

Brothers of the Road

Hank Williams Jr.

We all go on a two-month tour
Nearly work ourselves sick
Now we don't know where all the money goes
But we sure ain't gettin' rich
I think the bad men in New York and LA
Are givin' us the ol' run around
You bring fifty thousand home
And he's says you're over drawn
It'll just about get you down
Just about get ya down

But we keep on pickin' and we keep on singin'
And we try and try to get high so we can keep on grinnin'

Oh you wish you had a home and someone of your own
To love you when you get back in town
But this kinda life don't cotton to a wife
It'll just about get you down
Just about get ya down

(Keep on pickin' keep on singin')

(Keep on pickin' keep on singin')

Yeah you got fortune and fame and a well-known name
Aw you're really flyin' high
Whether you're rock or country or blues or funky
We're all made the same inside
Livin' in fear of the later years when nobody's gonna want you around
Yes the brothers of the road all share the same load
And it'll just about get you down
If you let it it'll bring you down

You gotta keep on pickin' you gotta keep on singin'
And you try and you try to stay high so you can keep on grinnin'

You spend a lotta time alone and talkin' on the phone
To the latest love that you found
Then cry over the girl you really wanted in your world
It'll just about get you down
If you let it it'll bring you down

Just keep on pickin' just gotta keep on singin'...

Livin' in fear of the later years when nobody's gonna want you around
Yes the brothers of the road all share the same load
And it'll just about get you down
Lawd it's got a lot of us down
But I'm gonna keep on pickin'

You gotta keep on pickin' you gotta keep on singin'...