

Roll on the Rusted Days

Howlin Rain

Do you remember the good times?
We used to hang em on the heavy days
Oh lord we was wild wind then
Our heads full of dreams and cocaine
Blowing through the ditches and city canyons
And into the sky of those reckless days
If I knew now what I knew then
I'd run just a little bit harder
And sing a song like Jesus did when they nailed him on high
Funny how the time flies by until the flesh slides from our bones
Here we are setting summer plans
And the leaves have all turned brown and are falling
And the rain is calling
Riding in a coffin full of sunshine
High up in the snowy highways
There coked up the mountains look like the skulls of gods
But they never made our graves
Brother keep on rolling on
And dragging your pride through the mud
There may be nothing left to live for now
But the wind blows on rusted days
Let the sun fire into our eyes before our blood is rusted dry
The speed rushing through our veins
Is eating up the miles of this lonesome highway
Let's crawl back onto the road before dawn
Tries to keep our load
Man, it's such a simple game
Another town, another rusted day
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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