

Brooks & Dunn, Just Another Neon Night

I'm a cool one down at the end of the day.
A little sundown buzz 'n more on the way.
I wash a week's worth of dust off my truck,
While Bobby Earl runs home to get dressed up.

Here comes Clifford... got a forty in a brown bag,
In his pointed-toe boots with a hatman rebel flag.
He's got a Eastwood grin an' a tourist swagger,
Hollerin': "Turn off that rap boys an' bring me some Haggard."

Gettin' drunk, gettin' loud...
Billy throws a punch in the crowd,
Some cowboys lights go out.
Runnin' wild, gettin' high...
Smokin' tires through the lights,
Livin' like we're never gonna die...
It's just another, just another neon night.
We got Ricky an' The Redstreaks playin' down the road.
Oh, it's All Night Ladies Night at the Cotton-Eyed Joe.
JC always gets the girl, Billy's always fightin'.
Poor old Bobby Earl never gets the right one.

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[Instrumental Break]

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Livin' like we're never gonna die...
It's just another,
Oh, neon night.
Neon night.
Neon night.
Neon night.