

Rough House Blues

Buck 65

I'm going down the road feelin' bad bye and bye
Deep fried blues but I'd rather die than cry
Gas station food bound to go stale soon
There's a curse in the air and a toe-nail moon
Yay, some of these towns are still non-friendly
And this is the hammer that killed John Henry
I'm sick of being tired, sick of the circus life
Here daydreaming of a waitress as the perfect wife
Utterly inappropriate, taken out of context
Degenerate nervousness, developing a complex
No good with money, left-overs in a bitch bag
Fryin' pan soul and a face like a dishrag
A million old movies, I figured I'd tell
Childhood memories triggered by smell

"So now what?" you may ask
Well that's hard to say
Because that old jack of diamonds is a tough card to play

All the wrong reasons
Just another skull to crack
Askin' the dust, I'm struck in a cul-de-sac
And it may sound silly but to me the threat is very real
So that's why I sing love songs and carry steel
Women and warfare, roaches and roadkills
No easy answers, no deadlines and no frills
Catchin' your drift, receivin' the warning
Packin' my things, I leave in the morning

I drive all night, gone to see my friend
One day this highway will be my end
Now the hills are alive and the motor is dead
That man has a zero floating over his head
I follow my instincts, sometimes follow dogs
Drink muddy water, sleep inside hollow logs

"So now what?" you may ask
Well that's hard to say
Because that old jack of diamonds is a tough card to play