

Whitehouse Road

Tyler Childers

Early in the morning when the sun does rise
Layin' in the bed with bloodshot eyes
Late in the evenin' when the sun sinks low
Well that's about time my rooster crows
I got women up and down this creek
And they keep me going and my engine clean
Run me ragged but I don't fret
Cause there ain't been one slow me down none yet

Get me drinking' that moonshine
Get me higher than the grocery bill
Take my troubles to the highwall
Throw 'em in the river and get your fill
We been sniffing that cocaine
Ain't nothin' better when the wind cuts cold
Lord it's a mighty hard livin'
But a damn good feelin' to run these roads

I got people try to tell me, Red
Keep this livin' and you'll wind up dead
Cast your troubles on the Lord of Lord's
Or wind up laying on a coolin' board
But I got buddies up White House Road
And they keep me strutting when my feet hang low
Rotgut whiskey gonna ease my pain
'N all this runnin's gonna keep me sane

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When they lay me in the cold hard clay
Won't ya sing them hymns while the banjo plays
You can tell them ladies that they ought not frown
Cause there ain't been nothing ever held me down
Lawmen, women or a shallow grave
Same ol' blues just a different day

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