

Long haul

Pulling outta Birmingham, flying like a freight train, 18 wheels a burning up the fast lane, make a little room the big dogs coming through, watching for a smoky but I ain't seen any, now tell me what's it's looking like coming down 20, thank you good buddy I hope you have a good day too

Breaker one nine tell me what's you twenty, sitting at a truck stop out in Pell City, bound for Hotlanta picking up another load, little gal knocking on my cab door, ask me for a ride well that's a big 10-4, want you climb on in so we can get on down the road

Well I'm in it for the long haul, pedal to the metal, an all around rebel, with a need for speed and urge to drive

Well I'm in it for the long haul

Ole silver tung devil, they call me the midnight special, cause honey I was born to ride

So keep it tween the ditches if you can, till you get back home

Yeah Keep the big wheels spinning and the pretty girls grinning ,and keep on truckin along

Well a good day trucking will change in a moment, and the coffee ain't always strong as you want it, this ain't for the faint of heart brother that's for sure,

The roads are slick and the rain is such a hassle, and them old pot hole make it hard to travel,

When I really think about it, you know what I do it for

Trouble Never Looked so Good

Leaning on the jukebox looking like a prom queen, alligator boots and a double shot of Jim Beam, bleach blond hussy, just come in from Memphis, Lord have mercy honey can I get a witness,
Mmm you sure do play it cool, you come off shy but you ain't nobody's fool

Frying like bacon in a cast iron skillet,
cranking up the temp and getting hotter by the minute,
cooler than a pitcher full of sweet Ice tea, and smoother than the hood on the general lee, got a little something up your sleeve, you're playing me I do believe

Chorus

Trouble never looked so good, danger never felt this right, temptation never run so strong or shinned so bright,
Girl you oughta be a shamed, teasing me the way you do,
You'll leave me in a world of pain before your through
Yeah trouble never looked so good like it does on you

Got me painting like a Mississippi blood hound, barking up an oak tree begging you to come down,
possum on a gum bush playing hard to get, oughta know better but I ain't quit yet, you'd think I'd learn to play it straight, but ole heart ain't got no breaks

(Chorus)

Well I've always had thing for them bad girls just like you, I've walked across the flames just to see what it would do,
And I have held some southern bells, and loved more than my share, and I thought I'd seen it all but honey till tonight I swear

(Chorus)

A Bible and a Gun

(Chorus)

They say the King James Bible, can chase away the devil, yeah the word of God will keep him on the run,
but for any earthly threat go with a, 38 special,
Cause the way this world is headed now the worst is yet to come,
and the only truth to count on is a bible and a gun

Raised out on the rural route, way out past the blacktop, where you can leave your front door unlocked,
when you go to bed at night, Where theres still some law and order, and a church on every corner, cause
we work hard, praise the Lord, but we ain't afraid to fight

Yeah out here in the boondocks, it don't get too rowdy, but if your driving through Clay county, son you
better watch your step, cause we got our own protection, insured by smith and Wesson, so go head on
and mess around, and find out for yourself

(Chorus)

Now theres a time for us to tarry and a time for us to labor, a time to help your neighbor, when you see
he needs a hand, there's a time to sit and listen and a time to buck the system, and a time to take the
gloves off and tell em where you stand

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

So if you're coming for my guns or my religion, I say praise the lord and pass the ammunition, cause my
semi-automatic, wasn't made for deer and rabbit, and just because I'm packing doesn't mean I ain't a
Christian

Now when the founding fathers sat down, and they wrote the constitution, they prayed this resolution
would sustain for years to come,
And the reason it's still working, and we ain't all speaking German, cause they knew to keep a country
free, you gotta have some guns

(Chorus)

No Rhyme or Reason

John Edward's was a friend of mine, when I was just a child, I was 4 and he was 83, he'd drop by the house sometimes, sit and talk a while, he'd give me a stick of gum and I'd sit up on his knee
Mama said he never met a stranger, and he feed his dog vanilla wafers, said everybody's got be somewhere son, might as well be here, then he'd chew on his tobacco some and he'd grin from ear to ear (and he'd say)

