

Greener Pastures

Brothers Osborne

Wish I could say it was gonna get better
But we oughta know better by now
Gonna pack my shit into a cardboard box
And get the hell outta this house
Gonna roll on for the road
Hit more than that county line
This whole world has gone to pot
And right now so am I

I'm movin' on to greener pastures
Gettin' stoned so it don't matter
I tried prayin' to the Man up high
I tried drinkin' 'til the well ran dry
I'm movin' on to greener pastures

I don't know what took so long
To say so-long to you
All you do is wear me out
Just like the evening news
So you can plant your garden
Where you used to chew my ass
Yeah I don't want this dirt no more
I'm tradin' it for grass

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I tried prayin' to the Man up high
I tried drinkin' 'til the well ran dry
I'm movin' on to greener pastures

Roll it up, light it up, take a little toké
Hit it 'til it all goes up in smoke
Puff, puff, pass it around, back to myself by now

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