

Treaty Oak Revival, Boomtown

Well my trailer looks like a liquor store
Or maybe one that just got robbed
Well I've got every bottle you can think of honey
From Crown to Enchanted Rock
And I ain't Keith Whitley and I ain't George Jones
But I damn sure could be the next
And my girlfriend of two months left me last night
I can't remember what I said
Well Goddamn

They say people are creatures of habit
I got more habits than I need
Well I dip, drink, and smoke
And I dabble in the coke, and I took up smoking weed
And I don't care if I get cancer, some disease and die today
Because that's just about my only ticket out of Boomtown, USA

Oh and out here it gets lonesome, and out here it ain't no fun
Living in the desert, and this unpredicted weather
And the forecast is probably more sun
I may get loaded, or go to bed
But I'll still be tired the next day
Cause there ain't no rest for the wicked out here
In Boomtown, USA
Oh yeah

Well I think that I might go crazy
Yeah I think I might go insane
But I'm keeping it together, and I tell myself
"I'm never working in this place again"
Then I see the zeros that the paystub shows
And I'm back to work the next day
Cause they pay me too good for the suffering I do
Out in Boomtown, USA

Oh Yeah out here it gets lonesome, and out here it ain't no fun
Living in the desert, and this unpredicted weather
And the forecast is probably more sun
I may get fucked up, or go to bed
But I'll still be tired the next day
Cause there ain't no rest for the wicked out here
In Boomtown, USA
No there ain't no rest for the wicked out here in Boomtown