

## Mountain Brothers

### "First Few Desperate Hours"

Visit "[First Few Desperate Hours](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Bad luck comes in from Tampa  
Bad luck comes in from Tampa  
On the back of a truck  
Doing ninety up the interstate  
We have bad dreams the night he rolls in  
We have bad dreams the night he rolls in  
And we try to keep our spirits high  
But they flag and they wane  
When the truck pulls up out front  
In the light spring rain  
And they sag like withering flowers  
Let the good times roll on  
Through these first few desperate hours

Yeah the driver drops his cargo at the curb  
The driver drops his cargo at the curb  
And the sun peeks in  
Like a killer through the curtain  
And when cloven hoof prints turn up in the garden  
Yeah when cloven hoof prints turn up in the garden  
We keep up the good fight  
We keep our spirits light  
But they draw like flies  
And there's a stomach-churning shift  
In the way the land lies  
And they lean like towers  
On a hillside struggling to stand  
Through these first few desperate hours  
Yeah

Visit [Mountain Brothers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.