

Fletcher

Bry Webb

Oh mama, I've been talkin' to those western stars
They give me comfort at night, right lyin' in the back of the car
An I can see your face in the place that I go when I'm there
Me an Jimmy an the boys runnin' dark up in the mountain air, yeah
Got a couple more runs till the sun's comin' up in the east
Ole Fletcher's in the car drinkin' whiskey from a jar through his teeth
Jimmy ain't back but his tracks lead up into the trees
I guess there ain't nothing for it but to drive on up and see what we see, yeah, uh huh
Dontcha let ole Fletcher take the wheel tonight
His heart's grown cold
An this old dirt road runs rough and ragged to a terrible height
So dontcha let ole Fletcher take the wheel tonight
There ain't much to live for
But there's this woman and she's got me feeling pretty alright
Lovin', oh Lord, can make me change my ways
So won't you let me live another day
Guess I'd like to live another day
Ole Fletcher's been drinkin' with a pistol and is itchin' to play
Sayin' "Man, I had this woman, she was livin' at the mouth of the bay,
But she found me out and now she sees a man who wears a suit
I seen him walkin' his dog down by the company in brand new boots, yeah, uh huh
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