

Crossroads

Whiskey Rebels

Your anguished screams in agony
Your tortured sobs so unsettling
Broken faith that tortures me
Your heart left beating, bleeding on the street

Never got to say goodbye to you
Never got to live my life through you
Never saw my father cry till you died
A piece of me died too. with you

All that's left are memories
of the good times and the legacies
Stole from my family
Your heart left beating, bleeding on the street

Crossroads, at the crossroads
see you at the crossroads,
crossroads!