

Michelle Shocked, Gladewater

Well, Upshur County's drier than an empty bottle
Since the Mormon's come to town, yeah
And to run out of beer, that's a run to Gladewater
Highway 79 thirty miles on down now
You know, fair is fair but life's a gamble
When it's eleven forty-five, yeah
And it's a toss of the coin to see who's got fifteen minutes
To make a thirty minute drive

Something like this:
It was Saturday night
You was sitting 'round the square
Ohh, small town Texas sons and daughters
But you lost the toss, yeah
That means you're taking up the money
Ohh, that means you're making the run
Making the run
Making the run to Gladewater

Here's what you do:
You hustle all your buddies off the back of your truck
You grab your girl, you say 'C'mon lets...'
You tuck your jeans in your boots (that's what you do)
You slap your gimme-cap on
You turn the country music radio station louder than you oughta
But it's okay, you're on your way
Ohh, you lost the toss, you're taking the money
You're making the run to Gladewater
Run, boy!

Now it's 79 to the county line
It's the Minit Mart with not one to spare
And your friends in Gilmer, are they your friends indeed, why?
Well, you got their money and their six-pack of beer, that's why

Yeah, it was Saturday night
You was sitting 'round the square
Ohh, small town Texas sons and daughters
But you lost the toss, yeah
That means you're taking up the money, yeah
That means you're making the run
Making the run
Making the run to Gladewater

Oh, you are making the run
You are making the run
Oh, you are making the run
Making the run, making the run to Gladewater