

# Different Mold

## Whiskey Myers

Last note of the evening lingers in my ringing ear  
Like a thunder cloud roaring cross the pasture near  
Light up a lonely smoke I found in a crushed pack on the floor  
My heart sinks as the crowd walked by slowly toward the door  
Winding road and showed out shows are things Ive come to love  
Cause I'm as free as the wind that flies with lonesome dove  
Ramblin on with my life like an outlaw from the old  
Not caring if I'm pleasing you  
Cause I'm cut yeah  
I'm cut from a different mold  
I ain't got no bills to pay I don't care where I'm going next  
People like to hear me play hell maybe I'll get a check  
Moneys dessert on top of a meal I ate for free  
Playin for people listening is payment enough for me  
Yeah I'm cut from a different mold  
I'm cut from a different mold yeah

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>