

# Black Stone Cherry, Backwoods Gold

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'  
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'  
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

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