

# Raising Hell

Lucero

Well my little brother's raising hell  
Living down in Texas  
He probably ought to be in jail  
From the stories that he tells us  
Of whiskey nights and rodeos  
The strippers down in Austin  
He's had himself some real good times  
If he could just recall them

Now his money's running low and there's a job in his future  
And it's looking like his rambling days are done  
Now's he's sizing up his choices and a job just ain't one  
He'll know which way to run

As for you and winter, it may be cold  
But that don't stop the rain  
The holes up in your roof  
Make keeping dry a losing game  
The stairwell's always wet  
But your wondering if my  
Tears will dry up in your crying eyes

Now that boy, he's coming home  
But that just ain't that good for you  
Starting in then long ago  
You know that much is true  
So dry your eyes  
And say goodbye  
Because he just ain't the one  
Decide which way to run  
Gonna to decide which way to run

As for me, the same old shit  
Is putting me on down  
I never been quite able  
To pick myself up off the ground  
Always got big plans  
But they're always in the works  
And I swear they'll pay off  
If my love don't get out first

Well here I am again  
I don't know if I'm right  
But I can tell you that I'm having fun  
So I give him one more shot  
Because this race, it ain't quite done  
I hit the ground and run  
Gonna to hit the ground and run  
Gonna decide which way to run  
Gonna to hit the ground and run

And my little brother's raising hell  
Living down in Texas