(Chorus) there ain't no rhyme or reason to the pain that we go through, ain't no such thing as karma, why things happen like they do, you come in roaring like a lion go out gentle as a lamb, and if we lived to be 100 we may never understand, why some will fly and some will fall, and son there ain't no rhyme or reason to it all

Now I've seen wicked people prosper, I'm be seen descent people suffer, and the line between right and wrong is often blurred
The way it all shakes out sometimes it sure does make you wonder, if anybody really comes to get what they deserve,
And there aint no way to ever understand it,
Why some folks make out like a bandit, while others spend their whole life out here, barely getting by, and never seem to get their hands on their piece of the pie (you see)

(Chorus)

And every roads another lesson,
And every days another blessing, if you let it be
This may be, the greatest peace you ever find, this side of Heaven

(Chorus)

This worlds been spinning long before I got here and it will keep on spinning long after I'm dead, I ain't got the answers to life's questions, just a few things I recall John Edward's said

Like Debbie did Dallas

Meet her in a roadhouse south of Dallas, sunlight grazed across her silhouette, never dreamed her heart could be so callous, or just how wild that girl would get

(Chorus) now she did me like Debbie did Dallas, played me like the blues, shook me up like champagne, turned me every which way but loose, held me like an angle, shook me right down to the bone, she did me like Debbie did Dallas and now she's up and gone

never was the kind to get to jealous, she never came off too sincere, but she had dreams the size of texas, and a heart as cold as lone star beer

Sunk her hook right through me, left my heart astounded,
Honky Tonkin floozy ain't no way around it

Middle aged Honky

(Chorus)

He's a straight white middle aged honky, a corn feed southern child

He drinks ole Milwaukee, like it's going out of style,

Go high

He'll get out of his mind bout every time he ties one on

He's a straight white middle aged Honky honky Tonkin all night long

He drives step side Silverado, with snuff cans piled up on the dash, got 1000 watts of Kenwood speakers,
just a blaring Johnny Cash, his t shirt sleeves rolled up to hold his pall mall cigarettes, and a misspelled
tattoo on his neck says he ain't got no regrets

(Chorus)

Got in a bit trouble from a scuffle he once had, In the back of some ole pool hall, man they tore him up
so bad, threw him through a plate glass window, but when he got up off the floor, it took 3 cowboys and
a half drunk waitress just to toss him out the door

He's a 4 wheel lover, an 8 ball hustler a genuine American son,
bar room brawler, a log truck hauler, and good timing son of gun

Chorus

He's a straight white middle aged honky, the best I've ever known

These kids Today

Well the school called me this afternoon and I must admit they sounded rather rude, said my child just got suspended cause the lunch he brought from home was not approved, Now we try to raise these kids with every possible advantage, but when you can shut a school down, with a peanut butter sandwich, makes me wonder if these youngins ain't too frail, and I guess it's true that public educations gone to hell

Now the boy that lives next door won't get a job, and says he's never leaving home, and I do believe his lack of motivation comes from low testosterone, years ago a boy his age would of gone into the service, but his bones are mighty fragile and loud noises make him nervous, and he can't forget to take his sinus pills, so I don't see him running off to join the navy seals,

(Chorus)

They tell us that the children are the future, and someday it'll all be up to them, the same ones that never kept score, but all wound up with a trophy in the end, so next time your kid get hurt, tell em rub it in some dirt, walk it off and go on out and play, cause the children of the future won't have one, if we don't raise em right today

My niece that just turned 15s got a tattoo of a dagger on her throat, and it don't look like that boy that she's been datings ever seen a bar of soap, I know every girl her age is bound to rebel some, but those two make the Manson family look like episcopalions, now my sister thinks that Prozacs gonna help, so she gives one to her daughter and a keeps the others for herself

(Chorus)

There's some mamas that got no clue what there doing, and there's some daddy's that could use a good butt chewing, I've seen youngins that just need a little help, and some bad ones that could surly use a belt,

So next time your kid gets hurt have em rub it with some dirt, walk it off and go on out and play, cause the children of the future won't have one if we don't raise them right today

Red dirt shuffle

I'm a road dog honey I ain't got nothing to lose, yes I'm a road dog mama I ain't got nothing to lose, I do
a red dirt shuffle with some back wood rhyme and blues

