

Back When We Was Kids

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Well I grew up in the shadow of the Rockies in the grand old West
Yes sir I did

And dammed if we didn't have us a bunch of fun back when we was
kids

Yea there was manure on our britches snuff pouchin' out our lip
And hat's so big you can almost tell who's under it

Yea we all had horses it was always a race

It was real important who got there first

We sneak along some of the old man's whisky just to quench our
little thirst

Yeah we looked like a bunch of hon yaks but we could ride like
Casy Tibbs

And we still had to learn how far we could go before we learned
when to quit

Yea we scratched where it itches and clowned around

There wasn't nobody who could kick our hound

Just throwin' knives and shootin' guns generally have in a bunch
of fun

Well the mommas all thought we were angels and hell we let 'em
go right ahead

But the old man had a hew more savvy in him

And a feller had to be careful around him

Yea wars were fought on contact and the wild seeds were sown

And we always spent our money like we found it in the road

Well one thing lead to another and before we knowed it it was
gone

But I'll give you a hundred dollars just to have some more of t
hem goings on

Cause we looked like a bunch...

Yea it's a lot of fun learning how far you can go

It's kinda hard learning when to quit but I'll bet you already
know