

Band of Brothers

The Poodles

I came up through the trenches
Where we only played for tips and alcohol
You find out what you're made of when
There ain't no gold or platinum on the wall
And there's a few more like me
Who ain't afraid of fightin' for the cause
Me and my band of brothers, we got you covered
Out here on the honky tonk front lines
We're loaded up with country music
We ain't afraid to use it
Even if we have to play all night
Well, we ain't no rookies
It's our third tour of duty
But that's all right, yeah, that's all right
Me and my band of brothers got you covered
On the honky tonk front lines
From the bars of San Diego
To the county fair way up in Bangor Maine
We keep the tour bus rollin'
Just like it was a big old Sherman tank
Like those who came before us
Owens, Haggard, Willie, Waylon, Jones and Hank

(And Johnny Cash)
Me and my band of brothers, we got you covered
Out here on the honky tonk front lines
Loaded up with country music
We ain't afraid to use it
Even if we have to play all night
Well, we ain't no rookies
It's our third tour of duty
But that's all right, yeah, that's all right
Me and my band of brothers got you covered
On the honky tonk front lines
Ah, cover me, boys
Well, we ain't no rookies
It's our third tour of duty
But that's all right, yeah, that's all right
Me and my band of brothers got you covered

On the honky tonk front lines
Me and my band of brothers got you covered
On the honky tonk front lines

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