Yes I do

I got a long line of women waiting everywhere i play, got a line of lonely women waiting for me
everywhere I play,

Yeah I've tried to run em off but I just can't shoe em away

I rock a 5 piece band with a 3 part harmony, I got a 5 piece band with a 3 part harmony, we do a red dirt
shuffle like a hillbilly symphony,

And it goes this here

(Guitar solo)

Well I play my blues with a whole lot of country twang , yeah I play my blues with a whole lot of country
twang, yeah I crank it to 11 make that telecaster start to sing

When the lights go out and we get back on the bus, yeah when the lights go out, and we get back on the
bus, I know that red dirt shuffle done left em in a cloud of dust

Does it every time

Guitar solo

1st verse

A Funeral and a casserole

We go together, just like biscuits and gravy, old dogs and baby's, we're like two peas in a pod, like salt and pepper, cowboys and leather, side by side, just like the corn on a cob

I need you, like a poor man needs a dollar, like a thirsty man needs water, like a bullet needs a gun, a picker needs a grinner, the devil needs a sinner, and I need you just like a pirate needs his rum

(Chorus)

Right or wrong can't have one without the other, we've been good for one another, as a whole, the 2 of us make the world a little better, we're like birds of a feather I've been told, I don't mean to brag but if I may be so bold, we go together like a funeral and a casserole

I love you, like a soldier loves his country, like a rich man loves his money, like a sailor loves the sea, kids love Little Debbie, rednecks love Richard Petty, and I love you like Davey Crocket loved Tennessee

We go together just like Catholics and candles, Coca Cola and Jack Daniels, with tequila and lime, chocolate and vanilla, we're like Elvis and Priscilla, won't you, love me tender girl if you don't mind

I'll cling to you just like a preacher to the truth, like an old man to his youth, like a young man to his pride, and when we die, and they lay us down forever, we'll be hand in hand together, over on the other side

And every farmer needs a good rain

And Every gambler needs a win

Every hobo needs a fast train

Every loser needs a friend

Country like this

Fresh out of the holler, southern tried and true, working for a dollar, son there ain't much we can't do,
Grew up like my daddy did, heart as good as gold, just a podunk Alabama kid, with red dirt on my soul

(Chorus)

And you say country, like it's a bad thing, call me a redneck, like it's my last name, my southern draws
mighty hard to miss, you ain't seen country like this

I have fought the system, since the age of 17, been in and out of prison son there ain't much I ain't seen,
now I don't look for trouble, but should it comes around, all them scars across my knuckles, didn't come
from backing down,

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

Better knock me out if you gonna hit me, better learn to smile when you say Dixie,

Got a long white Harley chopper,
With Steer horns on the front
Ain't no way to stop her, once them horses get wound up,
I got pistols on my saddle bags, and a cold beer in my lap, And you damn right that's a rebel flag patch
stitched across my back

Chorus

Are there any Honky Tonkers still around

Man i used to have a time when I was younger, picking in them late night country dives, between the whisky, and the women, and the white trash it's a wonder, the band and me ever made it out alive

Now these days it seems, the whole bar scene is changing, and now these young folks all, got white claw, on their breath, I think I understand what ole Hank was saying, cause I sure feel like a dinosaur myself

(Chorus)

And the bright lights just don't
shine the way they used to, and
the night life Lord it sure has got me down, the hip hop just don't move me like the blues do, are there
any Honky Tonkers still around

Now I was hanging with some good friends down in Austin Texas, we walked into this bar called the
purple haze,
They was men in high heel shoes and cocktail dresses, and some yellow haired feller, singing show tunes
on the stage

Now I like little Merle and a lot of Waylon, with a guitar and some fiddle in the middle of a country band
And I take my women just like the good Lord made em, like the ones they got back in sweet home
Alabama

(Bridge)

And the beers we drank back then were all domestic,
And The bands that played they always sounded good
Long before they ever made cars electric
Back when the only trans we had came with a firebird on the hood

(Chorus)

