not hidin'
And we set the kitchen table
So I'd probly be able
To get away, give my uncle's stable
To get it done and get us cable
And as far as husbands go
I'd be sweet and low
Very sweet and low
And she smiled like she didn't know
I think she knew it though
I think she knew it though
Oh, the sweetness of being forgotten
You just can't remember my name
Oh, the sweetness of being forgotten
All my work was in vain