Lucero, Raising Hell

well my little brother's raising hell living down in texas he proabably ought to be in jail from the stories that he tells us of whiskey nights and rodeos the strippers down in austin he's had himself some real good times if he could just recall them now his money's running low and there's a job in his future and it's looking like his rambling days are done now's he's sizing up his choices and a job just ain't one he'll know which way to run as for you and winter, it may be cold but that don't stop the rain the holes up in your roof make keeping dry a losing game the stairwell's always wet but your wondering if my tears will dry up in your crying eyes now that boy, he's coming home but that just ain't that good for you starting in then long ago you know that much is true so dry your eyes and say goodbye because he just ain't the one decide which way to run gonna to decide which way to run as for me, the same old shit is putting me on down i never been quite able to pick myself up off the ground always got big plans but they're always in the works and i swear they'll pay off if my love don't get out first well here i am again i don't know if i'm right but i can tell you that i'm having fun so i give him one more shot because this race, it ain't quite done i hit the ground and run gonna to hit the ground and run gonna decide which way to run gonna to hit the ground and run and my little brother's raising hell living down in texas