

Bolts In This Redneck

Bourbon Crow

Yeah this bolts in this redneck of mine
I pick the road of misery
From here to Caroline
And if you think you're man enough
Won't you step on up and try
Yeah this bolts in this redneck of mine

Well I drink and I drink 'till I'm drunk
And I don't take no attitude
No hippies or not punks
Acoast a hundred funerals
And this bottle's planing mine
Yeah this bolts in this redneck of mine

Well the reaper is hot on my trail
And I've got this barrel in my mouth
In this cheap motel
And before I pull this trigger noted
That I was always right
Yeah I've got bolts in this redneck of mine