

Moonshine

Moonshine Bandits

I breath better in a smoke filled room
I sleep better in the afternoon
When I go home its a motel room
Moonshine on me, moonshine on you

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I roamed away from home to make it known the microphone skills shine like the dawn, still the night brings a cold chill

the moon's full as Boone pulls up to a 'dingy dive bar'
a place even the waitresses face has got an eye scar
Fleetwood Mac on the jukebox on a slow night,
lady behind the bar got a pack of Marlboro lights
rolled up in her sleeves stocking the cooler

I park it on the stool
she said: what you need?

I say: what you got? Said make it a jack and coke
she said: ok and where you staying?

I said: I?m laying my head across the street at the Holiday Inn
and I asked what time they close
she said: you can stay till the am
said: ain't you Danny Boone the man who rocks the planet
bet your pen sign more titties than i balls saw Janet?s
i said: Damn it! Why don't we get out of this bar-
grab a bottle, she dropped her apron said I?ll meet you at the car
she stepped out in the moon shine looking like a star

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I love my smoke filled rooms, dive bar saloons
I love the ladies undergarments on the knotty pine roof
I've never liked the last call, my happy hours at noon
I drink my jack out the bottle like a bottle of Boones
Hey lady with the broom, can you play some Johnny cash?
here's a couple dollars for you, for your coaster and glass
she wiped the dust of the bottle gave me single barell mass
said I sip my liquor quicker then your cigarette will last
I hit the bathroom stall, names upon the wall
conversation with my alcohol seem to be long
I contemplating taking time to give my lady a call
or I'm chasing down the devil with my latest jagerbomb
I told my broad I'm on a drinking binge, I'm at it again
cause I love the way she tastes
I love the squeak of the hinge
so when the brass doors open and the smoke seeps in
I hit the bed with my bottle, you can bet we sleeping in 'cause

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I love that kinda place where the neon lights
chase away all the problems that we all face
when I'm parkin on a stool I get the kinda feeling,
take a sip, look up, see dollar bills on the ceiling
hear the crack of a cue ball breaking a rack
Hear a group full of friends laughing in the back
then it hits me like a brick as I wash one down
this the kinda bar that reminds me of my town
if these walls could talk I know they'd say the same thing
watch us grow up and how we all had to change
And my 21st, drink all them shots together
I remember how you said that we'd always last forever
well that didn't work, babe, and I couldn't breath
It gave me shelter from the storm when I was in need
so I'm a light a cigarette and give you one more minute
take another shot of beam when I'm finished reminiscing

'cause I

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Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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