Where The Red Fern Grows

Grandpa's sitting on the front porch swing, you can hear him talking through the front door screen,
callused hands and a heart of gold, a simple man with a gentle soul, Grandma singing while she feeds us,
what a friend we have In Jesus

(Chorus) There's a place I know, where the red fern grows, And the sun comes up every day to the sound
of a whippoorwill, where the saw grass sways and the Good Lords praised in every Baptist church you
see this side of Jacksonville, well my necks as red as them old dirt roads, and I want to live where the red
fern grows

Coon dogs howling out in the dark, you can tell ole blue by the way she barks, firefly's floating on the
summer breeze, you know I live for nights like these,

Kin folks coming round to visit, catfish frying in the skillet

(Chorus)

A little off the beaten path, where most folks never come, I don't need no state road map, to find my way
back home, Lord I'm coming home

Don't talk about Kristina

Bartender pour me up a strong one, feels good to be back here again, this whole week has been a long one, I never thought that it would end, you've probably heard the latest gossip, and all the speculation, everyone's got their own thoughts, about my recent separation

(Chorus) but let's don't talk about

Kristina, with all the

Stories going round, ain't enough time or tequila to tell you how it all went down, lord I miss that seniorita, but tonight I need a friend, so lets don't talk about Kristina, cause she ain't coming back again

You see that waitress serving cold beer, another lonely divorce, and ever since I walked up in here, Shes been looking back this way, So pour another shot of bourbon, for a heart that still in shambles, and I'll ask that mariache house band, if they know any Charlie Daniels

(Chorus)

Guitar solo

Now I ain't here for conversation,

I didn't come to socialize, don't mind my heart that sits here breaking, or the tears that's in my eyes

(Chorus)

If you had any sense at all

You're sooooo relentless, yeah you think you know it all, talking to you is like talking to the wall, Now you got your reasons, but some day you'll come to find, that city ain't worth half of what you left behind

The guy who took you, well he's mighty well to do, and you sure looked smitten, when he set his sights on you, he talks just right, but honeys he's all wrong, and he'll leave you soon as something younger comes along,

(Chorus) if you had any sense at all girl, you'd get out of Atlanta, and you'd take that Chevy Tahoe, and point it back towards Alabama,

And you'd pick up all the pieces of the heart that you let fall, and you'd still love me, if you had any since at all

I saw your mama, just last Sunday after Church, With your Aunt Virginia, who still keeps liquor in her purse, your baby sister, she done changed her hair again, and your daddy still throws a fit every time the tide don't win

(Chorus)

Some men choose he path of least resistance, some let the world push them around, some men are made to go the distance, some are just bound to let you down

This old Guitar

This old guitar I'm picking was built back in the 60s, it come down from Montana up to Nashville Tennessee, it smells like Marlboro cigarettes and old Jack Daniels whisky, but it's played a million honky tonks and country songs with me

Got a crack across the bridge from a night in Sacro mento, where some drunken tattooed biker threw a beer can from the crowd, and by a crazy jealous lover it flew out a bedroom window, lord I bet standing there still cussing at me now

(Chorus)

And the music that Im making it ain't nothing but a peek inside my soul, and all the years that I spent out here on the road have took a mighty heavy toll, I'm a little broken in now, but at least my spirits free, and there's still a couple good songs left inside this old guitar and me

Now this old leather strap was hand made by a fellow in ohatchee, he makes wallets, belts, and holsters and anything a cowboy needs,

I keep a picture in my case of a girl from Tallahassee, who blew across my heart just like a cool September breeze

Now the pickguards kinda faded and there's some scratches on the finish, but this old guitar can still put on a show, I keep a rattler tail inside it cause it wards off evil spirits, at least that's what them mountain folks would say back years ago

(Chorus)

I've been high on love, I've been down to the wire, and from a honky tonk to a Sunday choir, I've sang amazing grace and the burning ring of fire,

Saint Clair County blues

Candy Higginbothom was as sweet as sugar cane, had a Talladega strut that made a man forget his name, she was hotter than a tin roof on a Alabama July afternoon, she could make an ole boy stutter make a hound dog jump the moon

