

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

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 cooling 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

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
It's a damn good feelin' to run these roads

When you 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

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

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