

# That Was Us

Brantley Gilbert

I got my mail today,  
Just the kind that miss us  
A bunch of bills I can't pay,  
I guess their shit outta luck  
But there was one from an old friend,  
Brought back memories  
Black and white from way back when  
It was hard to believe but that was us  
That was us, riding' dirt roads,  
Shooting buckshot at signs,  
Drinking beer we just stole,  
Passing jugs full of shine,  
Leave them girls with one of them boys  
Singing' old country gold  
Till we all lost our voice,  
That was us  
Every once in a while, we'll catch a game or a race,  
Catching up on old times turns into hell that we raised,  
We'll start re-telling stories, and lies we've rehearsed,  
About the girls we made out with,  
And how badass we were,  
That was us, that was us man  
That was us down in Panama, cruising the strip,  
In the bed of my truck tossing beads and talking shit  
Shot gun and beer, playing pong and flip cup,  
I've never lost seeing you, torin' son-bitches up,  
That was us  
That was us  
Man we'll always remember those of us that we miss  
We'll always be brothers and we'll never forget,  
That, that was us that we carry, the tears in our eyes,  
When the rest of us are buried but throwing down in the sky,  
So raise a glass to the memories,  
That won't ever die,  
Here's to friends, here's to family  
And one hell of a time  
Yeah, here's to us  
Here's to us  
Yeah, here's to us  
Yeah, here's to us

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