

Four Roses

The Fryed Brothers Band

Stay on them backroads, old four roses,
Whitie'll bust us for sure.
Tippin on back, on yukon jack,
Can't hardly walk no more
Smokin funky weed, & adoing high speed,
Till you're wheezing like an old barn door
Stay on those backroads, old for roses,
Or Whitie gonna bust your ass for sure
Yes i know, it'll be a long cold winter, but i'm too damn old now to cry
It don't matter, if you're a winner or a looser,
You make it to the graveyard when you die.
So show me the bar, & i'll show you how far
I can drink that cold bitch from my mind
Stay on them backroads, old four roses,
Can't afford to do no time.
Stay on those backroads, old four roses,
Can't afford to do no time

Lyrics Submitted by B.McELoy

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