

Black Stone Cherry "Backwoods Gold"

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Back woods gold

And I'm back on the road

Playin' moonshine games

But the taste is gonna be the same
Hotrods to hell

And the angels are rollin'

I wanna go

Where that hill-tea is flowin'

Hotrods to hell

And the angels are rollin'

Take me back home

where ole' Mary Jane's growin'
A little sign out front

Reads dinner, pool, and lunch

But that card in his hat

Will tell you what's flowin' out the back
Hotrods to hell

And the angels are rollin'
I wanna go

Where that hill-tea is flowin'

Hotrods to hell

And the angels are rollin'

Take me back home

where ole' Mary Jane's growin'
Old men laughin'

While the whittle away their past"

The law think they know

But the bootleg man he gets the last laugh
Hotrods to hell

And the angels are rollin'

I wanna go

Where that hill-tea is flowin'

Hotrods to hell

And the angels are rollin'

Take me back home

here ole' Mary Jane's growin'

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