

The Old Purple Tin  
Alabama 3

C  
I lived with my momma til I was sixteen  
F C  
Old time religion, the sweetest of dreams  
Am  
And now that I m aging my conscience is dimmed  
G F C  
In my left hand the Bible, in my right hand an old purple tin

C  
I went to the doctor cause I was unwell  
F C  
He said My boy, you all shot to hell.  
Am  
I m gon write you a prescription for some pure heroin  
G F C  
But I traded that succour for a six pack of that old purple tin

CHORUS

C  
The old purple tin, the old purple tin  
F C  
Sweet testament Lord to the state that I m in  
Am  
I ve drunk it all day and I ve drunk it all night  
G F C  
The old purple tin, Oh Lord, lights up my life

C  
I am in prison, the light never shines  
F C  
I can t see my Bible so dark is the night  
Am  
I m waiting for letters that never get sent  
G F C  
All my brothers and sisters on the corner with that old purple tin

CHORUS

C  
The old purple tin, the old purple tin  
F C  
Sweet testament Lord (sweet nine percent Lord) to the state that I m in  
Am

I ve drunk it all day and I ve drunk it all night

**G** **F** **C**

The old purple tin, Oh Lord, lights up my life

**G** **F** **C**

The old purple tin, Oh Lord, lights up my life