

# 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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