

# Whitehouse Road

Tyler Childers

Early in the morning when the sun does rise  
Layin' in the bed with bloodshot eyes  
Late in the evenin' when the sun sinks low  
Well that's about time my rooster crows  
I got women up and down this creek  
And they keep me going and my engine clean  
Run me ragged but I don't fret  
Cause there ain't been one slow me down none yet

Get me drinking' that moonshine  
Get me higher than the grocery bill  
Take my troubles to the highwall  
Throw 'em in the river and get your fill  
We been sniffing that cocaine  
Ain't nothin' better when the wind cuts cold  
Lord it's a mighty hard livin'  
But a damn good feelin' to run these roads

I got people try to tell me, Red  
Keep this livin' and you'll wind up dead  
Cast your troubles on the Lord of Lord's  
Or wind up laying on a coolin' board  
But I got buddies up White House Road  
And they keep me strutting when my feet hang low  
Rotgut whiskey gonna ease my pain  
'N all this runnin's gonna keep me sane

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When they lay me in the cold hard clay  
Won't ya sing them hymns while the banjo plays  
You can tell them ladies that they ought not frown  
Cause there ain't been nothing ever held me down  
Lawmen, women or a shallow grave  
Same ol' blues just a different day

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