Her daddy was the sheriff yeah they said he owned the law, kept the police in his pocket and didn't care for me at all, he nearly had a fit when Candy finally brought me home, said the best thing you can do son is hop back in you truck and just move along

Well I figured with some time, he would surly come to understand,
Id have that Sheriff eating right out the palm of my hand

Then one night they got a call from wrong side of the track, they pulled a body from the river, he had 3 holes in his back, well they didn't have a suspect so I reckon they rigged one up, you know that small town justice system has been known to be a little bit corrupt

Guitar solo

3 nights later I was driving out on highway 49, I was nearly back to Lineville when I seen them blue lights shine, they ask me for my license then the sherif asked me where I had been, when that gun fell out the glovebox Lord I do believe I was more surprised than them

It was a rainy Monday morning in that sleepy Valley town, when that judge read out the verdict, and he slammed that gavel down,
They called it aggravated homicide murder in the first degree,
I could see that sherif smiling as that jailer put them cuffs on me

There was crowd gathered round cussing me, as we passed by, some old lady yelling boy they oughta just let you fry

Now they got me up in Springville behind a big iron gate, and ever meal I eat in here is paid for by the state, while old sherif Higginbothoms in the middle of his new campaign, I'm doing 99 years on a saint clair county chain gang

Jump off of my bandwagon

Now them big wigs up in Nashville they all treat me like a star, when they talk about the band and say how cool they think we are, but when the tabloids start to trash us and the critics put me down, seems like they ain't nowhere to be found

(Chorus 1)

Jump off of my band wagon you're cramping my style find someone else's ego you can stroke a while, If you ain't in it for the long run son tell you what you can do, jump off of my band wagon, I ain't got nothing for you

Now I've got a lot of hangers on who claim to be my friend, they were the first ones at the station when that money train pulled in, now they party in my pool house, and they drink up all my wine, living out their best life on my dime

(Chorus 2)

Jump off of my bandwagon your cramping my style find someone else's that you can mooch off for a while, you been ridding on my coattails and counting my money to, jump off of my bandwagon I ain't got nothing for you

So tell when the chips are down,
And my backs against the wall,
Will you hang around, or just leave me hear to fall

Now I have got the best fans they love everything I do, but every now and then seems like there's always one or two, they'll get a little sideways over something that I said, I wish they follow someone else instead

(Chorus 3)

Jump off of my band wagon you're cramping my style, find someone else's than you can criticize a while, If you're easily offended by a redneck point of view, jump off of my band wagon I ain't got nothing for you

(Chorus 4)

Jump off of my bandwagon, you're cramping my style, find someone else's life you can hang out in a while,
If you don't like where I'm coming from tell you what you can do
jump off of my bandwagon, I ain't got nothing for you

The Devil and a full moon

Well I woke up this morning feeling just a bit lopsided, still humming from a night out on the town,
thumbing through the pictures on my cell phone I'm reminded, of the cause of my misfortune and the
way it all went down

We'll I was feeling kinda restless and I had no place to be, so I figured I'd just have a round or two, when I
run into an old friend, a girl I used to see, we started talking about the old times and the things we used
to do

Then some ole boy come walking up not looking too delighted, for a minute there I thought that I was
dead, he didn't seem to like the explanation I provided, so I laid a Walker Texas Ranger kick up side his
head

(Chorus) blame it on the devil and a full moon, seems like they get me every time, I've always been a
sucker for a good tune, and I'll dance the night away with any woman I can find, they ain't made a honky
tonk or bar I can't shut down, anytime the devil and a full moon come around

It was early and I didn't feel like going home just yet, so I sat back and ordered one more round, the
band was playing Jerry Reed and you know how I get anytime I hear the words to Eastbound and Down,

We'll I don't why they let me sit drink up all that beer, or why they let me dance up on that bar, but they
say the crowd went wild when I come off that chandelier, and I landed on the stage and started playing
air guitar

(Chorus)

Bridge

yeah I was feeling kinda cocky,
And talking mighty bold, I wish somebody would of stoped me, but I was on a roll,

My buddy called me up just to ask how I was feeling said he heard about my rowdy night already, said
someone did a number at Waffle House in Lincoln left a hole across the front there in the shape of my
old Chevy