

## Manifesto No. 4

Shooter Jennings

It's a high, lonesome summertime,  
A life of tribulation, but I'll be fine.  
There's one thing, Jesus, if you don't mind:  
Turn my water to wine.

Oh, turn my water to wine,  
the fountain of love's like turpentine.  
Just one thing Jesus and I'll be fine:  
Turn my water to wine.

There's thunder in my belly,  
and lightening in my mind,  
a liquor in the barrel, but the barrel run dry.

There's a woman in the park,  
Makin' love to the dark.  
Funny how a house can burn with just one spark.

Just one spark, just one spark.

And it's a high, lonesome summertime,  
A life of tribulation, but I'll be fine.  
There's one thing, Jesus, if you don't mind:  
Turn my water to wine.

Turn my water to wine,  
the fountain of love's like turpentine.  
Just one thing Jesus and I'll be fine:  
Turn my water to wine.

One note rings,  
From national strings.  
Funny what comfort a melody brings.

My pockets is shy,  
My throat is dry.  
So damn low, I wanna be high.

I wanna be high, I wanna be high.  
I wanna be high, I wanna be high.

And it's a high, lonesome summertime,  
A life of tribulation, but I'll be fine.  
There's one thing, Jesus, if you don't mind:  
Turn my water to wine.

Turn my water to wine,  
the fountain of love's like turpentine.  
Just one thing Jesus if you don't mind:  
Turn my water to wine.  
Turn my water to wine.

Turn my water to wine.