

Pat Green, Here We Go

Well up and at 'em, here we go
I'm off again to the rodeo
Sure got a lot of the little things on my mind
Well, one's a song I just started writin'
And the other's a girl I just finished fightin'
She said it was me, but oh God, I just don't believe her
If you wanna know where I'm a-coming from
Just sit right there and I'll tell you, son
This life I lead ain't as wonderful as it appears

CHORUS:

Yeah but I here I go again
Singin' it in this dive
Lonestar beer in my cereal
And it's keepin' me alive
I gave up on Nashville a long time ago
Yeah, but here I go, Lord, once again, herel go
Now, I don't need to be too rich
I'm just an old hard-headed son of a bitch
My eyes are still set way back on my glory days
Back in the time of the Dukes of Hazzard
I was listenin' to Willie and old Merle Haggard
Smilin' just a little as I poked along in my truck
There's a lot of poor folks in my situation
With the years of heartache and frustration
Kinda watching as the dreams turn into years

CHORUS

Let me tell you folks, it don't really matter
That beer you're drinkin' never really makes you any fatter
It's all those nights on the couch with a TV dinner
After twelve years with the Copenhagen
Well, I finally found out that I was mistaken
It's not gonna be something to add the years to my life
Yeah, and that's why I'm still dippin' it today
And each and every morning I hear Mama say,
"Well that stuff's gonna kill you if the women don't get you first!"
CHORUS