

Lucerin Blue

"Rasing Hell"

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Well my little brother's raising hell
Living down in Texas
He probably ought to be in jail
From the stories that he tells us
Of whiskey nights and rodeos
The strippers down in Austin
He's had himself some real good times
If he could just recall them
Now his money's running out and there's a job in his
future
And it's looking like his rambling days are done
So he's sizing up his choices and a job just ain't one
He don't know which way to run
As for you and winter, it may be cold
But that don't stop the rain, the holes up in your roof
Make keeping dry a losing game
The stairwell's always wet, but you wouldn't really
mind if
The tears would dry up in your crying eyes
Now your boy, he's coming home
But that just ain't that good for you
Started ending long ago
You know that much is true
So dry your eyes
And say goodbye
Because he just ain't the one
Decide which way to run
Gonna decide which way to run
As for me, the same old shit
Keeps pulling me on down
I never been quite able
To pick myself up off the ground
Always got big plans, but they're always in the works
And I swear they'll pay off
If my luck don't give out first
Well here I am again
I don't know if I'm right
But I can tell you that I'm having fun
So I give it one more shot
Because this race, it ain't quite done
I hit the ground and run

Gonna hit the ground and run
Gonna decide which way to run
Gonna hit the ground and run
And my little brother's raising hell
Living down in Texas

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