

Brooks Buford

"Backpack-n-eldorado"

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Age zero in Alabama
On wire road in a camper
Son of a sad mom and a genius with bad grammar
Moved to Atlanta
Drivin' down Buford in a Pontiac
Pops was all that
Had me off in the back with Jim and Jack
Knew I'd grow up to be him
By the time I was 12 drinkin' vodka and gin
Throwin' rocks on the interstate
Thinkin' it was all great
When I finally met that white girl
Things started to break

Bridge:

Darkness mayhem I start to swayin'
4 days up and I start decayin'
Filthy, stinky, drinkin', invadin' homes
Lookin' for what I'm fadin'

Chorus:

High poison arrow
with a backpack and an eldorado
High poison arrow and U betta look up
cuz U know that I'm comin' down

Got outta rehab in the spring
Started doin my thing
Had been to hell twice and I was only 17
Managed to stay sober
Hustle and get over
fell in love, got played
Heart got mowed over
Had to start takin' meds
Somethin' wrong with my head
Turnin' into momma layin' off in the bed
A 6-year time lapse
Good times and raps
Got me a new girl and headed for relapse

Bridge

Chorus

I grabbed the keys up off the table
Told my girl another fable
Said I'd be right back sugar
Jumped in the ride and called the dealer
Cuz there ain't nobody realer
when U need that sack cracker
Gimme 4 of the good stuff and free my soul
Give me 3 of the bad I put the rest in my bowl
If I'm lyin, I'm flyin'
Get busy livin' or busy dyin'
I'm dizzy from Carolina to Georgia the sun shinin'
Back in the hospital rainin' May
Don't worry bout me
I'll be okay
Same ole song differnt day
Why di I even try
Another 28 days I'll be goin' away
Don't worry bout me I'll be okay
same ole song different day
Tell momma not to cry
mainline the sky gone U think I wanna be
dome

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