

# Little Brother

## Lady Lamb the Beekeeper

We were just kids growin' up in West Texas  
Remember the hell we've raised  
We chased the girls but we never could catch 'em  
Those were our glory days  
You called me cowboy 'cause I drove a pickup  
And sang those old cheatin' songs  
We'd buy a bottle of Boone's Farm, wind up all messed up  
Where have those years all gone?  
Hey little brother, this is old cowboy  
Best keep your radio on  
'Cause I might get lucky, sing on the Opry  
And I'll dedicate you this song  
Well, I hit the highway and never looked back  
You stayed here in our old hometown  
You married a sweet girl down around Austin  
Had nine kids whose eyes are all brown  
I hit every barroom from Bakersfield to Boston  
Seeking whiskey, fortune and fame  
  
Countin' these white lines sure gets lonely  
Someday they'll all know my name  
Hey little brother, this is old cowboy  
Best keep your radio on  
'Cause I might get lucky, sing on the Opry  
And I'll dedicate you this song  
Well, the years come and go and I've sure realized  
Ain't nothin' like your best friend  
If there's one thing I know 'til the day that I die  
You've got my back, brother Ben  
Hey little brother, this is old cowboy  
You've got your radio on  
Tonight I got lucky, I'm singin' on the Opry  
And I dedicate you this song  
Yeah, tonight I got lucky, I'm singin' on the Grand Ole Opry  
And I dedicate you this song

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