

# Al's Corral

## Howler

The bikes come out tonight  
I can hear them in town, fifteen blocks away  
And I can hear them say  
"We're drinking down the gin  
And then the next thing we'll be doing it all again  
In the name of freedom" I won't say yes but I might say maybe  
If we're drinking at Al's Corral we don't got a lot of places to be She said meet me anywhere  
But just not over there  
I cannot breathe the air  
It smells like death, that's why she  
Tells me I've got to choose  
But I don't wanna choose  
What do I got to lose?  
A lot of nothing I won't say yes but I might say maybe  
If we're drinking at Al's Corral we don't got a lot of places to be  
Well maybe I'm a gold licker, but I'm watching UFC  
And I'm drinking at Al's Corral, it's the only place for me Well, said Jesus is on my side  
But I don't want him  
Will anyone be his bride?  
Well that and any time  
Watching the wind on me  
I hear a whisper  
Freedom is never free  
And that's a guarantee I won't say yes but I might say maybe  
If we're drinking at Al's Corral we don't got a lot of places to be  
Well maybe I'm a gold licker, but I'm watching UFC  
And we're drinking at Al's Corral, it's the only place for me Tell me I have to wait  
But I don't wanna wait  
Tell me I have to care  
But I don't wanna care  
Tell me I've got to choose  
But I don't wanna choose  
What do I got to lose?

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