

# It's All Going to Pot

## Willie Nelson & Merle Haggard

It's all going to pot  
Whether we like it or not  
As far as I can tell  
The world's gone to hell  
And we're sure gonna miss it a lot All the whiskey in Lynchburg, Tennessee  
Just doesn't hit the spot  
I gotta hundred dollar bill  
You can keep your pills, friend  
Cause it's all going to pot That cackle-bobble-head-in-a-box  
Must think I'm dumb as a rock  
Readin' the daily news  
While I'm kickin' off my shoes  
It's scarin' me outta my socks  
The Red Headed Stranger I'm not  
But buddy, let me tell you what  
Ask ol' Will, he'll tell ya here's the deal  
Friends, it's all goin' to pot Well, it's all going to pot  
Whether we like it or not  
Best I can tell  
The world's gone to hell  
And we're all gonna miss it a lot All the whiskey in Lynchburg, Tennessee  
Just doesn't hit the spot  
I gotta hundred dollar bill  
You can keep your pills, friend  
Cause it's all goin' to pot Well I thought I had found me a girl  
Sweetest little thing in the world  
But all my jokes went up in smoke  
When I caught her makin eyes at Merle  
He said, sweet little honey  
With her eye on your money  
She's gonna take every penny you got  
I said she's never gonna get it  
Cause I've already spent it  
Merle, It's all goin' to pot It's all going to pot  
Whether we like it or not  
Best I can tell  
The world's gone to hell  
And we're all gonna miss it a lot All the whiskey in Lynchburg, Tennessee  
Just couldn't hit the spot  
I gotta hundred dollar bill  
You can keep your pills, friend  
It's all going to pot

I gotta hundred dollar bill  
You can keep your pills, friend  
Cause it's all goin' to pot  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>