

# Buck 65, Rough House Blues

I'm going down the road feeling bad, bye and bye  
Deep fried blues but I'd rather die than cry  
Gas station food bound to go stale soon  
There's a curse in the air and a toe-nail moon  
Yay, some of these towns are still non-friendly  
And this is the hammer that killed John Henry  
I'm sick of being tired, sick of the circus life  
Here day-dreaming of a waitress as the perfect wife  
Utterly inappropriate, taken out of context  
Degenerate nervousness, developing a complex  
No good with money, left-overs in a bitch bag  
Fryin' pan soul and a face like a dishrag  
A million old movies, I figured I'd tell  
Childhood memories triggered by smell

So now what, you may ask, well that's hard to say  
Because that old jack of diamonds is a tough card to play

All the wrong reasons, just another skull to crack  
Askin' the dust, I'm stuck in a cul-de-sac  
And it may sound silly but to me the threat is very real  
So that's why I sing love songs and carry steel  
Women and warfare, roaches and roadkills  
No easy answers, no deadlines and no frills  
Catchin' your drift, receivin' the warning  
Packin' my things, I live in the morning  
I drive all night, gone to see my friend  
One day this highway will be my end  
Now the hills are alive and the motor is dead  
That man has a zero floating over his head  
I follow my instincts, sometimes follow dogs  
Drink muddy water, sleep inside hollow logs

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