

# Greener Pastures

## Brothers Osborne

Wish I could say it was gonna get better but we oughta know better by now  
Gonna pack my shit into a cardboard box and get the hell outta this house  
Gonna roll on for the road hit more than that county line  
This whole world has gone to pot and right now so am I

I'm movin' on to greener pastures  
Gettin' stoned so it don't matter  
I tried prayin' to the Man up high  
I tried drinkin' 'til the well ran dry  
I'm movin' on to greener pastures

I don't know what took so long to say so-long to you  
All you do is wear me out just like the evening news  
So you can plant your garden where you used to chew my ass  
Yeah I don't want this dirt no more I'm tradin' it for grass

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Roll it up, light it up, take a little tope,  
hit it 'til it all goes up in smoke  
Puff, puff, pass it around, back to myself by now

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