

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